Pellicam
cidi-
um
Hic mea
messis
By Sr. William Denny
F. Barlow fecit

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PELECANICIDIUM:

OR THE

CHRISTIAN ADVISER AGAINST Self-Murder.

Together with

A GUIDE, and the Pilgrims PASSE To the Land of the Living.

In Three Books.

Soles occidere & redire possunt. Senec.

LONDON.

Printed for Thomas Huckleſcott and are to be ſold at the Signe of the George in Little Britain. 1653.

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PELLICANICINIUM.

SInce All the World is Folly, well may one
Be th' Hieroglyphick, not alone.
As unprun'd Trees, Men all abroad expreſſe
In ſtrange Wild growths A Wilderneſſe;
In which alone does dwell each friendleſs Man.
Each 'mong'ſt the reſt's A Pellican.
This, That about the Neaſt flame, hidden, brings;
To take The Foule, with ſinged wings.
Whoſe Piety, to ſave her Young from Fire,
Makes her a Prey to ſharp Deſire.
This Pellican owns none, that ſo unclean,
Do Her, Self-Death's Example, meane.
Yet hath ſhe heard within her lonely Place
As ſhe t' her Young did put the Caſe,
The ſhreiking Newes, that from New Troy did cry,
Self-murder! which did cauſe her fly
From Wilderneſſe of Beaſts to That of Men;
Where each Houſe ſeems A Dragon's Den.
With ſtretched Pineons ſhe her Flight does take,
Leaves Young, does not her Young forſake.
And to that Forreſt of hewn Trees, ſquar'd ſtone,
Where Thouſands dwell, yet live Alone;
She comes; And on a ſacred Mountain's Head
Takes ſtand; and then the Round does tread.
Earſt dedicated was that Place to *Paul*,
Not for his cruell Deeds, when *Saul*.

But for such Acts, his Courage did discusse
With Beasts in Fight at Ephesus.
Upon that lofty, seeming, Ruine she
Does all about Destruction see.
There mounted high, as on a Tower she stands,
To 'th' Desart sings Divine Commands.
To That forsaken Place with op'ning Wings
Pointing her Beak t' her Breast, she sings
This uncouth Note. Why, changed Mortalls? Why,
With horrid Deeds thus blast ye Skye?
How are your Voices chang'd too, by done Wrong?
Now Groanes, now Cryes beare Parts in Song.
And what, so tunable, was, Sweet before,
Now beares the Burthen, does deplore.
Were once your Hands too smooth, your Face too fair?
Must Faith be traffick for Despair?
Ah Troynovant! Thy too unhappy state
May justly feare from Heaven Troy's Fate.
Which nought can hinder, but such Flouds from Eyes
Of Penitence, as drown Sin's Cryes.
Who made The World? Who turns the starry Ball?
Is not Th' Allmighty Head of All?
What's Pleasure made, is ord'red by His Will.
His Hests were Lawes; And must be still
'Tis not Inferiour Wit of things below,
Can cause by wisdome Ought to grow,
His Creatures All are; All from Him derive.
Without Him there is Nought can thrive.
Let Him but turne his Back, to Self leave all.
I'th' darke they reel, to ruine fall.
And but His Way Most High can Not be found.
His Walk is Not like Paths on ground.
What Blindnesse then possest bewitched sight,
That needs it must forsake The Right?

What

What unknown God do you adore in vain?
What Idols ſet you up in brain?
Are Thoſe Thy Gods that did from Egypt free?
Or what doeſt call thy Liberty?
Or what Religion is it, that you coine;
When All Sins with Devotion joyne?
Is Heaven not juſt? or does forget to pay
The Debt, you ſcoar'd but yeſterday?
Diſpute it not! Nor caſt with reckleſſe Mind
Approaching Judgments ſo behind!
Hark! How the Night-Ravens croak! Strange ſights appear!
When Seaſons alter, Judgment's near.
When Self-Deſtruction does among you rage,
Soon Publick Fury may engage.
O ſtand not out Apoſtates! leaſt you burne
To common Aſhes in One Urne.
Returne to Life! as I to Death for Young returne!

The Prooeme.

SInce *Adam's* Fall his Poſterity became Partakers, not Onely of his Sin, but his Sorrow. *I will greatly multiply thy Sorrow, and thy Conception. In ſorrow ſhalt thou bring forth &c.* ſaid God to *Eve Gen.* 3. 16. Grief is antienter than the Eldeſt Son of the World. And by production of Time as Sin increaſed Sorrow had the bigger growth. *The Dayes of the Years of my Pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty Years. Few, and Evill have the Dayes of the Years of my Life been, and have not attained unto the* Dayes *of the Yeares of the Life of my Fathers in the dayes of their Pilgrimage*: So *Jacob* to *Pharaoh. Gen*: 47. 9. Every Day was

in new Labour; and every Minute a ſtep onward in Pilgrimage.

Life then is a Long Journey on Foot; And the further we goe, the wearier we are. It is Fabled of *Jupiter* that being wearied with the brabbles of Pleaſure and Sorrow, he linkt them together with an Adamantine Chain, that the One ſhould not part from the Other.

Invicem cedunt Dolor, ac Voluptas,

Sayes the Poet Grief hangs at the Skirt of Pleaſure, Sorrow is her cloſe Attendant.

Why make men then ſuch a Wonder at the Miſeries of the world? As if they had not heard of them? Why are ſome ſo dejected at uſual, and unavoydable Burthens? groaning, and crying out under them? yea, and many times thinking to throw them off, overthrow themſelves.

And whence the Source of All This, but that they have laid by, as uſeleſſe, the Reaſon of Men; and caſt off, or forgotten the Religion of Chriſtians. For as their Reaſon may be ſufficiently informed by the Many Experiments in This World of the Inſtability, and Violence of the ſame, which may render Notions enough to convince the Underſtanding; Religion like xiſe migl t in the Soundneſs of it's Principles, and by the ſtrength of it's Superſtructures ſo evidence by Faith the Certainty of Hope, and Aſſurance of Future Enjoyment of Celeſtiall Things, that Our Souls (being as it were tranſanimated by Divine Contemplation) ſhould not onely deſpiſe the Calamities of This World, as Trifles; But rather rejoyce in the Bleſſing to ſuffer Croſſes, and Afflictions Here, eſpecially to be accounted worthy thereof in A Good Cauſe; Theſe being Nothing in their Greateſt Bulk and Number, compared with the Unſpeakable Rejoycings of Hereafter.

It is want of Faith, that makes us fall Below our Reaſons, and to ſubject Our ſelves to a Lower Kind of ſenſe, than Brutes.

Bruites. So Geat is the Puniſhment of God for Our Averſion, and Turning Our backs upon Him, that inſtead of Being near the Degree of the Angells, As He created us, He leaves Us, infatuated, to fall into a groſſer ſenſe, than Beaſts.

» How elſe can it poſſibly come to paſs, that Any Diſtreſſe ſhould ſo overpower Us, to deſtroy Our own Lives? As if we had proclaim'd war againſt Our ſelues? which even Nature by Inſtinct, and it's own ſecret Impulſe doth dictate to preſerve. *Cor eſt primum Vivens et ultimum moriens*, The Heart is readieſt to welcome Life at Firſt, and moſt loath to part with it at Laſt by the Adhæſion of Nature, which is a Lecture of *S*elf-preſervation unto All. How much more are we to liſten to, and obey The Divine Law, putting ſo ſtrict an Obligation upon Us, when It commands, *Thou ſhalt not Kill*? This conſidered, I cannot, but ſtand Amazed at the Steam of ſo much Humane Bloud, running in ſtreams, and the open Veins dayly bleeding of ſo many Chriſtians, as is continually ſhed: But mine Eares do tingle, to hear ſo many ſad Relations, as even ſince March laſt concerning Severall Perſons of diverſe Rank, and Quality, inhabiting within and about ſo Eminent a Citty, as late-fam'd London, that have made away, and Murd'red Themſelves.

It is a Greivous Thing to conſider; Eſpecially, if we have a Right Apprehenſion of God; or a Belief, that there is a Hell.

Hence aroſe The Occaſion of This Poeme; Wherein The Authour's Chriſtian Compaſſion moved him rather for Others Good to put Pen to Paper, than any Overweening Opinion of himſelf, intimately Acquainted with his own Imperfections, or any Vain Glory to ſeek The Preſſe, to write Something upon ſo Deplorable a Subject; Leſt the Frequency of ſuch Actions might in time arrogate a Kind of Legi-

Legitimation by Cuſtom, or plead Authority from ſome late-publiſht Paradoxes, That Self-homicide was Lawfull.

It is not deni'd but that the Temptations of Satan are ſubtle, frequent, and, without God's Grace, almoſt irreſiſtible. But ſo Great a Sin as This (*From which Good Lord deliver Vs*) is a direct Giving Our ſelves over to The Divell, and a Denying the Power of Godlineſſe; Yea, a Reſolution in a deſperate Madneſſe to throw our ſelves headlong into Perdition.

Whence Theſe Horrid Actions more, than heretofore proceed, let us take a Conſiderate View. Whether the Laſt Times be come upon us, ſo long foretold, that Satan is let looſe; Or That The Cup of Our Wickedneſſe is allmoſt brim-full; Or that Our Apoſtaſie, and Our other heynous Sins, as it were a Violent Multitude, do rage, and make an Uproare in Our Conſciences; Or that the Sacriledg, and Blaſphemy, (what ſhall I ſay of the Perjury of the Time?) ſhew not the Removall of The Candleſtick, and lay us not open to the Immediate wrath of The Lord, I leave it for Second Thoughts, and poizing Underſtandings.

But This ſure muſt needs be apprehended, that ſuch Things comming to paſs, are A ſigne of threatned, if not apparent Derelection, and God Forſaking us, when the Heavens in their Wonders, and Men upon Themſelves do Thus declare God's Judgments; And it is to be feared, that Our Hypocriſie, Malice, and Uncharitableneſſe, as to raiſe an Audacious Heap to Heaven, Our Rebellion againſt God's Ordinances are none of the meaneſt haſtners of Theſe Thunderbolts, being, may I ſay, the Whetſtones of Divine Vengance.

It were therefore much to be deſired, That Every Man did lay his Hand upon his Heart, examine himſelf diligently, and make inſpection, and ſearch into Every Corner of the Same, to find out, and remove, what is Uncleane among Us.

Leſt

Leſt, if not warned by the Gentleneſſe of the Lord's preparatory Puniſhments we be ſwallow'd up in the Abyſſe of our Abhominations, and periſh utterly under the Intollerable weight of his Heavy Diſpleaſure, and Irreſiſtible, conſuming Judgments.

The Author choſe rather the Quickneſſe of Verſe, than more prolixe Proſe (with God's Bleſſing firſt implored) to diſenchaunt the Poſſeſſed; following Divinely-inſpired *David's* Example to quiet *Saul* with the Melody of the Harp, who was troubled with ſuch a Spirit, that left him Not, untill his Armour-bearer having refuſed to obey his dire Commands, ſaw Him Firſt act His Deſperate Reſolve upon His Own Sword, and, provoked by His Example made the Like concluding Scene to the Same Tragedy. Dereliction rode Before, Self-Execution poaſted After. *Saul* the Firſt Homicide, we read of in Holy Writ (*Cain* onely fear'd to dye.) His Armourbearer His Second; And wiſe, yea crafty *Achitophel* halter'd his Policy to make a Third. *Saul* poſſeſt with a Devill in his Heart, *Achitophel* in his Head. How great a Care is to be had to prevent both.

To the Diſcontented.

AS in a Glaſſe you may behold
Your Face, your Figure in this Mold.
And, though it may in Some Lines miſs,
As like as Many'a Copie 'tis.
This onely Diff'rence is between
The outward Draught, and This within.
The Painter limbs with curious Art
The Face, the Breaſt, but This the Heart,
The horrid Fancies of the Braine,
The furious Bloud in every Vein
Are here decipher'd by courſe Hand
For loweſt Minds to Underſtand.

Expect

Expect not therefore Lofty Verſe!
Here Launcets prick, not Launces peirce
It ſo becomes thy Wounded Minde
By what is ſharp a Cure to find.
And yet Here is a Lenitive,
A Cordia'll Venome forth to drive.
Refuſe not Then ſo good Adviſe,
As points from Hell to Paradiſe.
So have I ſeen A Lighthouſe ſtand
In ſable Night with burning Hand
Directing from Wracke's Shelf, Rock, ſhoar
The ſayling Pilot blind Before;
By which, eſcaping Danger's Tort,
He well arrives at Safetie's Port.
So maiſt Thou too; If Thou ſeek'ſt Grace
And up to Heavenward Eye doeſt place.
T'is weak'ned Faith does make thee reel,
As Storme turns ore th'unballaſt Keele.
Saile gently Then unto Thy Self!
And think each Paſſion is a Shelfe!
And every Melancholy Fitt
A Rocke's to ſhipwrack Soul, and Witt!
Compare thy Self with All Beneath;
Thou liv'ſt then, Others ſcarcely breath.
And caſt not up thy Sums of Loſſe,
Without The Counters of The Croſſe.
Then What Before perplext thy Heart
Will prove A Buckler, not A Dart.

As Not, to the Deſperate.

WHo ſpeaks to Thee, that ſcorn'ſt Thy Self and All?
That look'ſt not for a Place to ſtand, but fall,

Thy

Thy rowling Eyes, and gaſtly Face do tell,
Within Thee's That, which Some doubt, Locall Hell.
Then why doeſt poaſt? And ride each ſtage ſo faſt?
To ſeek for that, which Thou at Home there haſt?
If Helliſh Rage be better, than Heaven's Bliſſe,
Take ſuch thy Choyce! And live, where Torment is!
Be loſt Forever! Who does Willful dy,
Sall find Erelaſting Deafneſſe to his Crye.
And does deſerue it from High Juſtice Hand,
Whoſe Living Deafneſſe would not Underſtand
Embrace thy Horrour! -Yet, as Curious looke,
Not on, but in this Thee-concerning Book!
In which, if, by God's Grace, thou chance to find
The Right, the Beſt way to reduce thy Mind;
Thank Heaven, not Him, that buſi'ed thus his Brain,
To ſhew thee, There lives Bliſſe, and here dwells Pain
There Horrour, and Eternity ſhake hands;
Darkneſſe, and Fire with whips obſerue Commands
Of Tophet's Tyrant, forcing them t'obey,
That ſcorn'd, and would not liſten in their Day.
So Sin's Rebellion's puniſht; and Sought Evill
With Eaſines doth find a Meeting Devill.
Yet ſtop thy Foot! -And try but one Lord's Prayer!
It may blow Satan up into the Ayre.
And lead Us not into Temptation, Say!
But, Lord, deliver Us from Evill pray,
And *He* that holdes the Kingdome pulls the Chaine
Or frighted Satan boundeth up againe;
Where let him dwell in Stormes, but not in thee,
Who ſhould'ſt to th' *H*oly Ghoſt a Temple be.
O could'ſt thou think, what Joyes thou now doeſt wave!
Thou wou'dſt deſpiſe Earth's Paines Such Joyes to have!

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HE

As Cat sad, desprate Mayde Feind tempes to Tree
From Steepe, to gaping deepe, as Tyger Man bent, see
As Eagle, Booke, Grace, Gospell puttes in Hand
Instruction pulles from Fire, (as Angell him,) ye Brand.

J. F. Barlow fecit

THE CHRISTIAN ADVISER AGAINST SELF-HOMICIDE, OR SELF-MURDER.

BOOK I.

SECT. I. *Accoaſt.*

STay, Deſperate Souls! Let's have a word or two!
Examine Well, what you but Once can do!
Can any Fiend allure with ſuch a Call,
That you muſt poſt, and run into the Fall!
Or is your Conſcience cozen'd with falſe Hope,
That Heaven is t'ane by Water, Knives, or Rope?
For no man ſure ſeeks Hell; Nor ſets his Will
On Purpoſe to bring forth the Fruits of Ill.
Man was, and is betray'd with ſpecious Show;
And meets with Loſſe in ſeeking More to know.

Sect. II. *Induction.*

SMooth-handed Pleaſure beckens Moſt awry ;
And has a Wanton Witchcraft in the Eye.
Unwieldy Wealth (that's ſtiff, and purſie grown)
A Hoard's, that He, that has, yet does not own ;
Or Others vainer Breath, wherewith ſome build
Caſtles in Air, their Names with it to gild.
Theſe are Hell's uſual Cordage (Traps and Gins)
Wherewith Men twiſt the Cables of their Sins ;
With which they to deſtruction tye ſo faſt,
As if unto th'Abyſſe th'ad Anchor caſt.

Sect. III. *Lovers.*

OR is't ſome whining calm of Love, that's croſt,
That has your Hearts into the Hazard toſt ?
Is there No Remedie for what you looſe,
But, Woodcock like to cure it with a Nooſe ?
Is Nature plunder'd that ſhe'as loſt her Store ?
What canſt not finde 'mongſt all All to pleaſe, One more ?
Why ſneak ye elſe alone ? Why ſigh ? Why pine ?
Why ſet up Idols on each fainted Shrine ?
So tempt ye Heaven ; And with your frantick Fits
Endanger loſſe of Life, as well as Wits.

Sect. IV. *Great Spirits.*

COme ye ſtiff Hearts, that know not how to bend !
That All wou'd borrow, but wou'd Never lend !

Has

Has ſtrong Affliction preſt ye to the Ground?
And left ye Speechleſſe, as y'had lately ſwoun'd?
Can dire Reſolves help? Or Stabs cure a Wound?
Have ye loſt All Things? And 'bove Thoſe your Fame?
Life was before. Let it out-live A Name.
Impatient Fingers of Mindes overhot,
Open not Skains, but run them All a knot.
Unrulie Pris'ners, fetter'd, ſtrive in vain;
And more do hurt themſelves, the more they ſtrain.

SECT. V. *Melancholick.*

BUt, cloudie Natures, ſwallow'ing ſtupid Follie,
Like Pills, wrapt up in pleaſing Melancholie!
Forbear your Dumps! And let in Reaſons Light!
Elſe you may haſten; or foreſtall your Night.
Be ſociable Creatures! as Firſt made.
Occaſion ſhunn'd, does Sad Events evade.
Be well imploy'd! For Idleneſſe has been
Porter, and Executioner to Sinne

SECT. VI. *Jealous.*

AND, Why ſo Jaundic't are ye Man? or Wife?
Your Local Hell does wearie, ſhorten Life.
Think ye that Jealouſie, Ill got, Worſe born,
Muſt have Death drive it through the Suretie-Horn?
Whoſe narrow paſſage is the only way
For fooliſh Hopes to ſeek by Night the Day?
Shalt thou, cauſe th'other happens on a Shelf,
Needs therefore madly caſt away thy Self?

SECT. VII. *The Frighted Childe.*

WHo's there? The woful Childe of Parents Rage.
Whither art going to prevent thine Age?
What Stepmother has frighted thee to do
That, when thou com'ſt at, thou wilt tremble too?
Beware of Haſte! Thy Steps do lead to Hell;
Where Rage, where Horrour do for ever dwell.
Storms laſt not Alwayes. Have a Care, mad Childe!
Thou thinkſt to ſcape the Worſt, and art beguil'd.
Thy Parents Wrath may ſooner be appeas'd,
Than everlaſting Torments can be eas'd.

SECT. VIII. *The Debaucht Prentice.*

WHy Prentice buy'ſt That Cord? Thy look bewrayes,
There's ſomething in thee, that thy Self betrayes.
Has thy lewd reckleſſe Youth ſumm'd Tavern-Scores?
Or haſt exchang'd thy Maſters Wares for Whores?
Do'ſt fear thy Parents Bond? Thy Credits Loſſe?
All theſe? And haſt thou yet another Croſſe?
Then Wrath on All ſides haunts thee, and the Maid,
Or Maſters Daughter, thou haſt ill betray'd.
And wud'ſt thou binde up all within that String?
Life is of higher Price, then any Thing.
There's Hope to cure all Theſe. There's None in Death.
For There thou ſtrangleſt Hope in ſtifling Breath.
Becauſe th'haſt injur'd Others, muſt Thou ſtill
Increaſe thy doing Wrong to leſſen Ill?
Bethink thee then! And make not more thy Curſe!
Since Ill to Ill is Step from Step to Worſe.

For

For there's no Price that can this Reck'ning pay.
Turn back! Repent! Thy Score may waſte away.

Sect. IX. *The unfortunate Merchant.*

SEek not that poiſon, Merchant, for thy Taſte!
Muſt thou be loſt 'cauſe Ships away are caſt?
Canſt fear a Priſon, whence there may be Bail?
And flee'ſt from that into a Hopeleſſe Goal?
Wu'd any Mad Man ſeek the Sergeant's Hand?
On Such an action too, as ere ſhall ſtand?
Loſſes may be regain'd, but this can never.
This is a Loſſe but Once, but Loſſe for ever.

Sect. X. *The Bloody Murtherer.*

BUt whom behold I There with Hands ſo red,
And Face ſo pale, as if he were half dead?
Lay down that Dagger! Mercies endleſſe Store
Cain's Fact exceeds; or *Judas* Sale; or More.

Sect. XI. *The curious Zealot.*

AH! What ſay'ſt Thou, that break'ſt aſunder Text?
And ſeekſt out Scruples, that thou may'ſt be vext?
And look'ſt for ſuch Decrees of God, as Fate?
Poring to know whom He'd predeſtinate?
Thoſe Characters are legible to'th' Wiſe
I'th' Book of God, as ſaving Myſteries.
Do well; and be accepted. Can'ſt not ſee?
Thou wanteſt Faith. Thou want'ſt Humilitie.

No

No Wonder Then; Though Desperat on make
Thee ready Fuel for the Brimstone Lake.

Sect. XII. *The tender Conscienc't Despairer.*

What ayl'st poor Tender Conscience, late misled?
Why, That was Stone, He gave Thee; 'Twas not Bread.
Said He: (Too vile to live to spend Gods Store,
Thou do'st but heap up Sin with spending more.
Thou tread'st on groaning Earth, and robb'st the Good
By wrongful eating up the Godly's Food.)
Hast Thou lesse Right unto the Creature, than,
For whom All was at first created, Man?
Or has the Serpent chang'd his former Cheat
To' a Contrarie as false. *Thou must not Eat*?
He meant not Thee. God made Thee Living Heir
O'th' Earth; unnaturalize not by Despair!
Canst be a Burthen to the silent Earth?
And wert not to thy Mother 'fore thy Birth?
Deluding Satan see, thy Soul wu'd Dresse.
He takes advantage of thy heavie Dresse;
And leads to Mischief by the Wilderness.
He's now turn'd Saint to turn Thee from thy Joy
To'a dark Labyrinth the better to destroy.
Shines not the Sun on All? The Bad? The Good?
Bears not Earth equally for all her Food?
'Twixt Good and Bad what difference makes the Main?
Or what Distinction Windes? or falling Rain?
No Burthen thou unto the Earth canst be.
Unload thy Sin. The Burthen is on Thee.

Sect. XIII. *A horrid, yet true Story of one that hang'd himſelf, upon his Knees, with a Bible on a Stool open before him, and a Paper to ſignifie that he had repented.*

WHat Storie have I heard? What rueful Tale?
What monſtrous Match, of Piety and Bale?
E'en to Beliefs Abortion? That a Crime,
So big, ſhou'd bear Religion out of Time?
Can any Chriſtian make his Will of's Minde
Before, ſo black a Deed to leave Behinde,
To ſhew, his Act ſpawn'd not from Diſcontent,
But that he was Prepared, did Repent?
And, that of Death he need not be afraid,
The Sacred Book was ope, and 'fore him laid.
Mad Zeal to Blindneſſe he makes double Pairs
In Kneeling Poſture Hanging joyns to Prayers!
What greater Sin cu'd Satan ere deviſe,
Than put Devotion into Bloudſhot Eyes!
Are Curſed Fruits produc't by Bleſſed Trees?
How comes elſe Blaſphemie upon its Knees?
Where Gods Church is, muſt there Hells Chappel be?
Religion, Witchcraft, and Idolatrie?
What Jugling Cozenage This? To gild Damnation?
'Tis a ſtrange Tenet ſure? What? Damn'd Salvation?
I did repent ſaidſt thou? Thou didſt reſolve
The greateſt Sin to act, that could involve.
For, cou'dſt have clear'd by Sorrow thy paſt Score,
Thou in This One haſt done them Millions o're.
The Pardon of all Thoſe This does prevent.
To much One Such. Who ſhall for This repent?

Nay; Who is't can? Such Actors paſt their Scenes,
When off the Stage have loſt their Time and Means.
For, as the Tree does fall, ſo muſt it lie,
Until the mighty Judge does come to try.
Then, as our Deeds have been or Good, or Ill,
He will our Meaſures with our own Corn fill.
Bleſt They ſhall reign, that did obey's Commands.
Hells Zelot! Who requir'd This at thy Hands?
Religion, if ye make a Pedlars Truſſe,
From ſuch Gear in't Good Lord deliver us.

Sect. XIV. *One that will not plead to ſave his Goods.*

IS That a Chriſtian ſtandeth at the Bar,
That will not be to's Wife or Childe a Scar?
Why didſt ought then unjuſt? Offences be
The greateſt ſtains unto a Familie.
Speak Mute! Pull off thy vain Pretences Hoods!
Wu't caſt thy Self away to ſave thy Goods.
For ought thou Know'ſt the Jewries tender Heart,
Or Judges Wiſdom way may finde to ſtart.
Wu't Thou upon thy Life commit a Rape?
And block the Door, by which thou might'ſt eſcape?

Sect. XV. *A Deſperate Malefactor.*

COndemned Malefactor, why ſuch ſtrife
Within thy ſtrugling Breaſt to ſhorten Life?
Thou haſt not many dayes. Make uſe of Thoſe!
Wu't thou turn Hangman to preſerve thy Clothes?
Yea, rather then the People ſee thy Day,

Thou

Thou wilt prevent, and make thy ſelf away.
There may be yet Reprieve. At worſt, thy Death,
Repenting paid, will give thee Heavenly Breath.

Sect. XVI. *A Wench with Childe.*

And Why that Phyſick, Wench? Haſt loos'd thy Shooe?
Wu't to Adulterie adde Cloſe Murder too?
What though th'aſt broke thy Leg? thy Credit's lame?
By breaking Neck do'ſt think to cure the ſame?
More ſalvage then a Tygreſſe! brutiſh! wilde!
Haſt neither Mercie on thy Self? nor Childe?
By Covering Sin, and ſeeking Shame to hide
How many might have liv'd, that fouly dy'd.
Blinde Wounds, than open ones, more long endure;
And oft prove Mortal, that might elſe have Cure.

Sect. XVII. *A Deſpairing Client.*

Welcome from Weſtminſter! If I may ſay.
What? wu't not anſwer? Haſt not gain'd the Day?
The Tryal went againſt thee by thy Look.
How comes this Pen-Knife in thy Sleeve, I took?
Thou doſt not mean for Loſſe of Land, or Pelf,
To draw, and enter Judgement 'gainſt thy Self?
Let too hot Paſſion take ſome cooling Ayre!
And raiſe a Title unto Heaven by Prayer!
Wu't ſpoil a good Cauſe by thy loud Deſpair.
Come all the Reſt of much Diſtorted mindes!
Come! Bring your Griefs, like Loads of ſeveral kindes!
And let me ſhew you, where's your Reſt! your Balm!
The laſt to be your Cure, the firſt you Calm.

Sect. XVIII. *Instruction from the frame of Nature.*

Spell first in Nature's Book, Gods bigger Print,
And read his Glory in his Creatures in't.
As first he gave joynt-Being unto All.
One does another to his Dutie call.
The Sun provokes the Plants to flow'r, and feed.
Heats living Creatures in their Kindes to breed.
He gilds the Day, and lends Moon silver Light;
While she directs the Tides, and rules the Night,
Attended by the Stars with twinkling bright.
Man onely is above their Influence;
Except his Vegetation, and his Sense.
Those are his grosser Parts. But else his Stature
Is tall as Angels by' intellectual Nature.

Sect. XIX. *From Mans Creation, and Redemption.*

THe World for Man, Man like Himself He made;
And Man shall last, when all the World shall vade.
Wherefore the Universe, so great, we see,
Is summ'd in Man, in his Epitome.
The World, and every Creature in the same
Were made to glorifie the Makers Name.
God, though Man fell from his first blessed State,
By'th' Word in's Son to Bliss did Renovate.
His standing in the Gap Heavens Justice staid.
His Sponsion th'Execution then delaid.

So

So fell not Man, as Angels did. Their Fall
Had none to interpoſe, was paſt recall.
Then by th'oreſhadowing of the Holy Ghoſt
The Virgin did conceive Him, ſav'd the Loſt.
So took He Humane Nature; and did dye,
That he Gods Wrath for Man might ſatisfie.
Sufficient for the whole World was his Death.
Efficient only unto ſuch as breath,
And live by Faith in Him. With Him Man roſe.
He then to Heaven Mans Mediator goes.
So Man depends on Him; or ſhould. For He
To th' Father muſt Man's Interceſſor be.
Who rob Him of ſuch Office, or deny
His Power, ſhall finde Him Judge. He comes to try.
No Stars then ſuch Intelligencers be,
As Dreams have made them from Aſtrologie.
All keep their Courſes; and in Order move;
As if each Part with T'other were in Love.

Sect. XX. *Self-Preſervation from Inſtinct.*

ALl by Inſtinct Self-preſervation ſeek;
E'en ſavage Creatures to their own are meek.
By Bears are Cubs lickt. With Whelps Lions play.
On others Panthers; not their own Kinde prey.
Tygres do others, Themſelves never ſlay.
Hares leave their Forms. Deer rouze; and flee from Hounds.
Theſe lodge; Thoſe ſquat; Both run for covert Grounds.
And all, theſe labour for, is Life to ſave
From thoſe, whoſe greedy Mouths it ſoon wu'd have.

Sect. XXI. *Examples of Self-preservation.*

The warie Carp, scar'd by the ravenous Pike,
Darts under Banks, and into Mud does strike.
The frighted Fowl, that sees the Falcon nigh,
Steals up on Wing, with Speed away does fly:
The Dog-sprung Patridge from the Hawk does go;
And drops in Thicks; or shelter in a Rowe.
The Nightingale o're Thorn sits tender Breast;
Lest Danger should surprize her at her Rest;
And, watching sings away Nights silent Hours,
Else her the Sloemorm unperceiv'd devours.
Some, that but Plants are, seem quick Sensitives,
Do shrink from Touch, as if to save their Lives.
The Marigold does open with the Sun,
And shuts gainst hurtful Dewes, when Day is done.
The Daisie does the like, that closes leaves;
Least any Hurt it from the Night receives.

Sect. XXII. *Self-Homicide against Nature.*

Self-Preservation is to All a Law,
Which Nature hath impreſt Life's Length to draw.
How comes it then, that Man should only finde
Self-Murder out, against e'en Naturies kinde?
Self-Murder! Why, my Hair affrighted stands;
My Knees da Knock; and Tremblings seize my Hands.
After amazement I examine, Who
'Tis dares Such Deeds, as Well as 'tis, can do?

If

If Men? Sure Reaſon might their Madneſſe binde.
For That gives better Light to Every Minde.

Sect. XXIII. *Reaſon againſt Self-Murder.*

1. HAſt but One Building? And That ſtatelie? fair?
Wu't ruine That, which thou can'ſt not repair?
And That not Thine too? But for Uſe, in Truſt?
And think'ſt, to fire That Houſe, was lent thee, Juſt?
2. Take All Things! Weigh Them in the Scale with Life!
And muſter All, that move within thee Strife!
So Prizeleſſe That, That is ſo Rich a Gemme,
As That outweighs the Numerous Weight of Them.
3. Beſides; What Cowardiſe it is to dye,
Meerelie for Feare of Facing Miſerie;
Which, if thou ſtand'ſt, does Wheel about, does flye,
And leaves thee Great by Such thy Victory.
For no Man's Wretched, but Who thinks him ſo:
More might be happy, if themſelves they'd know.
Opinion 'tis, that much does Bedlam fill,
Where Men are tortur'd by their own croſſe Will.
We make our own Hobgoblins in our Heads;
One Foot Frights T'other then, Wheres'ere it treads.
The Fears of Death do cauſe us oft to dye.
So leap we into Graves, when Tombs we flye.
Miſtaking Creatures, Men themſelves condemn;
And make a Bedlam of their Bethelem.
As what for Labours deſtin'd, late Abuſe
Has nam'd All Bridewells, where they whips do uſe
4. Or think'ſt, The Spirit is Mortall? That it dyes
When chilling Death doth Mortall fleſh Surpriſe?
Wer't ſo Man were no better, than a Hogge;

Than Lion, dead, better's a living Dogge.
The loaden Asse, with burthen pressed down,
Goes into streams To drink, but not To drown.

5. Mark! Who has tri'd Self-homicide; and come
By happie Help into Life's loathed Room.
How gladly they survive The Despe'rate Act!
And with Sad shame behold Their hideous Fact!
For Nature still abhorres to be Unsluc't;
And from it's Be ing to Not to Be reduc't.

6. Why standeth Sentrie The discerning Eye,
And often acts at distance the quick Spye?
Why does The Eare with care bestow It's sense,
T'import the Newes, and give Intelligence?
Why is The Tast so quick? The Smelling nice?
And, 'gainst what's ill, give Larum in a trice?
Why is The Touch so tender, 'voiding Paine,
The Warning piece to make Retreat amaine?
These Cinque-Ports are, as with their Fire in pan,
'Gainst Danger set to guard The Isle of Man.
For Life's dear Safety All, as one, conspire
In Preservation of the Self entire.
How Keeps He Faith with These, that's so Uniust,
By Violence of's Hands betraying Trust?

7. Why seek'st A Corner? Is The Deed so base?
Thou sham'st to Common Iudgement put the Case?
That sure is very foule, that All condemn;
And thy Self too. Why else avoydest Them?
Even Malefactours, new condemn'd At Bar,
That scarce cu'd speak Before, Then Pleaders are,
To gaine the Judge's Favour for Reprieve,
For A Prolonger, that their Snast may Live.
And wu't thou throw the Taper in the Fire?
And cause, what might Long shine at once expire?

8. Wut

8. Wu't thou Keep 'Sizes in thy ſelf? Act All?
Be Judg? Be Jury? Party Criminall?
Accuſer? Jayler? (All unfit to do)
And muſt thou be the curſed Hangman too?
Blind Judge! thou know'ſt not Nature's ſtatute Law;
That bids thee Save; And thou ſaiſt, Hang, and Draw.
Thy Jury's pact, of Paſſions all a-flame.
Th'art not the Party, but ſome other Name.
For thou art not thy ſelf. Nor is thy Crime
Such, as thou think'ſt it at the preſent time.
Th' Accuſer is ſuborn'd; the Jayler's mad;
A Priſon making, where none ought be had;
Miſtaking thy free Chamber, that's thy Hall
Of Judgment too, thy Golgotha, and All.
The Hangman has no Warrant; Nor the Shreife;
Where All is thus 'gainſt Law, what needs Repreife.

9. What Combat's this? Where fight not Two, but One?
Who gives the Wound, muſt fall. Fleſh Kill'd by Bone.
A ſtrange Encounter! Where there none to part.
The Rebell Hand dies with it's Blow at Heart.

10. But Hark! thy Parents call! thy Freinds! thy Wife!
They bid thee, Spare, what's not thine Own, thy Life.
If Not for love, yet Hold thy hand for ſhame!
Blot not Poſterity, nor brand thy Name!
Prevent not Future Iſſue! For thy Deed,
(As much as in thee lyes) makes Mankind bleed.
Yea; Should All into Such a Pitt be hurl'd,
A Suddain Fun'erall Soone would Sweep the World;
As Waters Fury Once did All engage,
Thou would'ſt bring Death to All by Human Rage.
The Diff'erence Only; What was there one Floud,
Thou fain Would'ſt change to many ſtreams of Blood.

11. Thy Countrey and the Magiſtrate Supream
Do claim thee as a Branch o'th' Common Stream.

For there's a Publicke Right in Every Man,
That Life He neither may diſpoſe; nor can.
12. Canſt make a Law, than Natures, more to bind?
And null Her Statute that at firſt was ſign'd?
Then didſt thou make thy ſelf. If not. Submit!
Who's not Above that Law, is Under it.
A Law is made to puniſh an Offence;
And not Authority for Violence.
A Law's the Rule of Juſtice, Bond, whereby
To knit, No Force to break Societie.
The end of Laws is This; That Men increaſe
By Juſtice 'mong Themſelves ſo, that milde Peace
May bleſſe their Fellowſhip; Which ſhould be ſo,
As if th'were holy, and no change might know.
The right Lawmakers Sacred Prieſts appear
Of Juſtice; Each to Her's A Miniſter
How comes it Then, that Thou do'ſt ſo aſſume.
To break what's holy? Or how dar'ſt preſume?

Sect. XXIV. *Arguments from Religion.*

But Wher's Religion all this while? Yea, Where?
Had God been in thy Thoughts, th'hadſt not been there.
There in grim darkneſſe, out of Sight of Heaven,
Self durſt not Self attempt Life t'have bereaven.
Religion is the Bank, the Quickrow Bound,
That pens the Waters, and divides the Ground.
By this the Vineyard's fenc't from Fox and bore.
That Watch to Spoil It's Beautie, and It's ſtore.
Nor has the Roaring Lion there the Power
To Rend with Pawes, or with his Jawes devoure.
And though his Fury compaſſes about
Earth, Sea, and Ayr, yet is he there ſhut out.

Gods

Gods Church is Noah's Ark; Which maugre Rage
Does act yet Safely on the bill'owie Stage.

Sect. XXV.

The Cauſe of Deſperate Actions.

NO marvail then, when Her ſtrong Pale is down,
Like Ship-ſprung Planks, the waves break in and drown
How cu'd Such Fury elſe, ſuch dire Events
Lay hold on Chriſtians in their Diſcontents!
This is that Black Eclipſe, that baneful Cauſe,
That not alone portends ſuch Ills, but drawes.
When holy Worſhip does become a crime;
And Weeds ſpring up, and overgrow the Time.
When every Humour Vents it's purulence;
And Scripture's made a Noſe of wax of Sence.
When Poyſon fills the Market, ſells for Food;
How can the People's Nouriſhment be good!
When humane Fancies for their Judgements go,
And down Opinion does Religion throw.
When All's our own, and Nothing's due to God,
As if w'had baniſht Him from Our Abode.
When Malice out of Hearts has ſulphur'd love,
And the fell Serpent has devour'd the Dove.
When there's Delight in Evil; and Men run;
As in Contempt, with Back upon the Sun.
When Nought s left Chriſtian, but the only Name,
As if in Aſhes Men wu'd ſeek a Flame.
When Chriſts High Ordinances Men reject,
And make's Commandements of none Effect.
When Men deny the Power of Godlineſſe,
And dare moſt horrid Blaſphemies expreſſe.

When Christians question Scripture, War 'gainst God,
As if they did defie his dreadful Rod.
When in such Wickedness Men dare to boast,
Resist and dare deny the Holy Ghost.
When——
I must not write ought more; Lest then,
My trembling Hand shu'd drop my sinking Pen;
Strook looking Backward, see rais'd Babels Brick;
Or Forward, see remov'd the Candlestick.

Sect. XXVI. *Lamentation for the Church.*

THen mourn, Thou Virgin, desolate, in brine!
Bewail the Miseries, that now are Thine!
Behold the Children dash themselves 'gainst Stones!
And madly strive, who first shall break their Bones.
Sit down in mourning in thy Sackcloth Shell!
And let thy Groans be as each Back-rung Bell!
Fire, Fires's within their Hearts! Of Envie! Hate!
As Wickedness were Fuel unto Fate.
And each seems act so much the Wretched Elf,
First to destroy Another, then Himself.

Sect. XXVII. *Expostulation with the Atheist.*

WHat *Enyo* guides? What curst *Erinnis* drives!
Men to throw headlong into Hell their Lives?
Is there no God? Say Atheist! Is there none?
Thy Conscience needs must tell thee, There is One.
The Heavens declare his Glorie; Earth his Power;

His

His Wiſdom All; His Providence each Flower.
No Hearb that peeps in Woods, or ſhowes in Fields,
But Argument ſufficient 'gainſt Thee yields.
Who made the Univerſe? Some Power Above,
From Whom comes Life? By whom all Things do move.
And, if A God. Is not that Trine-One He,
Whom the Athenians thought unknown to be?
That God, whom they falſe worſhipt thou muſt know.
Thy Baptiſm bound thee t'own Him, and Self owe.
Be elſe Apoſtate! Stand! Stand out the Tryal!
And Thou at laſt ſhalt finde Him by Denyal.
Delude thy Self! And mock at horrid Hell,
As, 'twere A Tale, that Pollicie did tell;
There's ſuch a Place. For of it Thou doſt ſmell
Thy Brimſtone-Oaths, and thy diſeaſed Fire
Thy luſtful Flames in curſes that expire,
Shew there's A Hell; And likely not far off;
For Part of it was in thy graceleſſe, Scoff.

Sect. XXVIII.

With the Univerſarian.

But worſe than Atheiſt! If there worſe can be.
For Thou Religion makeſt Blaſphemie.
Thou Univerſal-Grace-Man, that doeſt place,
The rankeſt Poyſon in, Beſt Balſame, Grace!
To purge the Sins of all the World Chriſt di'd.
A Truth. And yet it ought to be deni'd,
As thou do'ſt rend the Text; and wu'dſt infer,
As if that Satan were Interpreter.
Mark with what Subtilty the Devil tryes!
With ſuch large Spectacles t' abuſe thine Eyes!

Mark Consequences! If for All He di'd,
He then for All most fully satisfi'd;
And if he satisfi'd for All, forepast, to come,
No Debt is due; And if No Debt, No Doom.
What may'st Thou then not do? in Sin abound.
Thou canst not fail. For Scripture is thy Ground.
Why should'st denie a Lust? Or hold thy Hand
From Murder, when it with thy Ends do's stand?
Say *Naboths* Death was Just! Condemn his Wit!
For *Ahab* offer'd Fair. The Ground laid Fit.
Hold *Jezabel* for Wise! Make good Her Fast!
But Mark his Curse! And read her End at last!
Christ di'd for All. For All the World Christ di'd;
For whom soe're Believes he satisfi'd;
For whom soe're Believes in Him; His Will do's do;
All Those the Priviledge belongeth to.
He would have All be sav'd. *But ye would not.*
He said, and wept. O There! O There's the Blot!
What! What shall we Then say! Shall Sin take Place!
Shall We continue still in Sin, that Grace
May more abound! Say as S. *Paul* then did!
God forbid.
O tell! How shall We that are Dead to Sin,
(Abusing Grace) Shall We yet live Therein?
Know Ye not that All, All so priz'd as We,
Which into Jesus Christ Baptized be,
Into His Death have been Baptiz'd? We then
With Him by Baptism int' His Death (for Men)
Are buri'd, that as Christ was rais'd from Dead
By th' Glory of the Father, We (so led)
Should Walk in Newnesse of our Life, (and be,
As He, that is so dead from Sin, is) free.

SECT. XXIX.

Sect. XXIX.

Invitation to the Direction.

But (O diſtreſſed Souls) leave Theſe! Come near!
And I will point where Heaven do's bright appear.
As Thoſe that ſink down Fathoms in a Well,
At dining time to one another tell:
Seeſt not (though Noon it is, yet dark here) far
From this our Depth we may behold a Star!

Sect. XXX.

The Direction.

Firſt proſtrate fall! Then humbly upward riſe
On bended Knees! And mount thy dewed Eyes?
Strike! Srike thy Breaſt! Till th'haſt new fi'rd thy Heart
With Holy Zeal! And, earneſt, ſtrain each Part
With Penitence! Get Faith to ſharpen ſight!
Now, ſtedfaſt, look through Heaven! Behold the Light!
Behold the Lamb of God in Glory ſit
At's Fathers Right Hand! See Him from thy Pit!
Behold Him There thy Mediator! See!
What is't can now ſo much diſcomfort thee?
But, if thy too weak Eye can't long thus look,
Behold His Picture in the Holy Book!
There read him clos'd within the Virgins Womb!
That He to Fold might fetch the ſtray'd Sheep home.
Obſerve Him combating the Devil Twice!
By Active, Paſſive, doubled Victories!

In Deſart foil'd him, ſpoil'd him On the Croſſe ;
For Human gain, and wu't Thou make it Loſſe ?
Obſerve his Miracles ! And thou ſhalt finde,
He cur'd the Deaf, the Dumb, the Lame, the Blinde.
Read on ! And 'twixt times pray, as thou do'ſt read !
And praiſe too ! That He Life gave to the Dead.
But, leſt theſe Things thou may'ſt not underſtand
Receive a Reſcue from a Holy Hand !
Chooſe ſuch as did in Perſecution ſtand !
For, who in Tryal left the Truth, can He
Be well conceiv'd to be a Guide for Thee ?

Sect. XXXI.

An Orthodox Divine the Beſt Inſtructer.

He will unlock the Treaſures of Salvation,
From Geneſis unto the Revelation.
He'l ſhew Thee the Original of All,
What is Pure Truth, and what's Apocryphal.
H'as no new Lights to Lead Thee up and down.
Nor fancies Revelations in his Crown.
He'l preach to Thee for Gods ſake, Not for Ends,
Nor takes he Pains, that marres, His labour mends.
He points blames damns none. But inſtructeth All,
To ſhun the Way, wherein the Deſp'rate fall.
He lops preſumptuous Growths ; Leſt bearing Top
Too much, from High they down do Headlong drop.
(O how lies Man, out o'th' Line of Grace,
Too ope to th' Enemie in every place !)
He dares not take Religion for A Cloak ;
Nor cry up Dunghil-Steam for Altar-Smoak.
He dares not meddle with the Holy Things
Without Commiſſion whence he Warrant brings ;

Nor

Nor will he turn Apoſtate for Mens Hands.
No: Might he have a Dean and Chapters Lands.
He knowes well, How th' Apoſtleſhip was given;
And how 'twas left, as 'twas receiv'd from Heaven.
T'Apoſtles, and to th'Angel of each Church;
Whoſe Office was to feed; Not Kill; Not Lurch.
He knowes, It was deriv'd by ſingle Streams;
And is not drown'd in Conſiſtorian Dreams.
He I teach thee Mercie, as his Maſter, meek;
He tells thee Chriſtians no Revenge muſt ſeek.
Revenge on others then's A dangerous Shelf.
'Void Shipwrack! Lay not Hands upon thy Self!
Ah hapleſſe Time! Wolves Sheep-Skins o're them draw.
But thou may'ſt know Them by the Tearing Paw.

Sect. XXXII.

Preſervation by Aſſumption and Religious Reaſon.

ME thinks I hear him ſay, what now I write,
God Firſt did out of Darkneſſe bring the Light.
And wu't do Contrarie, to what he then,
Reduce that Light to Darkneſſe back agen?
God in's own Image did Man firſt create.
Wu't that deſtroy? Turn Self-Aſſaſſinate?
How in Gods Image at Gods Image ſtrike?
Thus Self-divided 'gainſt Thy Self turn Pike?
God bleſt Both; Bade Both, Increaſe and Multiply.
And with a Curſe wu't Thou turn Natures Key?
He gave Them Freedom on All Fruits to carve
And muſt thy Spight amidſt that Plenty ſtarve?

He Thee Dominion o're the Creatures gave,
And wu't Thou to the Serpent turn a Slave?
The Tree of Life, and That, which made too wise
He placed in the midst of Paradise;
What? Nought but Root and Branch? Wu't stab the First?
And taste thine own Death in the other, curst?
Eve had Excuse: *The Serpent did deceive.*
But Thou deceiv'st Thy Self. Who shall Relieve?
Must Man for Flesh, and Bone of Bone
Dear Parents leave? And joyn to her, as One?
And She was but a Rib ta'ne from his Side.
Which Way then canst Thou Self from Self divide?
What Law pretend'st to justifie That Force,
That both commits A Rape, and makes Divorce?
For Sin God drove Them out. They loath, dismisse.
Thou Fly'st Thy Self; Yea, Barricad'st from Blisse.
Eves Eldest Son, that first did Murther Act,
Gave Blood a Voice, that cry'd against his Fact.
And, though but banisht, seem'd to die with Fear,
(So sweet was Life) *They'd kill Him every where!*
And wu't Thou midst the Safety that Thou hast,
Thy Self undo! And into Horrour cast?
And was his Sentence more than he cu'd bear?
What must Self-Murder thinkst Thou, needs then fear?
Sin links to Sin. A Lye made Murder worse.
Was Mercie short, that his Despair must curse?
Eve might forget her Grief for *Abels* Death,
And have some Joy restor'd her in a *Seth.*
But Thou damm'st up the Hopes of Life to flow.
Thou cutt'st thine own Root. What can ever grow?
Nor can this Crime admit of Reparation.
Repentance thus prevented is Damnation.
Noah's Ark thou sink'st, Thou blott'st out *Abrahams* Creed.
All Families shall be blessed in his Seed.

And

And Thou deny'ſt That Promiſe by ThyDeed.
For truly did'ſt beleive, That Chriſt were come.
To cure The Leprous, Palſi'd, from the Tombe
To raiſe the Dead, Thou couldſt not, Wretch, then have
A deſp'rate Thought. Since His will All wou'd Save.
Or did'ſt conceive The Love of God to Man.
How Infinite It was, above Our Span;
To ſend His Onely Son, Of Such Eſteeme,
From Heaven to Earth, that He might Man redeeme;
To ſuffer Scorns ſharp Scourges, Croſſe, and Death;
And even His Father's wrath to give us Breath;
To bid Us lay Our Burthens on his Back;
And In His Name to beg whats'ere we lack;
To tell, He came to Save, and Not Condemne;
How melted He o're Deaf-Hieruſalem!
Duſt-blind Hieruſalem with Prophets Bones.
Shee muſt diſmantled be for murd'rous Stones.
How often did He call the People, clock.
As Hen her Chickens; But they ſtirr'd like Rock.
T'was not bad Memory, that Him forgot:
But perverſe Wilfullneſs. For they would not.
They would not Turn, nor Know, what did belong
To their Day's Peace, nor heare the Charmer's Song.
How he embalm'd Predi&tion of their Fall,
Cheif, Only Mourner for Their Funrall.
He, He bequeathed All Salvation's Good;
And Sign'd The Teſtament with's Pretious Bloud;
And left Two Bleſſed Sacraments, as Seales;
By which to Us A Proper Right He deales.
O wonderfull the Grace, Thy Love does give!
Jeſus! Thou woo'ſt Us, Not to Dye, but Live!
He teaches Us the Meanes to Certain Cure,
The Means to Health, that is For ever Sure.
He is the Life, the Light, the Guide, the Way

Unto

Unto the Dead, the Blinde, the Lame, the Stray.
To help our Wants He teaches how to pray.
He is the Best Physitian to the Sick.
He Wits restores unto the Lunatick.
He is the Shepheard, that does Watch and Keep
From Wolf-like Satan his Believing Sheep.
Then let's not make our Reason lesse, then Sense,
To five Protection, and such Providence!
He leads his to the Pastures, ever green,
And in Communion oft by them is seen.
He drives Them by the Streams that ever run;
And after folds them at the Setting Sun.
His Yoke is easie; and his Burthen Light.
'Tis Day in Goshen; Though in Egypt Night.

Sect. XXXIII.

By Comparatives in Law and Gospel.

BY Mighty Wonders He redeem'd the Slave.
By Miracles as great he preacht to Save.
He Waters Walls made; and a Path midst Seas;
Through which his People made their Passe with Ease.
And, when pursuing Pharaoh with his Host
Thought to destroy, their Wheels and all was lost.
The Waves did close. So what was firm before,
Was Waters Throat, as was the Earths to Core;
By Day a Cloud he was, a Fire by Night
To guard, and to conduct his People right;
And, that he might his mighty Arm expresse,
He led them fourty Yeers through Wilderneſſe;
As many Dayes He in the Flesh did fast,
When in the Wilderneſſe He Satan cast.

The

The Womans Seed the Serpent found, did feel
It bruiſe his Head, as he had bruis'd His Heel.
A Wilderneſſe for Paradiſe had Stain;
For Wilderneſſe was Paradiſe a Gain.
From Heaven with Manna, and with Quails he fed
His People broaching Rock the while he led.
Three Fiſhes and two Loaves were Thouſands Bread.
He was the Brazen Serpent that did heal;
Which on Mount Calvarie He did reveal;
And, as on Sinai He the Law did give,
A Judge He'l come to th' Dead, and thoſe that Live.
The Nations Then were ſcatt'red, and did fall.
He was their Dread, the Mighty General;
And by his Conduct, and ſo great Command,
He marches Conqueſt into Holy Land.
This, This was He, that conquer'd Hell, and Death;
And broke the Chains of Darkneſſe, forg'd Beneath.
He, He victorious from his Tomb do's riſe,
And raiſes Man, as his Redeemed Prize.
Wu't Thou turn Sadducee? and This withſtand?
Or wu't Thou riſe with Halter in thy Hand?
He has Aſcended up in Triumph where
Thou may'ſt by Faith in Glory finde Him. There.

Sect. XXXIIII.

Suppoſition of Satisfaction.

BY This I deem Thy Frenzie does abate.
For whom Thou erſt did ſerve, Thou now do'ſt hate,
I ſee thy ſtreaming Eyes, thy mournful Tears
Waſh off thy Blackneſſe. Chriſts Blood drowns thy Fears.

Thou

Thou wond'reſt at thy Sin 'gainſt God, ſo Good;
And ſtart'ſt at th' Offering to Moloch Bloud.
Do! Sigh againe! That will blow Holy Fire!
Sighes are the Bellowes to Divine Deſire.
Thoſe Groanes, like Thunder in the troubled Ayre,
Will make thy Breſt, as Skye, Serene, and faire.
What though thou doſt endure A ſtorme, or Two?
By This thou ſtorm'ſt, tak'ſt Heaven and entreſt to?
Thou ſafely maiſt commit Thus Violence.
This holy Murder ſlayes thy Firſt Offence.

Sect. XXXV.

Conſolation.

'Tis well, thou doſt complaine; And wiſely Say,
Thou hadſt forgotten, Untill Now, to pray.
Th'art Now alive. Thou walk'ſt, and talk'ſt with God.
Thou haſt his Kiſſe. H' hath caſt away his Rod.
When firſt the Subtile Hunter did prevaile,
He took Thee Sleeping. Then he did aſſaile.
He frighted Thee with Specters, and grim Dreames.
He caſt A Miſt 'twixt Thee, and Truth's clear Beams.
O look not Back! And eye the Deadly Place,
Where thou had'ſt fall'n, had it not been for Grace!
With th' Apprehenſion where thou late didſt tread,
Be not, as he at Rocheſter, ſtrook Dead;
But rayſe with prayſe to Heaven thy thankfull Head
When God's Protection leaves Us, what are We?
Our drunken Madnes reales to Miſery.
Hel's Craft inſinuates Eaſe from Preſent pain,
Gives Torment There, leaves here Eternall Staine.

Sect. XXXVI.

Satans Craft and Policie.

SO *Lucifer* undoes our Reaſons Stock,
Inſenſibly He drawes Us up a Rock;
And ſeems to reſt Us in this Grot, that Cave,
With pleaſing Senſe, of what we think to have;
With Shadowes coz'ning our deluded Eye;
And does pretend to lead us to the Skie.
Until H'has mounted Us to th' Slipp'rie Top;
Where ſtaggering down We into Hell do drop.
Thus does his Subtlety ſet hidden Traps,
Moſt greedily rejoycing in our Lapſe,
His Kindneſſe wu'd deſtroy Us. For, behold,
He offers Poyſon in a cup of gold!
Mark! How at Firſt he gilded over Vice.
His Apple was The Cheat of Paradiſe.
Like Gods we ſhould be; Know both Good and Evill.
But Rebells to The Subject's of the Devill.

Sect. XXXVII.

Incouragement againſt Temptation.

SHall we believe A Lye. Or him, that ſaith
The truth, He is? O let Us give Him Faith!
Thou ſhalt not Kill, did God in's Law expreſſe?
No: Not be Wroth His Goſpell ſayes. That's Leſſe.
Let's Mind Our League in Baptiſme, made gain'ſt Evill!
That we wu'd fight 'gainſt World, The Fleſh and Devill!

That

That we wu'd joyn our Force, ſans Fear of Loſſe,
Like valiant Souldiers under Chriſt his Croſſe.
We ſo are Chriſtians. So we ſtoutly ſtand;
And make our Ground good, whilſt w' obey Command.
His Standarts our Protection. So We ſhall
Be Safe, Let whatſoever can befall.
A Foil We may have: not a Final Fall.

Sect. XXXVIII.

Advance of Reſolution.

THen let the World raiſe, muſter cheating Weights!
Let tickling cloſe-armd Fleſh draw forth her Baits!
And let the Devil ſet out flye Deceits!
Let them embodie All! We dread no Harms.
Yea; Let Hell come too, with it's Magick Charms!
Let's keep cloſe Order! And our Chriſtian Arms!
Jeſus! The Word! And then they break amain.
The World turns Back, when we Heaven, Heaven do claim.
We fight ſo faſt, the Fleſh has loſt her Force.
Reſiſtance makes him flie: Prayer makes him curſe.
Hell's Charms do vaniſh, Jeſus! At Thy Name.
Thou wert our Captain. So we overcame.

Sect. XXXIX.

Prevention.

BUt, if the Devil ſtalks to Thee, Alone;
And thinks He has Advantage One to One;
And tempts Thee, as thy Saviour, ſet high;
Showes Kingdoms, and their Glory in thine Eye;

And

And promiſes the Gift of ſuch Worlds All;
If that Thou down to Worſhip him wu't fall:
Cathier him with Chriſts Word: *Hence Satan get!*
The Lord thy God to Worſhip is thy Debt!
Him only ſhalt Thou ſerve. He's gone and's Net.

Sect. XL.

Summary Fortification.

TAke Courage Fellow-Chriſtians! Let's rejoyce!
I hear Hearts Comfort from a Heavenly voice!

God ſpar'd not His own Son: But for Us All
Did Him deliver up. How! How then ſhall
He not with Him give freely Us All Things?
Since He's the Fountain of All Good that ſprings.
Who is He that Condemns? 'Tis Chriſt that di'd;
Yea rather that is ris'n in Heaven t' abide;
Who is at Gods right Hand; and Who does make
His Interceſſion alſo for our Sake.

Who then ſhall ſeperate Us from Chriſts Dear Love?
Shall Tribulation? ſhall Diſtreſſes move?
Shall Perſecution? Famine? Nakedneſſe?
Shall Peril? Shall the Sword do more then Theſe?
Through Him that loved Us ſo much Before,
In All theſe Things W' are Conquerours and more.

For I'm perſwaded, Neither Death it is;
Nor Life; Nor Angels; Principalities;
Nor Powers; Nor Preſent Things; Nor Things to come;
Nor Height; Nor Depth; Nor Creature (that takes room)

Shall

Shall be able Us to sep,rate from the Love
Of God in Jesus Christ, our Lord Above.

O Blest the Time, that Christ for all once di'd!
Is He Our Life! Abhorre Self-Homicide!

LAUS DEO.

A

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Wise Traveller through Wilderneſse does lead
The Chriſtian Pilgrim, teaching where to tread:
From Feind in World's Way Foes he warnes his Freind:
Through Deepe, vp Steepe, ſhewes Heavn's his Journeys end.

F. Barlow fecit.

The Second Book.

A

GUIDE

TO THE

Land of the Living.

FOR THE

DISCONTENTED:

That are in the Dangerous Path

TO

SELF-MVRDER.

A Comfort to All in Diſtreſſe;

By Way of { *Divine Poem,* *Perſpective,* *Moral.* *Proſpect,* *Conſolatory Eſſay.*

Sen. Lib. 4. Controverſiar. in Proœmio.

Multiplicatur ex induſtria, quo condiſcimus; ut levetur, quo diſcernimus.

The Manuduction.

A Hand may be welcome to One, that needs it either in the declivity or steep descent from a Rock; or amidst the Labyrinth, and wandring on to Losse in a Wilderneſſe.

To this purpose, Distressed Friend, the Authour proffers His, as a help. Enough peradventure to Keep thee from Falling; Or Preserve thee in the Way. It may serve thee for a Prop, if not for a Guide.

And seeing, that the Best Dayes are Evill to Good Men; and Bad Men make All their Dayes Evill, Time gives Life a sad Progression; And the Vitiosity of Manners makes Time seeme to receive Corruption. Least thou should'st grow weary of Either, Thou art here desired to ponder them Both; Left abused Life should prove thy Rock; or not well considered Time might become thy Willderneſſe.

Supposing therefore, that thy Desperate Intentions are diverted, thy Fury allayed, and, that a more sober Temper hath reduced thee to Better Inclinations by his former Verse he conceives it not amisse, as a careful Physitian, to prescribe thee a Diet after his operative Drugs; or not Unlike the wary Pilot, to set up some mark to avoid a second danger. Thou hast been out of thy Way, and in hazard of Great Losse, even Losse forever. Take that Crosse for thy direction; yea let That Crosse, that did afflict thee, lead thee home to thy Happineſſe! Not by seeking to run from It; But by Submitting to it. Though the way be rugged; It is direct;

And being ſtraight, Turne not. Temptation is on either Hand. Preſumption may as dangerouſly overthrow thee, as Deſperation was like to enſnare, to undoe thee. There allures a Spotted Panther; And Here lurkes a Seiſing Tyger. Both Devourers; Though in divers wayes.

To avoid the Perill of ſuch Paſſages, the ſutblety, and Fury of ſuch Beaſts, it is Beſt to take Direction, and One along with thee. With ſuch Intention in Charity unto thee The Authour hath under God's Bleſſing fitted himſelf with Proviſions, & Inſtructions for ſuch a journey. Not to be Imploy'd is very hurtfull for thee. Doſt here him call? Away?

CANTO I.

The Den of Idleneſſe.

1.

AWake, Dark Soul! Ariſe! And let us go,
To finde out what is fit to Know!
Who ſitteth ſtill, ſtill ſets Corruptions Weeds to grow.

2.

In Den of Idleneſſe ſo dark, ſo fowl;
(In which bred Monſters, hiſſe, and howl)
The ſidelong Hag ſee, half aſleep doth ſtretch, and ſcowl.

3.

Behold her nodding Head, and Pointing Hand
To Numerous Vices round that ſtand,
Taking their (Q) from Her, to act her meant Command!

4.

Behold, where many an open, ſilent Grave:
That gape, like pits, about that Cave,
To ſwallow living Men, where ſeeming Death thay have!

5. Behold

5.

Behold, where ſeveral Gins are ſcatt'rd wide,
To catch the Careleſſe on each Side!
See'ſt not, how Cov'ring Leaves their cunning Dangers hide?

6.

Near that Dens wanton Mouth does riſe a Spring;
To whoſe ſoft Muſick Birds do ſing,
Inchaunting Paſſengers with Notes, and Murmuring.

7.

But that to Satans Priſon is a Port.
Tentations Uſher to the Fort.
Mark! How that Way ſome dance, and ſing to Hell in Sport.

8.

Hark! Drumming Drones do loaden home arrive,
From robbing Bees of Honey in Hive!
With others Labours ſee, how Drones do live, and thrive.

9.

Come off from thoſe ſtrange winding Wayes!
Make haſte! For he's intrapt, that ſtayes.
Beware of ſtumbling! There are many ſtrew'd Delayes.

10.

Didd'ſt eye the Spring near Den, that runs ſo clear?
Within this Lake not moving Here,
A ſtanding Scum of ſtinking Drain doth foul appear.

11.

Where poys'nous Serpents, ugly Toads do breed,
From Filth, on which again they feed.
As if with Nature's, Sins Corruptions were agreed.

12.

'Tis well, th'art paſt This *Circes* charming Power.
With Comfort thou haſt ſpent This Hower.
Keep on! Th'aſt ſcap't Tentations, beckning to devour.

PERSPECTIVE I.

1. A Den is the Place of Theeves, There Idleneſſe is lodg'd, as the greateſt waſter of time, and theif of Things.

2. It is dark by Ignorance. It is foul by Sloth. Vices and Sins, like Monſters, Exuberances of the minde, do Breed therein, that hiſſe with Impudence, and howl by too Late Repentance. The hag, the Witch layes along, to ſhew her Security and Careleſneſſe, half aſleep, her Improvidence, by ſtretching, Indiſpoſition to Imployment, and by ſcowling, Scorn at Reproof.

3. By Nodding ſhee diſcovers the Vanity of her Deſires. By Pointing her Unaptneſſe, and imperfection to Command.

4. She buries Men Alive; Either running them into Undreamt of Dangers, or covering them with neglected Obſcurity, that they (at beſt) paſſe their ſilent Dayes Without leaving any impreſſion by their Footſteps left to worthy Notice, or Memory.

5. Her Gins are temptations, that catch the Imprudent. With Falſe Gloſſes, Vaine Pretences, as with covering Leaves Idleneſs hides her contrived Deceits.

6. Vain Diſcourſes, and wanton Deſignes are the ſpring at the Mouth of her Den, which dance to the Notes of the Birds of Pleaſure.

7. But this way leads to the Fort of Irrevocable loſſe, And to the Priſon of Unavoydable Deſtruction; In which Men intoxicated with Folly ſport on to Ruine.

8. The Drones embleamatize, and hold the Glaſſe unto The ſlothfull; they rob the Hives, and prey upon the Hony of the Bees, the Honeſt mans Goods and Labour.

9. It

9. It is no ſafe going on in Her enthralling Faſcinations; Or ſtanding ſtill, Unbuſi'd. For Delayes not only breed, but Bring forth Dangers,

10. Her ſtream of pleaſures, and gliding waters of Vaine Conceptions ſtand, ſettle, and corrupt in A lake of filth the Sinke of Vice and Sin, deſcribing by the noiſomneſs of the Waters their Rottenneſs; by the poyſon of Serpents, their Infection; and by the Uglineſs of Toads, their Deformity.

MORAL I.

TAke the Moral from *S. Hierom*, from *Plutarch*, from *Seneca*.

Otium parit Faſtidium, Exercitium Famem. Fames autem miro modo dulcia reddit, quæ Faſtidium facit inſipida.

Idleneſſe is ſqueazie ſtomackt, when good imployment feeds with Hunger, which gives a luſcious Guſt unto ſuch Diet, while Idleneſſe with Loathing rejects ſound food, as taſtleſſe.

Ingenium hominis ceu cariem, et ſenium in otio contrahit propter obſcuritatem; Et muta Quies; vitaq; Sedentaria, in otio ſemota, non corporibus modo, verum etiam animis marcorem conciliat.

The Wit of Man contracts old Age by Idleneſſe before its time; And growes decrepit in obſcurity by diſuſe of Exerciſe. The dumb Reſt of a Sedentary Life in Eaſe, and, as it were wrapt up in a Mantle, from all imployment, brings not Bodies only, but Minds alſo into a deep Conſumption.

Sunt quorum corpus innoxium eſt, & in mille faſcinorum Furias mens otioſa diſcurrit.

A ſickly, and a wanton Minde hath thrown the ſoundeſt Bodies, and moſt healthful Conſtitutions into a Thouſand Miſchiefs, and as many foul Diſeaſes.

PROSPECT. I.

Some Vainly do conſume theire Oyle.
Some hide the Diamond with the Foile.
Some think, that Providence hath Plac't
Men here, On purpoſe to make waſt.
As if The Leſſon, given to read,
Concern'd None Living, but The Dead.
How comes it elſe, So many'a Hand
Of well-made Clockes ſo ſtill does ſtand!
Looſe Idleneſſe committs The Sin,
Maxentius did; Life, Death entwin.
How does Shee rock Rare Parts aſleep!
Hides pretious Pearles within the Deep!
T'is This Pandora's Box let's fly
Evills enough to Cloud the Skye;
With ſubtle Poyſons mixing Ayre,
Makes Breath, Life's Means, Men's Life t'mpair.
Hence dire Effects, and black Events
Commit a Rape on Diſcontents.
Who therefore will be warn'd and Wiſe,
Muſt work his Hands, and watch his Eyes.

CON-

Consolatory Essay I.

IT Was A Friendly Wiſh, with a ſmile at the end on't; That the Engliſh were as Induſtrious, as they are Ingenious. it came from Eraſmus; An eminent Man of Wit; And no Dwarf in Iudgement. It is a great abatement in the Coat, if the Lyon be not borne in proper Poſture, or wanteth any thing of Due Arming. *Ingenii Acumen, vel tarditas præmium, vel pœnam, in futuro collocat.* Reward crowneth the Diligent; And Danger, in conſpiracy with Loſſe, ſurprizeth the Drowzie; And they deliver to Puniſhment the Sleeper.

Solomon had no ſooner rouzed the Slugard, and ſent him on an Arrant to the Ant, to conſider her wayes, and be wiſe, &c. but he deſcribeth his Next Neighbour, his likelieſt Familiar, a Naughty perſon, a Wicked man, that walks with a froward Mouth; that winks with his Eyes; ſpeaks with his Feet; And teacheth with his Fingers. Frowardneſſe is in his Heart; He deviſeth Miſcheife continually, He ſoweth Diſcord. Therefore ſhall his Calamity come ſuddainly; Suddainly ſhall he be broken; without Remedy.

And not far off from him dwells The Bewitching Whore with Her Allurements. But how? and whither does ſhee lead her Paramour, her Gallant? He goeth After her ſtraight way, as an Oxe goeth to the ſlaughter; Or, as a Foole to the Correction of the ſtocks: Till a dart ſtrike through his Liver, as A Bird haſteth to the Snare, and Knoweth not, that it is For his Life *&c.* Her houſe is the way to Hell, going downe to the Chambers of Death.

Behold! Sloth is The Hen; Idleneſſe the Unclean Egge; The many ſorts of Iniquity the Plumage of wickedneſs, the Snare

Snare is Death, and the Devourer Hell. *Maiestas Pop. Romani per omnes Nationes, per omnes diffusa Provincias in sinu Meretricio Jacet*; Sayes Seneca: Even the Glory of Roome, that Spred her Wings over All Nations, whose Eagles Talons gràsped the utmost Confines, slept to Ruine in the Lap of Dalliance, runing a Comparable Fate with that web of the Chast Penelope, whereon The Night undid the work of the Day.

Idleness can find No Bellowes to blow the Fire; and will not so much as use her Own Breath. This is the cover'd Pit, that swallowes the Heedlesse. while time is wasted in the Embraces of Seeming Goods. For want of Diligence, and Inquisition Imprudent men do miss of what is reall.

While David was in Action, though Persued by Saul for his Life, he slipt not; But, when in the pleasance of the Evening, coming from the Softness of his Bed, when he takes a Loose turn upon the Roof of his pallace, He is strook in the Eye with the darting Beauty of Bethsheba; And it must seeke for cure the bloud of Uriah. The First Evill begets a Second of a bigger Stature; Illegitimate Voluptuousness brings forth monstrous Cruelty. How dangerous it is to set One Foot upon The First step of Sin! the other is ready to slip, if not to run down the Stairs No sooner in Idleneſſe, but in Lust. Lust hurries into Adultery. Adultery sends post to Bloudshed; and sometimes engages in such a Murder, as is past repairing, and beyond returning.

Beware, then thou distressed Soul! Least Satan finde thee either void of businesse, or ill imploy'd. He will beset thee with a multitude of temptations, and give thee a Desperate Onset; And, without Grace help thee by a Prayer, thou lay'st open to the Storm, and 'tis not easy to hold out. Keep therfore thy Watchmen on the Tower! Set a Gaurd upon every Port! Be Allwayes Training, and Mustering thy Forces! When he makes his Subtilest Approches, put good Actions

Actions to work! So maiſt thou countermine him. Feed The Hungry! So thou diggeſt a croſſe-Vault to his Workes. Cloath the Naked! And it is a Retrenchment. Viſit the Sick! And thou haſt made good, where the Wall is weakeſt. Frequent Religious Company! And thou haſt doubled thy Guards. Pray! And thou Victualleſt the Place. Read the Scriptures! Thou want'ſt no Ammunition; And thou haſt the never-failing Waters of Life.

By Such continuall Exerciſe the Divell will be diſheartned, will but weakely attempt thee, Till by every Aſſault thou ſhalt grow the Stronger; and by many Combats becom A Conquerer. Veſſels, that are full, are not capable of any other Liquor; And the Well-buſied minde is not at leiſure to undertake a bad Imployment.

Beſides the Waſt of Time, that is ſo pretious (*momentum eſt punctum eternitatis*) thy prodigall Idleneſs ſpends thee, conſumes thee in wearineſs. The Hours ſeem aſleep, and tedious to thee, like the Hand of the Dial, they move not, as it were, at all; When Labour would refreſh thee, and Seaſon thy Reſt with Sweetnes.

Fly from her therfore, as from a Peſt. The Plague is not ſo infectious. Untilled Land produceth Thorns, and is over run with Briars. Evill thoughts are the want of Culture of the Mind; The word imployes Worſhip; Want of the worſhip of God produceth as Evill words, the Thorns of the Tongue, So it overruns with wicked Actions, thoſe Briars of the Hands, and Feet.

Sow in thy Heart Holy, and devout Meditations! And thy Hands will beare comfortable Fruit. Then art thou never Alone, nor Out of Safety. Lye not Lazilie, as bedrid in health! Leaſt thou get a Sickneſſe.

CANTO II.

CANTO II.

The Grotto of Repentance.

1.

THrough Labyrinth of Sin you goe;
Where numerous Pathes do Travailers confound.
Turn to the Right: Thoſe lead thee ſtrangely round.
Thy Wandring elſe an Exit will not Know.
In doubling Knots, ſo twin'd,
With Woody Darkneſſe blind
How canſt thou think, or hope a way from thence to find?

2.

Some Sins do dance about, like Apes,
From trampled Paths do take, and throw the Sand;
Like Foxes Some trace wayes, few Underſtand.
In Melancholy walkes have ſome Beare's ſhapes;
Some Swine, grunt here, and there,
In dirt themſelves beſmeare;
Others, like Tygres, prey, and range it every where.

3.

Preſumption ſets her Falles, and Traps.
She takes too many, reckleſſe in the Snare;
And deep Pits digged are by grim Deſpair
Athwart, the winding Paths for dire miſhaps.
The Wiſeſt ſometimes ſtrayes
Through Theſe bewilding wayes:
By Sound of Horn are they drawn out from theſe mad Hayes.

4.

For in a Forreſt, neighbring next,
Doth ſober Recollection Ranger ride,

With's

With's Bugle Horn, that hangeth by his ſide,
With which he rouzeth thoſe, that are perplext.
For Dear in Hill, or Hyrne,
Cloſe lodg'd, as in an Urn
Calls to Remembrance; winds his Horn, which ecchoes, turn.

5.

Remembrance is his faithfull Hound,
That's Very ſure, and diligent withall.
He workes through thick, and thin at's Maſter's Call.
Oft hunts he on That thick Perplexed Ground.
And, if he findeth Dear,
He makes them ſoone appeare;
And's Maſter's Hollo drawes amaz'd wights to him near.

6.

This Recollection Ranger is
To Lady, bright, whoſe proper Title's Grace.
She in that Forreſt has A goodly Place,
Where Thoſe She wellcomes that have gone amiſſe.
The Building's polliſht fine.
It's Chryſtall Windowes ſhine
With Golden Gates; It Seems a place, that is Divine.

7.

Through this green Forreſt doſt thou paſſe;
Art entertain'd there; There refreſht full well;
And haſt Guifts given thee, and A Holy Spell.
But On Thou muſt to Rockes from gliſtering Glaſſe.
Now Up, then Downe's thy way;
Where diverſe Mourners lay;
And to A Widow, young, they goe, and Homage pay.

8.

When halfe way downe the Rock th'art got
Well maiſt thou hear come forth A Sighing Wind
From Hollow Vault, that ſeemes to thee Behind.
There is The Widow Penitencie's Grott;
Where She on Ground alone Kneels

Kneeles by Two Springs of Moane.
Which thrill from her, in Cataracts do Sadly groan

9.

All o're her Head do Teares diſtill,
And drop, like Virgin-wax, or melting Stones;
Which, raggedly do hang, like naked Bones.
Theſe as The Springs run downe A Well do fill.
While oft She Knockes her Breſt,
And takes (Ah!) little Reſt,
As Oft She cryes: Lord, help A Sinner, much oppreſt.

10.

As Thus With Greif She does complaine,
She makes the thawed Stones in Raine to fall;
As if in Paſſion for her Funerall.
For Oft She Swounes, though Oft She comes againe.
She never doth give o're:
But waileth more, and more;
Untill An Angell comes, and bids her not deplore.

11.

Below within The Mourner's Well,
Some bath, Some rince off Natur's Moles, and Spots
With *Scowring* Waters, that wear late The Grot's:
That Healing did diſtill, when earſt they fell.
Some waſh The rankling Sore;
Which, Cleans'd gangreans no more;
On whoſe top Swims a Balme, wherwith th'anoint them ore.

12.

Then Fair they looke, and ceaſe their Cryes
But yet Another Traine for Help do come
With heavie Dole, and take their empty Room
With Teare-fill'd, and with much deiected Eyes;
Whoſe Fingers point thee to
The Place, thou now muſt goe
Through Tribulation's Wilderneſſe, the Paſſe of Woe;
And through the fruitful Vale of tears, where comforts grow.

Perspective II.

1. A *Grotto*] Is a hollow Place of Solitude and refreſhment Under Some Hill, or Mountain, or aſide ſome Rock. And this place is reſembled to the Heart of Man, the proper Scite for Serious Repentance.

The Labyrinth of Sin] Denotes It's Intricacie.

The numerous Paths] Its Diſorder, and Confuſion to amuſe the Underſtanding; Or take them for Several Choice of Evills, divers Sorts of Tentations. To avoid which it is beſt turning to The Right, the truth by Repentanc.

Wander to finde no Exit] Intimates Sins perplexing Nature, intruding into Difficulties.

Doubling Knots] are Its Faſcinations.

Woody Darkneſſe] Its ſtupid Ignorance, which empriſons and fetters the Soul from returning to The Light.

2. *Apiſh Sins*] Are wanton Pleaſures.

There trampled Paths] Are Cuſtome of acting Sins over and over. Theſe throw away their contemned Minuts, and waſt the Sand of time.

The Foxes] Are Sins of Contrivance, Precognitancy, Subtilty, Hipocriſy, Whoſe Pollicy Keeps their By Paths Undiſcover'd.

The Bears] Are Sins of Rapine, and Murder, that have their affected Mallencholy walks of Solitude.

The Swine] Are the Sins of Exceſs, as Gluttony, and Drunkenneſſe, that wallow in Voluptuouſneſſe, and Senſuality.

Tygres] Are Sins of Ambition, Cruelty, Oppreſſion, and Covetouſneſſe, that prey Upon, and devoure all, that ſtand in their way.

Preſumption's Falls] Shewes the malignant Nature of Sin, that it is a Puniſhment to thoſe that embrace it. Ambition is it's owne overthrow.

Traps

Traps] Are the Deceitfulneſſe of Temptations to an over-daring. Men are to eaſie-natur'd to this Sin, being Very ready to be drawne into the Snare by Flattery.

Deſpair's Deep Pits] Are Loſſe of Hope by weakeneſſe of Faith, or Such Terrours of Satan, as are caſt athwart to betray to deſtruction, not acroſſe to ſtop from going on in the bewildings of Sin, or bewitchings of the Tempter.

The wiſeſt ſometimes may erre] But are recover'd from ſuch Hayes (a tearme in dauncing) from ſuch Enchantments by the Sound of Recollection's Horn, by Self Examination, by timely Apprehention.

4. *The Forreſt*] Is the Inward Man, where in Recollection is Ranger unto Grace.

His winding the Bugle-Horn] Is Touch of Conſcience;

The Deer] Are the Affections, which he hunts home to the Underſtanding; Or may ſignifie the wandring Sheep, that is converted and brought home to the Church by the carefull Paſtor.

The Eccho of the Horn's Sound] Intimates, that the Conſcience warnes to Repentance.

5. Remembrance is Subſervinet if not Coadjutor to Recollection; therefore call'd his Hound, that works through thick and thin, calls to mind, known and Searches out Secret Faults.

He looks for the Deer in Hill and Hyrn] In every Place, and Corner.

Through the thick perplexed Ground] To draw them out of Danger from the difficulties of Returning.

Recollections Hollo] Are Divine Motions of Aſſiſting Grace, that brings back many a Sin-bewilded, and Satan-beguiled Soul, reducing the Affections to their Prper Place.

6. *Recollection is ſubſervient to Grace; and is called Ranger*] Becauſe it examines all The Forreſt of the Inward Man, which, Since The Fall, is naturally A Wild Place.

The

The Lady Grace] Has Heaven for her Derivative Place, whither She inviteth, and attracteth those which are Elect: But here her Pallace is taken for the Divine Bounty, where She welcomes those approaching, that were wandering Sinners.

The Crystal windows] Are the Excellencies of Providence.

The Golden Gates] Are the Riches of Heavenly Mercy.

The place seems Divine] Because Such bounty comes from God.

7. *The Forrest is green*] flourishing, when Grace lives in the Inward Man. Grace intertains those that come unto her, refreshes dejected Spirits, gives Guifts, enriches the poor in Spirit, and bestowes a Blessing, the Blessing of the Gospell. But, no staying here, the Soul must on, from Glasse to Rock, from sight of Sin by Affliction to Repentance.

The Passe Up and Down] Is Prosperyty and adversity, Height of Mind, and Humbled Condition.

The Mourners] Are Sorrowes of Heart, which lay in dejection for Deeds done amisse. These are instrumentall, or Ministerial Servants to Repentance.

Who is call'd a Widow] As forsaken and left by Sin her dead and Unlawfull Mate, or forsaking the World to whom her Soul was wedded.

She is said Young] Because it renewes the Soul; Young; So Repentance best, when early.

8. *When half-way down the Rock*] Signifies humbled by afflictions.

The sighing wind is heard] Sorrowfull expressions.

From hollow Vault] From the Inward Man, to which Sorrowes seem to be behinde, to come short of the Repentance, of the Acknowledgement they seek to manifest for the former Commission of Deeds, misdone.

Half-way down the Rock] Is Penitencie's Grott, in the Breast, in the Heart, in the Conscience of the Sinner, who is

Saxei generis of a Rocky, and ſtony Nature, there is the Place of true Repentance.

The Grott] is a place of Solitude, of Stone, of Tears, of Uncomfortableneſſe, of Mortification, of Grief.

The Two Springs of Dolour] Are Weeping Eyes, whoſe Tears, as they fall, ſeem to run with a Noiſe of Groans from within.

9. The Deſcription of a Natural Grotto ſetteth forth the Sad Acts of Repentance.

10. Repentance prevails, and obtains Pardon by Chriſt from above, when the ſtonie Heart melts and drops the Tears of Grief. True Repentance is full of Fits and Paſſions, importunate, and perſevering; Till the Diſtreſſed Soul receives the Comfort of Remiſſion from Grace by the Holy Spirit, as by an Angell from Heaven.

11. The Effects of Repentance are here ſhadowed.

The Mourner's well] is Chriſt.

Nature's Moles] Are Originall Sin.

The Spots] Actuall Tranſgreſſions. The ſcouring waters are Chriſt's Sufferings, applyed to Repentant Tears by Faith.

Diſtilling Healing] The Promiſes, being the means of Recovery.

On the Top of the water Swims, the Balm] Of the Bloud of Chriſt, which is a certain Cure to Believers, and the Aſſurance of their Hope.

12. Sin thus purged by Chriſt's Bloud, waſhed away in his Wounds, and the Soul bathed in Tears appears reſtored by Grace, in his priſtine Beauty. Sorrow is wip't away; And the Cryes of Conſcience are ſilenced. Yet Sins riſe dayly, Sorrowes, come in freſh Rank, and muſt be by dayly repentance ſo done away. which give direction likewiſe for a continuing of our ſelves and a willing and patient taking Up, and bearing of the Croſſe through the many Tribulations in this world, through which we muſt paſſe with Comfort in Hope.

MORAL.

Moral. II.

Divine Grace calls us from our wandrings amidſt greateſt Dangers by Recollection and the Remembrance of Evils committed by us; whereby having the Sight our ſelves, and ſeeking by Repentance to the Rock of our Faith, we finde Chriſt to heal us, who is the Well of Life, and the Fountain of our Salvation.

Take *Hugo's* Interpretation to this Purpoſe.

Pœnitentia appellata quaſi Punientia, eò quod ipſe homo in ſe pœnitendo punit, quod male admiſit. Tria enim quæ ſunt in percuſſione Pectoris (i. e.) *Pectus, Sonus, & Manus, ſignificant quod Pœnitentia eſt de his, quæ Mente, Voce, Opere peccavimus.*

Repentance is (not to refuſe the word) a Pennance upon, or puniſhing of our ſelves in ſuch a manner, that there is a Reluctancie and ſerious Sorrow in the whole Man, that he is provoked by ſuch Reſentment to puniſh in himſelf, what Sin ſoever he hath fooliſhly admitted, or wickedly committted. Now there are three things requiſite to a ſtroak on the Breaſt; the Breaſt, the Sound of the Blow, and the Hand, all which denote, that Repentance is concerning all Offences of Thought, Word, or Deed. So comes Contrition from within, Confeſſion out of our Mouthes; and Satisfaction from our Hands to make up a real Repentance.

Hear *Iſidore* deliver his Sentence.

Pœnitentia eſt Medicamentum vulneris, Spes ſalutis, per quam Deus ad Miſericordiam provocatur, quæ non tempore penſatur, ſed profunditate Luctus, & Lachrymarum. Pœni-

tentia autem non menſium, ac temporum curſu penſatur, ſed pœnâ, quâ animâ cruciatur, & mortificatur caro.

Repentance is the Balſam for a Wound, the Hope of Health, whereby God is provoked to Mercie; which is not regarded for the length of Time, but the Depth of Sorrow, and the Seriouſneſſe of Tears ſpent in it. Therefore it is not the Moneths, or Seaſons of Mourning, that prevail ſo much with Him, as that infliction upon our ſelves, that mortifies the Fleſh, and that Affliction within our ſelves, that cruciates the Spirit.

Obſerve S. *Cyprians* Minde herein!

O Pœnitentia! quid de te novi referam! Omnia ligata tu ſolvis; Omnia clauſa tu reſeras; Omnia adverſa tu mitigas; Omnia contrita tu ſanas; Omnia confuſa tu lucidas; Omnia Deſperata tu animas.

O Repentance! How ſhall I finde tearms, or Language enough to commend thee! Thou doſt ſet free all things that are bound; Thou openeſt all things that are ſhut, and revealeſt all things that are hid; Thou allayeſt all things that come croſſe; Thou bindeſt up and healeſt all things that are broken; Thou letteſt in Light to all things out of Order; And thou giveſt New Life, and as it were another Soul, to All things gaſping in Death, and Deſperate.

Prospect. I.

When ſad Eyes ſee ſo bad a Time,
All Ills One Heap make for One Crime;

And

And Wicked Nature acts her Part
T' extract Sin's Groſſe by Chymick Art;
And o're the Helm drawes All's Offence;
To quicken Wrath with Quinteſſence;
Me thinks Men ſhould not ſtill adde more;
Rather abſtract from ſuch a Store.
Unleſſe they think, The more they dare,
That Heaven is ty'd Them more to ſpare.
Or that ſome Subtlety takes place,
To damn by Univerſal Grace.
A Miracle (or like't) behold!
The wanton Young; The doating Old;
The Mindleſſe Noble; And the Show
Of Common Men, ſo hard to know,
Are in a Dungeon All; in Chains.
Each with his Will too ſo remains.
And yet the Priſon Door ſtands ope;
The Chains are looſe. They might have Scope.
Who wu'd be ſo perverſly bent,
That might be free? Why not Repent?

Consolatory Essay I.

SIn, through Negligence, or wilfulneſſe undiſcover'd, is a ſecret Fire in the Houſe; the more cloſe, the more dangerous. Diſcovery then is the Beſt Introductive to Cure. Self-Examination is in the Firſt Place neceſſary to this purpoſe, as water to quench, what is ſo Unruly. Such Fire is This; It will conſume All, if not taken in time. Call then for water to quench it as well, as thou cryeſt, Fire! And do it ſoon too! There is more, than ordinary Hazard in Delay.

But, art thou asham'd to repent? The shame lies in the Commission of the Sin; Not in the Acknowledgement. *Seneca* Controverting the matter, brings in such a Criminall Modestie. *Gravius punior nunc, cum peccasse pudet, quam cum peccavi*: Ti's more Irksome to unload, than to bear my Burthen. He had a kind of proud Lazinesse, that he was loath to confesse. But it is better adjudged: *Minus est quod vitia: it, quam quod negavit.* Lesse is the Evill in the Deed, than in the Denyall. *Periculosius est negare, quam commisisse.* what hope of that Patient, that will not acknowledge himself sick? How canst thou come near Pardon, when thou block'st up Confession? When that is the way to It. As Christ, and the Sanctified Intellectuall nature of Man, His Church, are Relative, as Bridegroom and Spouse, Sin likewise makes a Contract with the Wicked man's Soul: But ti's A Dower with a Mischief. The wages of Sin is Death.

Thou Distressed Christian! since it hath been so with thee, that such an unlawfull Marriage hath lept into the Saddle; Let Repentance ride upon the Crouper! Better is a Cramp in thy Jawes, than a Convulsion in thy Bowels; than a Stich at the Heart. Repent!

Thou Know'st the nature of thy Sin best. It is thy Dear Acquaintance; thy Familiar; thy bosome-Friend. But trust it not! It has betray'd thee; And will undo thee. Look about thee then in time! For the Philistins are upon thee! Break the Fetters! Rend asunder the Cords that bind thee! In time Repent!

Small Matters have their Great Effects in All humane Actions. One Word, misunderstood; One Opportunity or Instant of time, slipt, hath many times occasioned so much Danger, as even the Overthrow of an Army; Of the Action, and the Actors. Thou hast undertaken A Mighty war against Three Confederates, those Three Conspirators in one Combination; The World; The Flesh, and the Devill.

One

One word makes good thy Battel; Repentance. If the word be not given; Or not Rightly; And in time too; Thou maiſt, nay thou wilt loſe the day by't. Cuſtome hath taught Nations, Reaſon Men; and Nature Beaſts, that ſelf-defence is more, than Lawfull; It is Neceſſary. Stand to thine Armes then! Betake thee to thy Tears! For the Roaring Lyon goeth about ſeeking whom he may devour. In time Repent!

When Homer that blind Seer among the Auncients. (For Poets were their Prophets then) diſcourſes of a Certain woman, whom he names *Ate*, he ſets forth her Character, as a Dittie to this tune; That ſhee was Hurtfull, and Pernicious to All the Race of men. He might mean *Eve* by it, as well as cover another truth under a like Fable in that of Jupiter, whom he feigns to have been the wiſeſt of all men living. Yet was Once deceiv'd by *Juno*, by his wife. Thereby He might in the dark point at *Adam*; And in A Heathen Language ſpeak good Hebrew ſenſe.

Thou maiſt not rightly underſtand his ſtory; And maiſt miſtake the text alſo. *Adam* left thee much in debt; in ſuch a condition, as to part with All, that thou hadſt; and to priſon too was the ſentence; thou wert ſubiect to everlaſting condemnation (had not one ſtood in the Gap) thou wert within the Penall ſtatute of eternall Loſſe, and never-dying torment. It was in vain for the man to put it upon the woman. It was no proper excuſe. It was his own ſin. It was his own Fault; And he and his muſt pay the Forfeiture.

This Debt thy Saviour undertook, as Sponſor, when He ſhould be Incarnate; performed it Actually in the wilderneſſe, what *Adam* ſhould have performed in Paradiſe; adhered, and vanquiſht, as his Active obedience; and ſatisfied on the Croſſe for the Guilt, that *Adam* contracted by Non-performance, ſatisfying the Juſtice of the Father by his paſ-

ſive, and was by the Father conſummated in him by his Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion.

This Score was by Him waſhed out in thy Baptiſme. But thine Actuall tranſgreſſions, though they be caſt from that Serpent, are Egges of thine own hatching. Thou woud'ſt lay theſe Baſtards to thy Firſt Parents now too. Thou woud'ſt have thy Excuſe the Son of theirs. No. As *Nathan* ſaid to *David* (with reverence) may I ſay to thee, to my ſelf, to any grievous Sinner, thou art the man. Thou art the *Reus leſæ Majeſtatis*. Thou the Traitor againſt God, & thine own Soul. *Perditio tua ex te*, O Iſrael! Out of thine own Bed the weeds come. Thou art the unprofitable Servant; the idle Gardiner, the Garden alſo of wickedneſſe. Thou art thine owne *Ate*. None more malitious, than thou to thy ſelf. Thou, that reall *Pandora*, that open'ſt the Forbidden Box; That ſcatt'reſt within thy ſelf, and poudreſt thine own head with all Evills. Chriſt upon thy Reſentment and deſires is ready to make Interceſſion for theſe alſo, for theſe thine Enormous Sins; but, as *Eliſha* did the Cure to *Naaman* in ſuch another Leproſie, He muſt waſh at his appointed waters, at Jordan, where thy Saviour bath'd for thy ſin, which likewiſe ſhall be Cleanſed, but his way, and upon ſuch Condition: Repent; and Believe!

Saint *John* was ſent upon that Embaſſage mainly, to publiſh the Doctrine of Repentance. No Saint *John*, no Chriſt. No Repentance, no Salvation. If thou beeſt not baptized in water with the Baptiſme, of Repentance, of the Remiſſion of Sins, thou haſt no part in the Baptiſme of Fire, the purification, and purgation of Sins with the Holy Ghoſt. No Regeneration, no Reſurrection, no Glorification.

Take then S. *John's* Advice! He preaches to thee. Now the Ax is laid to the root of the Trees. Every tree therefore, that bringeth not forth good Fruit ſhall be hewed down, and

and caſt into the Fire. To Day, ſings the Pſalmiſt, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the Provocation, as in the day of temptation in the wilderneſſe. It is an Invitatory Song; Repent.

What elſe can'ſt thou, ought'ſt thou do, Fellow Chriſtian? whither elſe woud'ſt thou turn thee? Turn thee! Look upon thy ſelf, as *Jeremie* on the Jewes! *How doth the City ſit ſolitary, that was full of* People! (full of Graces, which thy Sins have ſent into Exile) *How is ſhee become like a Widdow! How is ſhee become* Tributary! *ſhee weepeth ſore in the Night, and her teares are on her Cheeks; Among All Her Lovers ſhee hath none to comfort Her; All Her Friends have dealt treacherouſly with her, they have become her Enemies &c. Her Adverſaries are the chief, her Enemies proſper. For the Lord hath afflicted her; for the multitude of her tranſgreſſions her children are gone into Captivity before the Enemy. And from the Daughter of Zion all her Beauty is departed; Her Princes are become like Harts, that find no paſture, and they are gone without ſtrength before the purſuer, &c. Her filthineſs is in her Skirts; Shee remembreth not her laſt end. Therefore ſhee came down wonderfully; She had no comforter, &c. The Adverſary hath ſpread out his hand upon all her pleaſant things. For ſhe hath ſeen, that the Heathen entred into her Sanctuary, whom thou didſt command, that they ſhould not enter into thy Congregation.*

Where are All thy Pleaſures then? where is thy help? or thy Refuge? For theſe things let thine Eye run down with water: Becauſe the comforter, that ſhould relieve thy Soul is far from thee. Then fall down! then cry out! with thy voice, with thy Heart! *Behold O Lord! For I am in diſtreſſe. My bowells are troubled. My Heart is turned.* For *I have grievouſly rebelled. Abroad the* Sword *bereaveth; At home there is' as Death.*

What

What ſaith the Prophet *Iſaiah* concerning *Edom*? Sinful *Edom*? Scoffing *Edom*? *Edom*, that yet repented? *The Burden of Duma. He calleth me out of Scir. Watchman! What of the Night? Watchman! what of the Night? The Watchman ſaid; The Morning cometh, and alſo the Night. If ye will inquire, Inquire ye! Return! Come!*

O doeſt thou hear thy Saviour calling ſweetly! *Come unto Me All ye, that be weary, and heavie laden, and I will eaſe you.* Take his word, that is the Word; Repent! and be ſaved!

CANTO III.

The Wilderneſſe of Tribulation.

1.

FOrſake the Paths of Pleaſure! Thoſe ſmooth Wayes
Have every Mile a ſtanding Poſt;
On which Time's Glaſſe of Hours, ſtill loſt,
Is ſet, Which whoſo paſſes, breaks as with't he Playes.

2.

This rugged Way, all overgrown with Thorns,
Unpleaſant to ſoft Fleſh, and Blood,
Leads on to the Perplexing Wood; (Scorns.
Where friſking Satyrs haunt, whom ſome call Scoffs and

3.

This Uncouth Way, all over-run with Briars,
Is Beſt for Thee; Though Nature loaths
A punched Skin, or tatt'red Clothes; (ſires.
And though this Way has Theeves. They'l rob thy looſe De-

4. With-

4.

Within a Cave does crawling Sickneſſe hide;
And makes a Prey of Strength, and Health;
Surpriſing Beautie with her Stealth;
Which oftentimes with Partner Death ſhe does divide.

5.

Here *Sodom*-Apples grow to cheat the Taſte;
And Apparitions do appear;
At Diſtance Friends are, that ſeem neer;
And in a Storm Trees, ſenſeleſſe move, away in haſte.

6.

By many'a Croſſe, and many a ſtumbling Stone
This Straight does lead, that thou muſt go,
And every Danger Thou muſt know.
For ſometimes thou maiſt ſadly travel it Alone.

7.

Beware the Magick Caſtle, thou ſhalt ſee!
For on thoſe Gates of ſhining Jet,
If thou but look'ſt, thine Eyes will wet
By repreſented Tortur'd Lovers Miſerie.

8.

For, when thou thin'kſt to knock at that Falſe Gate.
That, then too late, thou find'ſt deceive,
And wud'ſt thy Childe, or Love reprieve,
Th'art tane by Paſſion Priſ'ner, that breaks out thereat.

9.

O have a Care, when at the Doleful Dale!
Where Land Flouds tide away with Cares.
Mark Shallowes well! the Deeps have Fears.
That will ſurprize; And into *Mare Mortuum* hale.

10.

Detractions Hounds thou'lt hear perchance in Cry,
That ſeld Face Game, but ſtill purſue;

And

And Envie gnawing others due.
Beſides a Climbing Hill ſeems t' have her dwelling by.

11.

Thou muſt paſſe neer World's Rowling Globe (as Stone,
Which vexed *Syſiphus* of yore)
Avoid its Trinkets, and its Store!
If thou eſcapeſt That, Thy ſharpeſt Journey's gone.

12.

For Heav'ns bright Sun-ſhine then breaks out more clear,
And fair green Plain will oyen ſhow,
Where Thou haſt Time Thy Self to know.
For horrid Sights before Sweet Comforts will appear.

Perspective I.

The Wilderneſſe of Tribulation is a place of trial, of diſcomfort, of Solitude, the many perſecutions of the world. And as A wilderneſſe hath many dangers, ſo hath a Chriſtian many temptations, to put him to the plunge, and the Exerciſe not of his courage onely, but to the uſe of his beſt underſtanding. In the unknown wayes of a wilderneſſe the Sun is the Travailer's beſt guide; And that is the Son of Righteouſneſſe, who is the way, and the Light, the onely Direction to the Right, and protection for ſafetie. In a Wilderneſſe the Travailer muſt expect but hard entertainment. Therefore muſt he carry his proviſion along with him, that is, preparation againſt Injuries, which, like hunger will elſe ſtarve him; and expectation of his neceſſitie of ſuffering, that he may not in the time of triall by improvidence be overcome. He muſt watch and ward. Tribulation is from *Tribula*, A Flaile which threſheth out the corne, from the ſtraw.

The

The Paths of Pleaſure] Are the occaſions, the Cuſtome or Habit of evill, that muſt be avoided.

Every mile] Signifies every day of life.

The ſtanding poaſt on which Times glaſſe ſtands] Intimates the night. Or the continuance of time on which the meaſure ſtands, the glaſſe is broken, if time be not well ſpent.

2. *The rugged thorny way*] Is the difficulties in Affliction. Not agreeing with the delicacy of our natures. Leading men to [*The perplexing wood*] To the troubling of Reaſon by Cares and Anxieties.

There Satyres dwell] Which are Violence, Malice, and Deriſion of the world.

3. *This uncouth way*] Shewes men's unwillingneſſe to endure Affliction. It is uncomfortable unto nature.

Hath Briars] Which are Intanglements, and many provocations to paſſion; hath many Hindrances from an even walking; hath many Impediments to a chriſtian progreſſe by the imperfection of man's Frailty.

The worldlings are the theeves] That oppreſſe the vertuous; yet are they not abſolute enemies in their plunder, but Friendly Adverſaries in effect that take from us our vaine deſires, and thereby weane our hearts and Affections from Earthly Vanities.

4. *Sickneſſe hides in A Cave*] In the Body of Man, where ſecret infirmities lay, as in Ambuſh to ſurpriſe.

Makes a prey of ſtrength] Of power.

Of Health] Of Pleaſure, of Beauty, of Riches.

Death and ſickneſs ſaid to be Partners] Becauſe Fleſh and Bloud is ſhared between them. So little of well-being is there in this vexatious, tranſitory world.

5. *Sodome-Apples*] Apparitions.

False Friends and Trees] Diſcover the deceitfulneſſe, and Coſenage of the world, that faile in time of greateſt need to yield reliefe to thoſe, that relye upon the ſame.

Croſſes

6. *Croſſes)* Are Afflictions.

Stones] Frequent Offence given.

The ſtraight way] Signifies Neceſſities, wherin the wayfaring Chriſtian is hedged in to gain Experience and underſtanding of dangers, that when he is alone, without any to counſell him, he may be able to direct himſelf, and to order his courſe wiſely.

Stones] To keep him in a ſober walk, his hinderances; from running too faſt, and Remembrances to be careful, and the ſtraight way makes him walk Right On, even againſt his will.

7. *The Magick Caſtle*] Is the witchcraft of Paſſions, that empriſon our Reaſon, and fetter our Underſtanding.

The Gates of ſhining Jett] The ſpecioufnes of Sin, the Pleaſingnes of Melancholly; as the firſt torments our Conſciences, the laſt nurſeth up ſorrows to torture our Affections.

8. *The Falſe Gate of the Paſſions*] Becauſe they open not unto us, and repreſent not things as they are, but tempt men out of themſelues; And the unſeaſonable diſcovery of their deceit brings oftentimes too late Repentance. For commonly it puniſheth men's fondnes, and cruciates their Dotage upon vain terreſtrial things, by occaſioning the too late ſight of Loſſe of themſelves in the Purſuite of ſhadowes, in ſuch earneſt Proſecution of the ſame, ſo as becomming Tranſgreſſors, even againſt the law of Nature, they are apprehended, and committed to Cuſtody by their own vices, before they are aware.

9. *The Doleful Dale*] Denotes the Depth of Mourning.

Land Flouds] Are violent, extream, inordinate Sorrows, which toſſe and tumble us with Anxietie, and hurries Reaſon impetuouſly away with fruitleſſe Complainings.

Shallowes] Are moderate Griefs.

Deep] Exceſſe of Paſſion; which too often caſts away Life, throwing it into the Dead Sea of Deſtruction.

10. De-

10 *Detractions Hounds*] So called, as well for their ſpending ſo much at the Mouth, Hunting, as purſuing the Chace, and ſeizing behinde the innocent Game.

Envie] Endures not anothers Welfare, and dwells next.

Ambition] Still watching thoſe that are before her, and malicing thoſe that are Above her.

11. Thou muſt paſſe by the Uncertainties, and Vanities of the World, leſt thou be vexed, as *Syſiphus* with continual and fruitleſſe Labour about what is not worth thy pains. Of no better Value are the Trinkets of the Worlds Pleaſures, and the Magazine of Earthly Riches.

12 When thou turn'ſt thy Back upon the World by deſpiſing it, the Sun-ſhine of Gods Grace, and his Bleſſing breaks out upon thee; thou art enlightned, and comeſt to Knowledge of thy Self. And as a green Plain is free and pleaſant to the Diſcovery of the Sight; Thou haſt inſtead of former Vexation and the Darkneſſe of thine Ignorance, thy Minde, thy Conſcience quieted, and thine Underſtanding of Knowledge, and preſent Comforts opened by the Apprehenſion of the Benefits of ſuch Afflictions, which are but for a time, and the Happineſſe hereafter, which is to laſt for ever.

Moral III.

He, that paſſeth through the Wilderneſſe of this World, muſt walk with Circumſpection, and Prudence; that he neither loſeth his Way, nor his Time; and muſt rather make Obſervation of all Accidents, then be in Paſſion at any. He muſt Arm himſelf with prevention of Occaſions of Evil; And having the Conſideration of the world's proper Nature

Nature muſt ſhield himſelf with the expectation of Suffering for nothing more ſurpriſes, than our miſtake of things for what they are not, and our truſt and confidence in thoſe things, that cannot relieve us, or will not help us; Or our ſtupidity, with which we voluntarily lay down, even in the open mouth of common Perils. Nor muſt he let himſelf looſe to his paſſions, which rather torture the mind with their violence, than afford any advantage, with their clamour, or heal any miſaduenture with their corroſive. Deſpiſe the world! and thou art a good Day's Journey onward to Happineſſe.

Obſerve S. *Auguſtine* in this matter:

In fornace ardet palea, & purgatur Aurum. Illa in cinerem vertitur; et illud Sordibus exuritur. Fornax, mundus; Aurum Juſti; Ignis tribulatio; Artifex Deus. Quod vult ergo Artifex, facio. Ubi ponit me Artifex, tolero. Jubeor ego tolerare, novit ille purgare. Ardeat licet palea ad incendendum me, et ad conſumendum me: illa quaſi in cinerem vertitur, ut ego ſordibus caream.

The Gold is purged, while the Straw burns in the fire. This turns to Aſhes, when that is refined from it's foulneſſe. The furnace is the world; the Juſt are the Gold; Tribulation the Fire; And God the Great Operator. I ſubmit my ſelf therefore by Obedience to whatſoever He pleaſes to command. I ſet down contented in what condition ſoever the Almighty Diſpoſer placeth me. He commands me to ſuffer, becauſe he knowes beſt whom to try, and how to order. What though the Straw doth burn to fire me, to conſume me? Mark the End! The Difference! That is therefore turned into Aſhes, that I may appear the more refined.

S. *Gregory*

S. Gregory ſpeaks herein with Fulneſſe and Clearneſſe.

Plerumq; poſtquam in hoc Mundo non poſſumus obtinere, quod volumus, poſtquam in terrenis Deſideriis de impoſſibilitate laſſamur, tunc mentem ad Deum reducimus, tum placere incipit, quod diſplicebat; Et quæ nobis amata fuerant, præcepta repentè dulceſcunt in Memoria; Peccatrix anima quæ adulteria conata eſſe non potuit, diſcernit fideliter eſſe Conjux. Qui ergò hujus Mundi adverſitatibus fracti ad Dei amorem redeunt, atq; à præſentis vitæ Deſideriis corriguntur; Quid iſti (Fratres chariſſimi) niſi, ut intrent, compelluntur?

For the moſt part it happens, that, when we cannot obtain what in this World we ſo greedily would, ſo earneſtly thirſt for, and ſo violently hunt after; After we are tired with the Vanity of our Wiſhes, and the Impoſſibility of our earthly, too low Deſires, then turn we home to our ſelves; then bend we our Mindes to the beſt Repoſe, to the proper Center of our Hearts, to God. Then comes a holy longing into our Souls; and thoſe Things begin to diſpleaſe us, which before we ſo much deſired. Yea, thoſe Commandments of his, that ſeem'd ſo bitter to our Pallats, and ſo irkſome to our Natures, in an inſtant become amiable to our Diſpoſitions, and ſweet to our Remembrances. Then that wandring Sinner, The Soul, who might not be brought home as a Harlot, findes her ſelf faithfully rendred into the happy Condition of a Spouſe. Whoſo therefore, that are broken by the Adverſities of this World, do return to the Love of God, are corrected, and as it were whipped by Afflictions from the Deſires of this preſent Life; what are they (Deareſt Brethren) but compelled, and in a Manner forced into Happineſſe.

Hear the ſame Father moſt excellently in another Place!

Quiſquis adverſitate & tribulatione frangitur, à quo fractus eſt minime contemplatur. Nam qui, quod non erat, facit, factum ſine gubernatione non deſerit. Et qui benignè hominem condidit, nequaquam injuſtè cruciari permittit, nec ſinit neglectè perire, quod eſt: qui hoc etiam, quod non fuit, creavit, ut eſſet.

Many a Man is bruiſed with Adverſity, and broken with Tribulation: But few conſider aright, few look up to Heaven upon the Hand from whence the Stroak comes. For He, that made what was not, deſerteth not, nor exileth, what he hath ſo made, from his Governance, and Protection. And He, that out of the Bounty of his Grace made Man, permitteth him not to be unjuſtly afflicted at all. Nor doth ſuffer through Negligence to periſh, what Is, who created even this World, that was Not, that it ſhould Be.

Prospect. III.

THat Chaos which was faign'd of Old,
By Men is acted, as 'twas told.
An indigeſted Matter There
Does in Mens Mindes alive appear.
Dark Death is interwov'n with Life;
With killing Love embracing ſtrife;
With worldly Joy as diſmal Ruth;
A Lye muſt lay with Bed-bound Truth.
For Watrie Luſt, Terrene Deſire,
And Ayerie Hope ſleep with Zeal's Fire;

Sin

Sin with Religion seems to lye
I'th' Silence of Adulterie.
A Chaos All. Till th' only Light
Does show the Day, divides the Night.
So Men distinguisht are by Ills;
These Grace renewes, Those Nature fills.
So Nature in her falling Dresse
Showes Eden's Garden Wilderness;
From whence the World has tane the Fashion
To form a Christians Tribulation.

Consolatory Essay. III.

TRibulations surprise the Improvident, as Armed Men starting out of an Ambuscado. They are overcome, before they think on't. The Foolish scorn, and The Desperate throw away their Arms. So will not an experienc't Souldier hazard. He will not move, before his Scouts come in. He will not go unprovided. He is acquainted with Dangers. He Knows their Subtleties as well, as their Malice. The wise Travailer will not cast off his Cloak for Every Sunshine. He expecteth foul weather. A calm Sea cozens not the *Seaman's* Eye. He stands prepared for, though unseen, yet not unlookt for, Storms. Expect Tribulation!

Life, and Death appear to Men masked; and have false Faces (So goes the Story) Life, which is so ill-favoured, hath the Fair, hath the Beautiful Mask, which makes her of Most to be so Beloved. Sometimes Passion pulls it off; and Then men are frighted with the Uglinesse of her Look. Death, which is Fair, hath the gastly Vizard, which makes her by Most to be so Feared, and hated. But when That Mask doth slip, her Beauty appearing, She is much Affected, Sweetly

Welcomed, and Joyfully Entertained. Life indeed has many Spots, and Warts in her Face, and no few wrinckles in her Forehead; Her Eyes look much aſquint; And her Cheeks are all furrowed. She is Fair in Proſperitie's Eye only; In Proſperitie's; whoſe Brain is intoxicated. She ſeems to have a ſharp Tongue; to ſpeak too much, to talk too long to Thoſe that are in Miſery. But Her Counſel is wholſomeſt, when it is in the triteſt, and plaineſt Language; And wiſe men do well underſtand it. She has ever Sweat on her Brow, brawny Hands, and often a Thorn in her Foot. A Coach gives her the Gout; And a Feaſt puts her into a Feaver. She is healthfulleſt at Loweſt Penſion. Nature is content with a Little. Deſire is Satisfied with Nothing. Affliction ſeems to rob, or take from Death, what's her Due; Paying ſome of her Hours to Death for A Quit-Rent; And ſtands Out to maintain Death's Title. *Mille modis morimur* is One of Her Caſes; And She has Books enough for't; And wants not many an Experienc't Lawyer to become her Pleader; Though Affliction ſues *In forma Pauperis*. Death ſeemeth therefore to be Her Friend; But yet is ſomewhat Lordly. For Death will hardly be intreated to viſit Affliction; though much invited.

This is to ſhew the troubleſome Condition of Man; whoſe whole Life is a Proceſſion week, from Croſſe to Croſſe. *Initium vitæ cæcitas et oblivio poſſidet, progreſſum Labor, dolor exitum, error omnia.* Childehood is a fooliſh Simplicitie; Youth a raſh Heat; Manhood a carking Carefulneſſe; Old Age a noyſome Languiſhing; And his Hiſtory is a Tragi-comedy of Errours. Man is *Inſtabilis tellus*, a floating Iſland; toſſed up and down with many Tribulations. Affliction hems him in on every Side.

Whoſoere thou art therefore, that art Diſtreſſed in mind, for any outward Loſſe; or Croſſe; Or haſt an Inward Convulſion for ſome Sin, that ſeeks to overpower thee; and throw thee

thee down, as from a Precipice! Read This ſhort, well-intended Tract of a weak Inditer, and under God's Bleſſing thou maiſt profit as well peradventure, as by a Greater Leſſon from a Learned Hand! Read This, as An Epitaph upon the Living, who are dayly buried in a world of Sorrows! But dig not thine Own Grave with Anxietie; Nor do a Certain Miſchief to avoid a Seeming Inconvenience! Heap not Affliction upon Affliction! leſt the Burthen become too heavie. Tye not more knots upon the Scourge! *Quid miſero miſerius non miſerante Seipſo?* who ſhall have pitty upon Thee, if Thou beeſt Cruel to Thy Self? It is not thy Caſe Alone. For Every Man has his Preſſure as well, as Thou; And Some far Greater. What art Thou, that haſt not deſerv'd a Puniſhment? Haſt chang'd Thy Voice to Groans? Be Patient! Thine owne Unquietneſſe rather, than The Weight, thou carri'ſt wrings thy Shoulders.

Examine the True Nature of what it is, afflicts thee! Thou maiſt think That a Monſter, which is but a Shadow. Is it a Devil? Or a Bugbear? Bring it to the Teſt of thine Underſtanding! Uſe All good means to quiet and ſtill The Hubub in thy Boſom!

If thou canſt carry Thy Burthen no further; Go to thy Friend! thy Prieſt! thy Paſtor! thy Phyſitian! Open it to Him! He will carry Part of it for Thee; Or direct thee, that thou maiſt find Eaſe.

But by All means avoid All Occaſions of aggravating Thy Miſery. For Thy Preſent Grief will goe out of It Self if Thou add'ſt not Fuell to it.

If thou wilt needs ſee thy Afflictions in a Glaſſe, let it not be a Multiplying, or a Magnifying Glaſſe, that may repreſent Them More, or More Horrid!

Give as little Freedom to Thy Paſſions, as thou can'ſt! For Thoſe Wild Horſes will run Suddenly away with The Whole Man.

If Thy Friend give Counſel, liſten to it! It is as precious as Balſam. Comfort to One deſpairing is, as Cordials to The Dying. Refuſe it not! Nor The Means to have it. A wiſe word in Time may Save Thy Goods; Thy Body; Yea thy Soul from Eternal Loſſe. The Sick have need of the Phyſitian.

Be not Obſtinate againſt kind perſuaſion! For That is, as if thou didſt ſow up thy Mouth, when thou haſt an empty ſtomack. Repentance, and that oft too late too, payes home the Denyal of good Offers.

In any Caſe have a Care, that thou rely'ſt not too much upon Thine Own Judgment!

Have a Care of Solitude, if thy Thoughts be not good enough to keep thee Company!

Keep not That Secret, that will, like Joab ſtab thee with An Embrace in the Dark. Why ſhould'ſt Thou be the Devil's Second againſt Thy Self?

Canto IV.

The Fruitful Vale of Tears.

1.

PAce on awhile unto yon Little Hill!
Whoſe ſhadie Top ſends forth two Springs,
That curle about His Cheeks like Rings,
And down into that Fruitful Vale of Tears diſtill.

2.

Where groaning Turtles moan their Love-loſt Mates,
By Fowlers Hands to Death betray'd;

And

And many ſad Wightes ſide-long laid,
Whoſe Groans, & Sighs do ſeem to ſympathize their Fates.

3.

Take Reſt! And caſt about thy wat'rie Eyes
Upon the Sweetneſſe of the Plain,
That oft is waſht with dropping Rain;
Which cauſeth Flowers to grow, as from dead Roots to riſe.

4.

There ſtand Some telling many'a Heavie Tale;
While Others bid them gather Flowers
To dreſſe their Boſoms up like Bowers,
Some Hearts-eaſe, Violets; Some chuſe Lilies of the Vale.

5.

On Cammomil Some lay their reſtleſſe Heads;
Some under Walnut-Trees couch Low,
Which being beaten beſt do grow.
Adonis Plant thrives moſt, when ſome upon It treads.

6.

Some ſtoop, and gather Hearbs to cure their Wounds;
Some cool their Heat with Lemons ſharp;
Some charm their Sadneſſe with the Harp;
And Some with ſweating Brows are digging up the Grounds.

7.

For where before Arm'd Thorn ſo ſtiff did grow,
A Buſh of Roſemarie doth riſe;
To which a Woodbine Tendrils tyes;
And with its Cups of Flowers doth make a lovely Show.

8.

Where divers rending Friars did run and ſpread,
A pleaſant Vine with ripening Grapes,
As if from Earth they made Eſcapes,
For Sad Souls Comfort lifted up its riſing Head.

9.

Where many ragged Souls, that lookt forlorn

With Shoulders ſeem'd the Earth to Plough;
And ſowe warm Drops with many'a Vow;
To whom did ſoon appear a hopeful Crop of Corn.

10.

O Sad Bleſt Place, though hither roughest Way!
Thou ſtill muſt on o're Rocks and Hills;
And paſſe by ſeveral Grinding Mills.
Chear up! and travail ſtill, while ſhining Sun lends Day.

11.

Behold! Yon Bottom very flat doth lye!
Which oft theſe Streams do overflow;
In ſome parts 'tis exceeding Low;
There lyes thy Way, by th' Cell of lov'd Humility.

12.

Seeſt not a Crown in yonder Cloud appears!
Make Haſte unto That Eaſtern Place!
For thou may'ſt meet the ſame by Grace.
O happy then! That Here thou ſaw'ſt the Vale of Tears.

Perspective IV.

1. Tears are the Tide of Sorrow, which proceeding from the Afflicted Minde, as from a Troubled Sea, work upward, and overflow the Banks; By Theſe we finde the Argument, as the Channel of our Deſire; For we do not ſo much purſue Grief, as diſcover it. *Nemo enim ſibi triſtis.* Few are ſad with out a Witnes. *Plerumq; omnis dolor per Lachrymas effluit.* The exhalation of Sorrows to theſe melancholie Clouds in the Brain oft diſtill in ſhowrie Tears. Paſſion within, like an Earth-quake at the Heart will not ceaſe ſtruggling, or a pent Vapour, till it hath made either Eruption by Sighs, or Expreſſion by Groans. Some body muſt hear us;

us; We, even in that Torment are in love with Anothers Compaſſion, as well as in Labour to be delivered of our own Pain. Therefore hath it pleaſed the Almighty Maker of All to place near the Eyes two Chriſtal Streams in the Head to allay the Flames of a Martyr'd Heart; which doth often evaporate it ſelf at the Diamond Caſements of the Sight. By theſe we ſometimes ſeek to obtain, what our weak Tongues have ſcarce ability to requeſt, or Courage to Demand. And if that *Innamorato* did not doubt but continual Suite would mollifie His Miſtris Heart, who preſented her The Figure of his Mind, made in the Form of an Eye, dropping Tears upon a Heart with

Sæpè cadendo.

What, with Reverence, may not we think to gain from Divine Mercie's Hands, if we accoſt Heaven with the Penitence of our groaning Hearts, and the Frequencie of our running Tears?

Therefore is Affliction call'd The Vale of Tears; Becauſe it humbles us; And The Fruitfull Vale; In that Sanctified Affliction is the pleaſant Ground of Comforts.

Fletus (Sayes Caſſiodore) *eſt cibus Animarum, corroboratio Senſuum, et abſolutio peccatorum, refectio mentium, lavacrum culparum*: Weeping is the Food of Our Souls the Strengthening of Our Senſes, the means of Abſolution of Our Sins, the Refreſhment of Our Minds, The Laver, or Bath of Errours.

Grief for Sin is of the Nature of Fire. It labours ſtill to ſhew above, It works more impetuouſly, and burns the more violently in the ſtraightneſſe of it's Incloſure, when it is moſt hidden. It is much allayed, if not quenched, by that Rain of Grace from Heaven, Thoſe Ocular Shoures, that pour down upon The Breaſt. In ſhort We muſt proceed in Repentance from Heart to Head, and ſo make uſe of Afflictions,

ctions in Our Hearts as to conſider the Head, as their Fountain from whence they are derived.

The little Hill] Is the Head, whoſe ſhady Top reſembleth the Grove of Hair upon it without, or the obnubilation of inward mourning, which ſends forth Lamentation at The Two Springs of the Eyes; running into the Fruitful Vale, to the Breſt, the Conſcience made fruitfull with the Riches of the Almighty Mercy. Such Tears are the wine of Angels, and the Banquet of Comforts to The Penitent, or to that happy Soul, whom Grace inſpires with the Sight of Divine Loves cauſing it to be ſo afflicted.

2. *Groaning Turtles*] Intimate, the Diſtempers and Paſſions of the mind for Worldly Things.

Loſt Mates] Earthly Vanities.

Fowlers Hands] Oppreſſion and Iniury, the Seeming Occaſions of Sad Accidents.

Sad Weights ſide-long layd] Are the Affections not turn'd to their proper Object, or their Dejection for not enioying the humour of their deſires. This is a vain Sorrow, yet may it be introductive to a true Repentance.

3. *Take reſt*] Signifies Recollection or Sedation of mind.

The Sweetneſſe of the Plain] Is the Joy that accompanies Religious Sorrow. Affliction thus receiv'd rather calms the Mind, than diſturbs it; Tears refreſh the Heart, not drown it.

Dead Roots] Mortified Hearts; from whence ariſe by Chriſt in us new Life, and a reſtored Being.

4. While Some ſpend their time in lamenting their Diſadvantages, The Children of Grace, the motions of The Holy Spirit bids us, puts us in mind, to gather The Flowers of God's mercies, and Bleſſings together, wherewith we may perfume our Boſoms, give an odour to our Conſciences of the Comforts in the Goſpel, ſo happily revealed unto us.

Some gather (*Hartſeaſe*) Which rightly us'd has in it a Medicine againſt Agues; againſt Convulſions; againſt Fits of

of The Falling Sicknes in Infants and Children. Contentation likewiſe with preſent condition, and Submiſſion to Gods Diſpoſe is a Cure to Irreſolution and the Shaking of weak Minds and Childiſh Reaſons by Misfortunes, Miſadventures, or Injuries, as alſo againſt the Violence of Paſſions and the Danger of Deſpair, which is the Falling Sicknes of the Heart.

Violets] Which cool Feavers, helps Headaches, &c. So Conſideration mitigates too cholerick and intemperate Humours within; and makes Moderation Miſtris of the Tongue.

Lillies of the Valley] Which reſtore Speech to the Dumb-palſi'd, and thoſe in Apoplexies; is good againſt the Gout, comfort the Heart, ſtrengthen the Memory, and help the Inflammation of the Eyes. Religious Prudence in like manner by Humility reſtoreth a quick, yet ſober Converſation to Malencholy, and indiſpoſed Diſpoſitions takes off Anguiſh from the Impatient, and Sweetens Afflictions to the Soul; gives Mindfulneſſe, Care, and Regard of Not Doing what is Evil, and renders us the Remembrances of the beſt Things, cools the Luſts of the Fleſh, and tempers, while Grace reclaims, The Luſtful Wandrings of the Eye.

Some lay their Heads on Cammomil] Cammomil is an excellent Remedy againſt the Collicke, Stone; but eſpecially againſt Wearieſomeneſſe; mollifies Swellings; allayes Aches, Pains; is good for Bruiſes, Shrinking of Sinewes. The red Cammomil is call'd the flower of *Adonis*. How Grace and Faith give an Æquanimitie, a free Suffering of Croſſes, and a ſettled Quiet to the Soul, helping againſt the flatulent Collicks of Ambition, the Obſtructive Stone of Covetouſneſſe, mollifieth, and diſperſeth the Swellings, the riſings of immoderate Paſſions; cures the Aches and Pains of diſeas'd Affections, takes off the Tiring of Patience, relieves againſt the Stroaks of Tribulation, and heals the Bruiſes of Aduerſity; Nor does it prevail leſſe againſt the

ſhrinking

Shrinking of Reſoluſion. Cammomil, and walnut Trees are the Emblemes of Vertue's better Growth by Iniuries, and Chriſtianitie's flouriſhing under Perſecution.

6. *Stooping*] Is a poſture of Humility and Reverence; So Signifies Prayer; and of yeilding to a Burthen; So it denotes Submiſſion to Gods Will; a Chriſtian Patience, whereby Grace is obtained to have our wounded Souls healed.

Heat] Signifies Preſumption, the effect of Proſperity.

Sharp Lemons] Adverſity, or the Apprehenſion of God's Juſtice.

Sands] Intimates dangerous Melancholy, or Poſſeſſion of Satan by Sin, which is charmed by the Power of the Word, the Harp of the Scripture.

Sweating Browes, and digging up the Grounds] Some labour againſt Temptations by Alteration of Former Life, and take pains by Reformation of Bad Manners, and Sinfull Courſes to mortifie the Fleſh.

7. *Inſtead of Thorns*] The former wounding of Sin, and the obſcuring of Truth by wickednes appears A Buſh of Roſemary, which is a Strengthener of the Head, and Memory; Chriſt appears that is the Fountain of Knowledge and Pillar of Underſtanding; By Him flowes the wiſdome of the Father, and in him is the Stedfaſtneſſe of the Truth.

The Woodbine is Faith, which is ſtrengthned by the application of it ſelf unto Chriſt.

The Cuppes of Flowers] Are pious workes, which manifeſt ſuch Faith in Chriſt unto the world.

8. *Briars*] Sinfulneſſe did overrun our wild Lapſed Natures.

The Vine] Is Our Saviour, Our Redeemer.

With ripening Grapes] With Joy and Comfort.

Eſcapes] As overcomming Sufferings, Perſecutions &c.

For Soul's Comfort lifting up his riſing Head] For Salvation

on of thoſe that were loſt after his Paſſion here, He is aſcended up to become Mediatour and to come Judge.

9. *Ragged Souls*) Are Sinners, who are liable to the Sentence of Condemnation by The Law, that finding their deſperate Condition (Seem to plough the Earth with their ſhoulder) make no account of Themſelves, are humbled, and lay proſtrate, with the Confeſſion of their Faults before The Throne of Grace, that with Contrition of Heart Seem to tear up their Ungodly Courſes (Sowing the Droppes) of Repentance (with the Vow) of Reformation, entring into a new Covenant with God to walke and perſevere in his wayes. Such Grace cauſeth (*A Hopeful Crop appear*) by Faith in Gods promiſes; the Aſſurance of Pardon, Forgiveneſſe of Sins, and Hope of Everlaſting Hapineſſe.

10. *Sad bleſt Place*) Are Sanctified Afflictions and Croſſes.

Roughest way) Difficulties, that are unpleaſant to Nature.

Rocks and Hills) Are great Temptations, and Smaller Trials.

Grinding Mils) Are Perſecution in this world.

While Shining Sun) While Life laſts.

11. *Bottom flatt*) Is Adverſity.

Theſe Streams overflow) Are Sorrowes and Tears.

Exceeding low) Comfortleſſe; Neer Deſpair, with dejection, and no Opinion of Our Selves dwels profound Humility.

In a Cell) In Solitude, like A Hermit alone, whom All love, but Few Viſit.

12. *A Crown in A Clowd*) Is the Reward of Hereafter, Seen onely by the Eye of Faith.

Eaſtern Place) A hint of the Reſurrection, when Chriſt will come in Glory to Judge and reward.

Grace) Comes towards us, if we will turn to meet with it.

O happy then) Then the Slight Affections of This World

ſhall

ſhall be recompenced with Eternal, Joy and Bliſſe Everlaſting.

Moral IV.

THough many Temptations do, and muſt aſſault us for the better threſhing out the Corn, and winnowing out the Chaffe to ſift away, and Seperate the Droſſe, and Cockle from the Wheate; if rightly underſtood, they are the Friends, though of a harſh Tongue, yet Speake the beſt language. For many Benefits ariſe from Tribulation to the better fitting, and preparing us for the Journey to Heavenward, which the godly man expecteth, and a wiſe man ought to undertake. And if Tribulation be well ſearcht into, we ſhall find therein more reaſon of Reioycing, than of Sorrow, we ſhall rather love our Tears for Cleanſing the Foulneſſe of our Sinful Eyes; and be cheared at Heart, when our Repentance works upward, that by Such watering the Mercy of God may be obtained, whereby becoming fruitful we may grow from Grace to Grace, having This Comfort, That *Sorrow may continue for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning.*

Moſt ſweetly ſpeaks *S. Bernard.*

Lachrymæ pœnitentium ſunt vinum Angelorum; quia in illis odor vitæ, ſapor Gratiæ, guſtus indulgentiæ, ſanitas redeuntis innocentiæ, reconciliationis jucunditas, & ſerenatæ Conſcientiæ ſuavitas.

The Tears of the Penitent are the Wine of Angels. For therein is the fragrant Perfume of Life; the ſweet ſmelling

ling ſavour of Grace, the quick and pleaſant Taſte of Forgiveneſſe, the ſtrong, and Beautie-bringing health of returning Innocence, the only Mirth, the rejoycing of Reconciliation, and no ſuch ſweetneſſe to that Delight, that Pleaſure, as after a dark and ſtormie day to enjoy a cleared Conſcience.

So *S. Chryſoſtom.*

Sicut poſt vehementes imbres mundus Aer, ac purus efficitur; Ita & poſt Lachrymarum pluvias ſerenitas mentis ſequitur, atq; tranquillitas.

As the Air becomes fair and clear after the fierceneſſe of ſtormie Showres, the brightneſſe and tranquillity of the minde appears after the ſweet fall of Rainie Tears.

And *S. Gregory* upon the Twentieth Pſalm.

Sæpè quod torpentes latuit, fletibus innoteſcit, & afflicta mens certius invenit malum quod fecerat; & reatum ſuum, cujus ſecura non meminit, hunc in ſe commota deprehendit.

Tears draw the Curtain, and diſcover unto thoſe whom Drowſineſſe had lodg'd upon the Bed aſleep, what oftentimes hath laid ſo ſilent in the dark; then is made manifeſt that evil to the afflicted Minde, which it hath committed; then in the ſtrugling with, and rowzing of its ſelf, the ſoul brings to light, even that her own Guilt, whereof, while ſhe ſlept ſecure before, ſhe was not mindful.

Prospect. IV.

OF Time-to come there dawns A Day,
That queſtions Now what Then to Say.
To That This ſeems A Gloomie Night.
(How elſe forget ſo many Light !)
A ſtormy Night of Rain, and ſhowers
In which Tears bath our living Howers.
Wax Tapers burne, and leave ſweet Fume;
While Candles with ill *S*ent conſume.
All ore A *S*torm, the Clouds vnfold;
The Waters rage; The Winds are bold;
The ſearchleſſe Deep does open lay;
The roaring *S*eas make wide Death's way;
The woful Mariners do cry;
With whom The Pilot's Voice doth Vye,
*S*ome throw out Goods. And well. For Theſe
*S*eem ſſwage the Fury of the *S*eas.
The winds forſake the late-torne *S*ails:
And change into the milder Gales.
How Happie's He, that gains his Port,
And is not Billowes Prey, but *S*port !

Consolatory Essay IV.

ADam had no ſooner tranſgreſſ'd in the Garden, but Shame ran him into a Corner. The Light was too bright for him. He hid himſelf. He thought, he was Out of God's Eye, but he found, he was not out of His Call. *Adam where art thou* ? It is his pleaſure ſtill to put The Queſtion to His People;

People; And for whom He hath Love, He moſt ſtrictly examines. Does He whip thee? yea, ſcourge thee, till the bloud comes? Thou anſwear'ſt Him by thy Patience, or Repining. Does He command thee croſſe to thy will? Thou anſwer'ſt him by thy Obedience, or Perverſenes. Does He open the Door of thy Knowledge, by Revealing Some things, and Shutting it up Cloſe in Others? Thou anſwear ſt Him by thy Humility, or Curioſity. All, that He does, is for Thy Good: But He will Not doe it Thy way. Thou art His Creature. Thou muſt be guided by Him. Heaven is the Place of Joy; And Thine in Deſigne: But Thou muſt not goe Laughing Thither.

There is a Great Difference betwixt Creatures, Though of the ſame Species; In their Outward Forms; In their Internall Diſpoſitions; which are diſtinguiſht by their Race, and Kinds. That we call their Nature. One Cock crowes, and Soundes to the Battel; Another reioyceth upon his Dunghil. There is no Leſſe Difference by their Education; which may well be ſtil'd A ſecond Nature. One Dog (of the ſame Litter) purſues the Hare; The Other runs to the wheel, or the Port; The One prefers his Chace; the Other his Breakfaſt. There are Joyes of Heaven; and Joyes of Earth. Both are Joyes; Of the ſame Name; But not of the ſame Nature. The Mirth of this world is Folly; And the Laughter of it Madneſſe. With Such unwholſome Cates the World glutteth her Darlings. In matters belonging to Heaven the Courſe is Clean contrary.

For thy better Health, thou muſt be fed with courſe Fare; And be kept to a ſtrict Diet. Wu'dſt thou have A Bleſſing? Take up the Croſſe! Wu'dſt thou reioyce Indeed? Learn *Lachryma*! Or Sing the Lamentation of A Sinner! Put on Mourning. It is lined with Scarlet. Thy Joy is Inward. It is wiſer, than to make a Noiſe. What haſt thou of thine Owne, that Thou ſhould'ſt expect a Better Crop, than Thiſtles?

But, though thy Heart has a Feaver, meddle not with Hellebore, Delpaire Not!

My Friend! Yea, My Brother, that art ſo perplexed! Has Sorrow broke over thee, like A raging Tide? Or is A Shelf between Thee, and Thy Deſires? Thou wud'ſt have, what thou canſt Not; Peradventure, what wu'd hurt thee. And this Vexation is intollerable. Recollect thy Self! Thou art A Chriſtian; Thou art Not to receive Thy Portion Here. It is Black money. But upon Exchange. Thy Silver; Thy Gold; Thy Bank is in Heaven. And, where Thy treaſure is, let Thy mind be alſo!

Pine not to death then for the Loſſe of A Husband! A Wife! A Brother! A Siſter! A Friend! A Miſtris! A Sweetheart! Thy Fame! Thy Goods! Thy Liberty! or the Like! What wud'ſt thou? God hath His will; His time. Be not precipitate! Be Not impatient!

Art Thou betray'd? So was Thy Maſter. Art thou contemned? Thou deſerv'ſt it. Why ſhould Man regard Thee, when Thou reſpect'ſt not God? If at all; Not, as Thou ſhould'ſt.

Thou underſtandſt not the language of God's mercy in Thine Afflictions. He corrects Thy Sins, paſt; And by Them works in thee a deeper Loathing of Thy Natural Corruption. So prevents thee from Falling into many Other Sins, whereunto thy Diſpoſition is too prone.

Does He afflict thee? Thou art His Son. He ſeals unto Thee thine Adoption: Thou art elſe A Baſtard. Remember, what became of *Eli's Sons*! The pureſt Corne is Cleaneſt fanned. The fineſt Gold is ofteſt tried. The ſweeteſt Grape is hardeſt preſſed. And the trueſt Chriſtian is heavieſt Croſſed. In blurred characters read The Beauty of God's Love. Thus haſt Thou Tribulation ſent to thee, as A token. It is thy Summons too. Thou art cited to Heaven.

Art thou Afflicted? Thy Heart is hereby weaned from falling

Falling too much in Love with the world. Thou art hereby reclaymed from thy Dotage upon It's Vanities. It is to ſharpen thy Deſires as well, as to ſett them right, that They may ſhoot Upward, as to heat, to inflame thy Longing for Eternall Life. What Compariſon is there between the Ioyes of this world, and Ioyes Everlaſting? The world is Thy Stepmother. Shee miſuſeth Thee. Shee ſtriketh Thee. Love her Not.

Doth God afflict Thee? He muſters thee, He takes notice of thine Arms, His Graces. He doth exerciſe thee; that thou maiſt the Better uſe them. He trieth thy Faith. Reioyce in thy Tribulation!

Doth God ſend thee Affliction? He gives thee His Livery. The Croſſe is His Badge, and thy Cogniſance. He ſhewes to the world His Children's Love, and Service. Sanctified Affliction is the Conduit-pipe to thy true Converſion, and Repentance. *David's* troubles, *Hezekiah's* ſickneſſe, The Prodigal's Miſery fac't them about, and led them weatherbeaten home upon their Knees. That is the comfortable Poſture; that Creeping Climbs Heaven.

In Affliction how is thy Heart ſoftned with Pitty! How is it melted with Compaſſion! Thou art Partner with Another in Diſtreſſe, and Miſery. Thou art moved to condole His and ſo leſſeneſt thine Own.

The Bearing of Afflictions are the means, the Examples, that like Trumpets proclaim and manifeſt the Faith, and vertues, which God hath beſtowed upon His Children; that ſtrengthen, that enliven, that give courage to thoſe, which have not received ſo great a meaſure of Faith.

By Afflictions He makes thee conformable to the Image of Chriſt. He being the Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through Sufferings. So fight! So overcome! So receive A Crown!

Doth God humble the Godly by their Afflictions, in reſpect

ſpect of their ſtate and miſery? He glorifieth Himſelf by His deliverance of them, when they call upon Him. He afflicteth not Alwaies for Sins, Sometimes for His Own Glory.

What is it then, that ſo much troubles thee, that thou art weary of thy Life? Mark! How God hath bleſſed thee; How He hath protected thee; And that ſhould put a Hymn into thy mouth; and fetch Bloud in thy Cheeks. Thy Fear made thee ſeem more wretched, than thou art. Thou didſt not know the Honey, that is within the Carkaſſe of the Lyon. Bath in the briniſh Sea! It will heal thy Soares. It will cure thine Itch. Though it ſmarts; It is wholſome. *Through many Tribulations you ſhall enter into the Kingdome of Heaven.*

Canto V.

The Cell of Humility.

1.

Now com'ſt thou to the Low and Happy Cell
Of A fair Virgin on Her Knees,
'Tis, where Humilitie does dwell;
Her up-caſt Eye Heaven's Brightneſſe ſweetly ſees,
Meek Geſture, and ſuch Poſture with Her Mind agrees.

2.

Of Herbs the ſecret Vertue Shee does Ken.
Much Skill Shee hath in Chir'geon's Art.
Full oft Shee heals the Sores of Men;
And, though it doth occaſion Pain, and Smart,
Doth Tumours launce, aſſwage with Balm the ſwelling Part.

She

3.

Shee mindes not much the Doore, or Table's End.
Who paſſeth Hers muſt ſtoop much down.
It makes the ſtiffeſt Backe to bend.
On Earth Her Hempen Napkin looking brown
Is ſpred; which homely Cates in Earthen Diſh do crown.

4.

Beyond Her Cell, there lies A Path, well trod
To much-ſought Truth's faire, Chriſtall Spring;
Beſides This Path ſome Students plod;
And leaving It's Straight Way to Errour fling,
Who ſtill in Crooked Blindneſſe leades them wandring.

5.

Upon the Ground's greene Turf the Larks do breed
Who Climb with Songs the Lofty Skye:
Her Land is ſown with ſmalleſt Seed,
Which beareth Plants, that grow up very High;
In which Joy'd Birds do ſing, and make ſweet Melody.

6.

About Her much white-flowr'd Self heal does grow;
That Inward, Outward Wounds does cure;
And quieteth the Aking Brow:
And what is Sound, it cauſeth ſo t' endure;
A rugged, blacke, dry Mouth from Swelling that makes pure

7.

The Lowly Dayſie with his Fringed Ruff,
That helps the Gout, and Feaver's Heat,
Brain-purging with's iuice-bruiſed Snuff
Peeps there, with hoarie Time provoking Sweat. (beat.
Strong Herb-of-Grace, that Serpents, Poyſons forth doth

8.

And divers humble Plants about her creep;
And harmeleſſe Beaſts do 'bout her feed;
Of Nature like the Silly Sheep;

Which with Delight do There increaſe, and breed;
While Shee does pleaſe Her ſelf with many'a pious Deed.

9.

At Foot of Faith's High Rock Shee ſafely dwells;
And at Devotion's Chapple goes to pray;
Shee Great men's Falls and ſad Fates tells
To thoſe, that to Her come, and paſſe Her Way
How Free from Storms ſhee lives, ſhee oft to ſuch does ſay.

10.

To Neighb'ring Vertues ſtep by ſtep ſhee goes;
And gentlie Knocketh at their Gate;
With whom her Friendſhip faſt doth cloſe;
With ſuch ſhee often doth aſſociate;
Shee riſeth Early; and layes down her Head as Late.

11.

Hence muſt thou goe by Reſolutions Field;
Where hardie Souldiers 'trenched lay;
Againſt Surpriſe Redoubts they build;
And None without A Paſſe can go that Way, (ſtay.
With Croſs fair ſign'd; The Guards elſe cauſe them Pris'ners

12.

Firſt Kiſſe Humilitie's Fair Hand! and goe!
Prepare thy Paſſe! and cheer thy Mind.
Th' art under Winds, that roughly blow.
By Obſeruation thou ſhalt Wiſdom find.
Who travails Thus leaves Nought of worth, unſeen, behind.

Perspective V.

1 A Cell is the ſolitary Place of an Hermit; who is a Religious forſaker of the World; that has choſen a Mountain in ſome Wilderneſſe, or the ſide of a Rock for his

his Hab tation; reſigning himſelf up by his continual Devotion, and Segregation from the Company of Men to Divine Diſpoſe only; ſo ſeeking Safety and Repoſe rather among Beaſts, then Men.

It is called [*The Cell of Humility*] for its unenvi'd Lowlineſſe.

Low, and Happy Cell] For its Safety, Self-enjoyment, Spiritual Rejoycing.

Fair Virgin] It is the Lovelineſſe, Innocencie, and Integrity of Humility.

On her Knees] Her Reverence, and frequent Devotion.

Her up-caſt Eye] Holy Contemplation of Heavenly Things.

Geſture and Poſture] Her Sober, Modeſt Converſation, Religious Comportment, and meek Behaviour.

Her Minde] Her Diſpoſition; Or Theſe ſuit the Soul beſt.

2. *Hearbs*] Are the loweſt of Plants, meaning Vertues, which are the furtheſt from Preferment; Becauſe the meaneſt in the Worlds Eſtimation.

Secret Vertues She does ken] Their operations and Effects. Hereby intimating that Humility is the Handmaid of Knowledge, and the Secretary to Prudence.

Much Skill in Chirurgions Art] Becauſe ſhe opens the Underſtanding, and ſecures the Diſtempers of the Minde. In a Divine ſence ſhe gives the ſight of Sins, and is the proper Object of Grace. The Chirurgion is Chriſt, his Art is the Goſpel; which is revealed, and made manifeſt to the' Humble; And as Phyſick it ſelf is an Art of well-curing, and reducing Health to the Body, eſpecially to that of Man; ſo to Chirurgerie likewiſe belongs ſuch Science, as may with a Phyſitians Skill, and an Artiſt's Hand beſt heal Hurts, and Sores, and take away the Diſeaſes of the ſame; Being chiefly converſant by two Wayes to this Effect: *In ſolutione continui*, as of Ulcers, Wounds, Fractures, and Laxations; *Et*

in Moderatione partis externæ, as in diſſolving and ſcattering of Tumours that gather againſt Nature. The firſt may put in minde of Original Sin, which the wonderful Humility of our Saviours Aſſumption of humane Nature, His Submiſſion unto his Father in undergoing his Wrath, and Suffering for Us, did free Us from the Bonds of Death: The Latter of Actual Tranſgreſſions againſt the Law, of which likewiſe by ſuch His Humility in his Paſſion and our application of our ſelves to Him by Faith, and our Humiliation by Repentance, turning unto Newneſſe of Life, he is the ſole means of our Recovery. So healeth He our old Sores, and new Pains, and Smarts, diſperſing the gathering Humours of our diſordered Affections, or lancing the rotten Tumors of our Hearts by Afflictions, and as it were a gracious Force of Acknowledgement of our Offences, and aſſwaging the ſwelling of our Sins, and doing them away with the Balm of his Mercie. So doth he cure our Natural Corruptions, and aſſiſt us by the Grace of his Holy Spirit to better Inclinations, Undertakings, Reſolutions, and Performances.

The Door or Tables End] Humility regards not Complemental Priority, or Worldly Superiority.

The ſtiffeſt Back to bend] High Thoughts, big Words, and lofty Deſignes muſt Buckle, muſt bend, muſt ſtoop to Lowlineſſe of Minde, to Mildeneſſe of Expreſſion, to Meekneſſe of Converſation before we can enter in at Humilities Door, before we can be rightly ſaid to be humbled, yea we muſt be brought down to the Acknowledgement of our Errours, and to Repentance for our Sins, before we can properly come to be received by Humility, whoſe Door is the Introduction to the Way of Truth. And as the Back is the ſtrongeſt part of the Body, and muſt be bowed; ſo muſt too much Opinion of our ſelves, our own Strength and Power muſt be declined, and laid by, if we ſeek, if we think to be humbled.

On Earth] The loweſt, and groſſeſt of all the Elements; The Ground, the vileſt, the dirtieſt of all Places.

Her courſe Hempen Napkin] Is her homely Diaper, and beſt Courtſhip; the plaineſt Dreſſe is her moſt pleaſing Entertainment.

Looking Brown] As Contemptible in common Eyes, as her own.

Is ſpread] She cares not who ſees it.

With homely Cates] That are rather wholſome, than Dainty; Thanking God rather for his Bleſſings, than being ſo nice as to refuſe any thing that He ſends, or ſo bold, as to appoint or chuſe what He ſhould beſtowe.

In an Earthen Diſh] Take it either for Mans Body, that Pot compos'd of Clay, at the Diſpoſe of the Heavenly Potter, the moſt wiſe Artiſt, and Almighty Maker; Or for Simplicity of Minde, and Contentation of Heart; In which ſhe receives whatſoever Divine Bounty beſtowes upon Her. Cloſe to this purpoſe is that of *S. Baſil. Tria ſunt, quæ radicata nutriunt Humilitatem, ſcilicet Aſſiduitas Subjectionis; Conſideratio propriæ fragilitatis; & Conſideratio Rei melioris.* If three Things take Root Humility flouriſhes; that is, Continual ſtrugling to obtain a Diligence of Subjection; The ſerious Conſideration of our own inbred and Natural Frailtie; And the Comfortable Meditation of a better Being.

4. *Beyond her Cell there lies a Path*] We muſt go by Humility to the Way of Truth. *Vera Diſcretio, non niſi vera Humilitate acquiritur.* A clear Diſtinction betwixt a right Diſcerning, and Diſcovery of the Natures of Things is not to be had, not to be obtained by us, without a real, and true Humility. *Hæc erit prima Probatio, ſi univerſa, non ſolum quæ agenda ſunt, ſed etiam quæ cogitantur, referantur ſeniorum examini.* This muſt be the firſt Trial, if all Things, that, not onely are to be done, but even paſſe our Thoughts, be referred to the Ballance of graveſt Underſtandings.

Ut

Ut nihil ſuo judicio credens, illorum per omnia definitionibus acquieſcat, & quod bonum, & malum debeat judicare, eorum traditione cognoſcat. That a man grounding nothing upon ſelf-opinion, may with their Definitions acquieſce, and ſit down ſatisfied in all things, and that he may know by their tradition and doctrine, as well, what he ought to receive to be good, as what he ought to ſentence to be bad. So *Caſſiodore.*

Well trod] Not only in reſpect of the Happineſſe of them, that finde the Way to Truth, but in regard of the Directneſſe more, then the frequency of the uſe of it. For *Pauci inveniunt*, few finde this way, and fewer go it.

To much ſought Truth] All ſeek it, few attain it.

Fair Chryſtal Spring] Fair for the Beautie: Chryſtal for the Clearneſſe and Purity of Truth; Spring, for its Conſtancie and Continuance, as alſo for its Derivation from the Ocean of Divine Excellence, that Abyſſe of Wiſdom, from whom all Purity and Verity for ever flowes.

Beſides this Path ſome Students plod] Many take a great deal of pains to travail themſelves out of the way, not rightly diſtinguiſhing *Bonum apparens*, from *Bonum verum*, following a thouſand Miſtakes and Miſpriſions, fall into as many Errours, that ſeduce them ſtill on in the crooked Intricacies of Doubt; or continue them in Blinde ſtupidity, of Ignorance.

5. *Upon the Grounds green Turfe the Larks do breed*] Chearfulneſs is enjoy'd in a convenient humble Being; And the Mind never rejoyceth More, then when there is a Deſpiſing of our Selves Moſt.

Who Climbe with Songs, &c.] Climbing is Prayer, Songs Praiſe, Skie Heaven.

Her Land Sowen, &c.] Pointing at our Saviour's Parable concerning the Kingdom of Heaven. Or her Land may ſignifie the whole Man; The ſmalleſt ſeed, the Diminution of his

his own Worth; and the low Eſtimate of himſelf in his own Opinion.

Which beareth Plants that, &c.] The Plants are the Affections of the *S*oul, which if ſanctified grow from Grace to Grace, even reach to Heaven.

In which joy'd Birds do ſing] the Affections being ſo exerciſed, the comforts of the Holy *S*pirit do make Muſick in the Conſcience.

6. *About her much white-flowr'd*, &c.] *S*elf-heal is here taken for Recognition of a mans ſelf, his Recollection, which accompanies Humility, which aſſwageth the Fury, and preventeth the Ranckling of Inward Paſſions, allayeth the ſmart, and cureth the Venome of Outward Injuries.

The Akeing Brow] Is Anxiety of Minde, or too much Carefulneſs.

And what is ſound, &c.] Humility preſerveth Love, which is the health of the Minde.

A rugged, black, dry Mouth, &c.] *S*he purifieth the foulneſs of ſpeech, ſhe changeth the ruggedneſs of a violent Tongue into ſubmiſs, and mild Language; the Blackneſs of Oaths and Obſcænity into modeſt and Pious Expreſſion; the drineſs of the Mouth, it's Folly and vain Babblings, its Vaporings, by too much Arrogance and Preſumption, into Meekneſs and Lovelineſs of Converſation, whereby former errors are reformed.

7. *The lowly Daiſie*] Is Quiet, and *S*edation of mind, ſubmiſſion of will unto Divine Diſpoſe; Or Innocent Injoyment with honeſt Labour, that opens with the Riſing, and cloſeth with the ſhutting of the *S*un, that is, daily Endeavor, and continual Obedience, obſerving that *S*un that enlivens All, as he ſhineth upon us with his Bleſſings, or ſeemeth to withdraw from us by ſending Afflictions; to open to him by our Thanſgiving, or to cloſe with him by our Relyance, and Patience.

Its

Its Ruffe] Is Incircling Security.

Gout] Idleneſs; Covetouſneſs, Proſperity.

Feaver's Heat] Diſorder of intemperate Paſſions.

Brain-purging] Of evil Humours, that ariſe from a foule ſtomack; allaying, or taking away inordinate Deſires, curing the Head of *S*olicitation, which is the Headach of the Mind.

With's Juice-bruiſed Snuffe] With the right uſe, and application of Tribulation. *S*nuffe is made of the Juyce or Powder of ſeveral Plants, as of Helebore, Tobacco and the like, which taken, drawn or ſnuffed up at the Noſtrils (from whence it is ſo named) it ſeemeth to be troubleſome by it's pricking provoking ſneezing, but is very wholeſome; For it agitateth the *S*pirits of the Brain; And is very good againſt paralytick infirmities. Tribulation likewiſe is not willingly entertained by Nature, but is very neceſſary, and wholeſome for a Chriſtian, who is ſubject by his Frailty to be palzi'd with Proſperity, and Lethargick with forgetfulneſs of his Duty. The Peſtel, and the Flaile are by their offices very neer a kin. The Peſtel beateth out the Juice and vertue of the Plant, and breaketh thoſe which are dried, into Powder for a Phyſical benefit, and the Flaile threſheth out the Corne from the Chaff and the *S*traw for Natural Nouriſhment. As both theſe are very profitable to the Body; *S*o is Affliction to the *S*oul for it's better Exerciſe, and Being.

It peeps] *S*hewing us the Baſhfulneſs of Humilty. It is a very modeſt Vertue, which makes her the more lovely.

With hoary Time] Signifies Opportunity, as well as gravity, chuſing to deliver and ſhew her ſelf in the One, as to appear comely in the Other.

Provoking ſweat] Shews, Hours well ſpent, Good Imployment, Proper Buſineſs if not void, do purge out vicious Humours.

Strong Herb of Grace] Is a ſteady Confidence, and a ſtrong Relying

Relying upon Gods Providence; which drives away the Serpents of Temptations; and maſters and overpowers the dangerous Poyſon of Deſpaire.

Humble Plants, &c. *Harmeleſs Beaſts*,&c.] Are the Emblemes of the low Condition, and ſweet Harmleſſneſs of Humility, that accompany her with Gladneſs of Conſcience without Fear, which Keeps the whole Man Cheerful amidſt his continued, and good Imployment; and ſo ſhineth forth in a holy Converſation, by Religious Diſcourſe, Vertuous Comportment, and charitable Dealing.

9. *At foot of Faith's High Rock*,&c.] Humility is the firſt ſtep to that High Rock Chriſt, who is the Foundation of Our Faith; and the Firmeneſs and Aſſurance of Our Salvation; neer whom fixing there is the Onely Safety.

At Devotion's Chapel,&c.] Is Cuſtome of ſeeking God devoutly, Praying continually.

Great mens Falls and Fates,&c.] Humility knoweth the Vanity of Greatneſs, and beholding the experimental Ruins of mighty Men; ſhe diſcourſes her own Happineſs to Thoſe, that ſeek her, and diſcovers the ſad ſtories of Elevated mens Misfortunes. Therefore ſhe truſteth not in the World, nor ſeeketh to ſit on High.

10. *Neighboring Vertues*,&c.] Are her Companions, that are never far from her. *Diſcite à me, quia Mitis ſum, & Humilis corde, & inveniatis requiem animabus veſtris.* Learn of me, ſaith the Doctor of Our Souls, Our Bleſſed Saviour, for I am Humble, and Meek, and you ſhall find Reſt unto your ſouls. Whereupon ſayes a Learned Expoſitor of that Text, *Ecce Mel Humilitatis cum dulcedine Manſuetudinis! Sicut enim Mel concordat in confectionibus Medicinæ cum omnibus diverſitatibus ſpecierum: Sic ex Humilitatis dulcedine condiuntur omnia Genera Virtutum.* Behold the Honey of Humility with the ſweetneſs of Gentleneſs! For as Honey is very agreeable to and uſeful for the compounding of All Medicine

Medicines according to their ſeveral ſorts and qualities. In like manner all kinds of Vertues are compoſed out of the ſweetneſs of Humility.

Step by ſtep, &c.] Humility proceedeth from One Degree of Vertue to another, from Grace to Grace.

She gently knocks, &c.] Shewes her mild Deſires, gentle Invitation, and modeſt Inquiſition.

Friendſhip faſt doth cloſe] Intimates Conſtancy, in her Love and Perſeverance in her Affection, which cauſeth her to be very much frequented by them againe.

She riſeth Early, and layes down her Head, as Late] She is ever Watchful, and never Weary.

11. *Hence muſt thou go*, &c.] Pointing out to the Pilgrim in This World not onely the Neceſſity of Patience, the Preparation to put on the Reſolution of enduring Injuries; but gives an Admonition withal to take A Paſs along with him, The Croſs of Chriſt; The Example of Him, who is The way, ſign'd by Faith. Otherwiſe there is no paſſing his way, no travailing his Chriſtian courſe with Reſolution; He will faint by the way, come ſhort in his Journey, and as a Priſoner be diſabled from further Progreſs.

12. *Firſt Kiſſe Humility &c.*] Is a Taking Leave to proceed on to a Further Journey with Premonition to prepare, and Incitation to Cheerfulneſſe, and the Aſſuming of Courage.

Th'art under Winds &c.] Intimates Safety by Divine Protection, and Quiet in Conſcience, let, whatſoever can, befall: Yet the Guide directs to make uſe of Obſervation and warineſſe, which is an advance to wiſdom.

MORAL.

Moral. V.

Humility is a Voluntary Inclination of the mind and a Declination of the haughtineſſe of the Spirit, upon the Inſpection of our Selves, and the Beholding of the proper Condition of our preſent State, and Being; without which we ſtrive but in vain to raiſe the Structure of other Vertues in Our minds, if we do not Firſt wiſely lay the Foundation of them, and for them with the ſame. Upon which the *Superſtructures*, firmly placed, may ablie ſuſtain the Top of Perfection, and Height of Charity. *Seneca's Chorus* in his *Agamemnon* does act to the Life, and moſt fitly expreſſe the ſubiect matter of this morall, ſpeaking Engliſh by the weake Pen of the Authour.

Chorus

Chorus.

O Regnorum Magnis fallax
Fortuna bonis! in præcipiti
Dubioq; nimis excelſa locas.
Nunquam placidam ſceptra quietem,
Certumve ſui tenuere diem,
Alia ex aliis cura fatigat;
Vexatque animos nova Tempeſtas.
Non ſic Lybicis Syrtibus æquor
Furit alternos volvere fluctus,
Non Euxini turget ab imis
Commota vadis unda, nivali
Vicina polo; ubi cœruleis
Immunis aquis, lucida verſat
Plauſtra Boötes.

Ut præcipites Regum caſus
Fortuna rotat! Metui cupiunt,
Metuiq; timent. Non nox illis
Alma receſſus præbet tutos.
Non curarum ſomnus Domitor
Pectora ſolvit.

Quas non arces Scelus alternum
Dedit in præceps impia quas non
Arma fatigant? Jura, pudorq;
Et conjugis ſacrata fides
Fugiunt aulas; Sequitur triſtis
Sanguinolenta Bellona manu;

Quæq;

The Tranſlation.

O The ſlipprie ſtate of Things!
No Priviledge have Thrones of Kings.
Chance puts in ſteep, and doubtful place
Whats'ere too Great, and Lofty was.
Nere Scepters joy'd in pleaſing Reſt;
Nor kept they certaine Time at Beſt.
One Lord of many Cares do tire,
And raiſe new Tempeſts on Deſire.
Not more on Lybian Shelves Sea raves,
To tumble ore the courſing Waves;
More ſwell not th' Euxine Surges, ſteep,
Raiſing Rebellion from the Deep.
Neighb'ring the Snowy North; where bright
Charles Waine Bootes hunts in Night,
Free from Sky's Light.
How Fortune ſpins upon her Wheel
The headlong Ends of Kings to reel!
While they wiſh to be fear'd, as juſt,
So ſuch for fear does ſpawn Diſtruſt;
Still Night yeilds ſuch no ſafe Repoſe
Care's-Tamer ſleep may Eyelids cloſe.
Not ſuch Breaſts looſe.
What Tow'rs have Crimes not caus'd to throw
Down them, and theirs to ground below?
What Forts do cruel Armes not tame?
When Laws, when Wedlocke's Troth, when ſhame
Abandon Courts, with bloody Hand
Fierce War breaks in, and rends a Land.

Quaq; ſuperbos urit Erynnys,
Tumidas ſemper comitata domos
Quas in planum quælibet hora
Tulit ex alto, licet arma vacent,
Ceſſentq; doli, ſidunt ipſo
Pondere magna; cediq; oneri
Fortuna ſuo.

Vela ſecundis inflata notis
Ventos nimium timnere ſuos.
Nubibus ipſis inſerta caput
Turris Pluvio vapulat Auſtro.
Denſaſq; nemus ſpargens umbras
Annoſa videt robora frangi:
Feriunt celſos fulmina colles.
Corpora Morbis majora patent.
Et cum in paſtus armenta vagos
Vilia currunt, placet in vulnus
Maxima cervix. Quicquid in altum
Fortuna tulit, ruitura levat.
Modicis rebus longius avum eſt.
Fœlix media quiſquis turbæ
Parte Quietus! Aura ſtringit
Littora tuta timiduſq; Mari
Credere cymbam, reme terras
Propiore legit.

Each Fury then does plunder Pride
Quarters in Houſes, ſwell'd ſo wide.
Whoſe Turrets dwarfiſh Time from high
Does cauſe e'en plain, and level ly.
Suppoſe, all peace, no Armes at all
Sly Craft aſleep! Self-weight makes fall
Grant Things; What Fortune vaſt did build
Tis weight muſt yeild.
Too bigg-blown Sailes with proſperous Wind
Do fear ill Fare, when Force is kind.
That proud Spire's Top, that grafts in Clouds
Is ſtorm'd by Rain, when Auſter's loud.
The Woods, that thickeſt ſhades do caſt;
In full yeers growths are fell'd at laſt.
Fierce Lightnings ſtrike the riſing Hills.
Diſeaſe Great Bodies ſooneſt fills.
While free lean Oxen courſe their ground,
The fatteſt Neck the Axe does wound.
Wheres'ever Fortune makes ſo Fall,
Shee raiſes for the greater Fall.
Mean State the longeſt life does laſt.
Bleſt He, whoſe quiet, Lot is caſt
I'th' midſt of Worlds Extreams! His Saile
Bendes to ſafe Shoares with gentle Gale.
His Boat ſtom fear'd Sea does command
With Oare, near ſhoar he makes for Land.

PROSPECT. V.

VNruly, giddy Multitude
More ſenſeleſs is not, then 'tis rude,
Does Bayard differ ſcarce from Dun;
Yet needs muſt guide the Horſe o'th' Sun.
All croud, and Each wu'd faine appear
To be the Chariot's Wagoneer;
As ignorant of that dire Fate,
Faign'd *Phaeton* tri'd, and found too late
Who wanting Skill did overturn,
Cauſe Earth, and Sea inflames to burn.
As if they Brethren needs muſt be
To *Cadmus* Daughter *Semele*;
Or that ſome ſiſters ſhe behind
Had living left to prompt her Mind.
Whoſe fond Ambition needs muſt move
To beg A Boone to purniſh Love.
Ambitious Love, too blind Deſire,
The Wiſh, and Wiſher burnt with Fire.
Too curious Love miſtook The Caſe,
For Light, fierce Lightning did embrace.
Weak Nature ſo did Aſhes turn;
Who's Humble, ſcapes ſuch wayes to burn.

CON-

Consolatory Essay. V.

WHoſo wu'd raiſe A ſtrong, or ſtately Fabrick, having firſt choſen fit and Firme Ground, with proper and good Materials, let him lay a deep, a broad, a ſquare, and tis a ſure foundation. The loftieſt Trees have the moſt ſpreading, have the loweſt Roots. Riches inhabite in the humble Vallies, when Barrenneſs overſpreads the higheſt Mountains. On their ambitious Tops ſtormes run their furious Courſes, While Quiet ſits below and ſpends her Sands in Safety. Envy ſtill neighbours Greatneſs; and buſies her ſelf in contriving for Ambition Dangers; and with diſpleaſure looking Upward miſſes not Inferiour Being. She caſts her Eye aſquint, not downward. And Pride does ſwell to burſting. Sin is it's own Puniſher. The inconſiderate Boateſwain, that doth rigge the Veſſel with too bigge Sail, does prompt the Winds to burry her beneath the Waters; And want of Ballaſe makes the Ship a Prey to every wave. No man can arrive at True Honour, but by its proper ſteps, whoſe firſt, the Loweſt, is Humility; For want whereof many making too Imprudent Leapes, or too haſty Progreſs, have either tumbled, or faln backward.

So vaine is humane Folly, to build in the Aire Imaginary Caſtles, and to neglect the Lower, and ſecurer way to the Real, and more Subſtantial Foundation. What Griefs have they occaſioned to Themſelves! What Sorrows have they faſhioned for their own wearing! What Miſeries have they compil'd for their Own Habitations! Winds do ſtretch the Belly, and Dropſie makes the Body ſwell; when emptier Girdles, when leaner, and looſer skins neither want Health, nor need the Phyſitian.

Men that do not know the Value of ſo Rich a Jewel, are

very Ignorant of their unhappy, and ſo bad condition by their being ſtrangers to ſo excellent a Vertue. Humility prevents or tempers the greateſt Miſchiefs. *Abigals* humble Salve ſav'd the Churle, her Husband. Her meek Addreſs to *David* was not only a putting by the Intended, and reſolved Deſtruction of what belong'd to *Nabal*, but was the Occaſion of her Promotion to a High Degree of Honour, even to *David's* Royal, and his Lawful Bed.

The ſaying of *Agathocles* deſerves the memory; who though the ſon of a Potter, being raiſed as high as the Sicilian Crown, and ſitting among his Friends at Table, where, by his own Order, Earthen veſſels were uſually placed among his Cups of Gold, of Himſelf gave them an humble Acknowledgement, not without Incouragement to the like Vertue by this Expreſſion: Behold, what it is to perſevere in travel, and in taking pains to become Vertuous, and couragious! Heretofore we made theſe Pots of Earth; Theſe now do we make of Gold.

Sit thee down then Thou, that art ſo much perplexed! Calme thy diſturbed Heart, thou living Earthquake! Conſider what it is, that hath put thy mind in a Feaver! And thee into the greateſt of All Dangers; To that of Caſting away thy wretched Self! Or to the thought of ſo abominable a Miſchief! Thou didſt not rightly apprehend, what thou wert. Thou wert beſides thy ſelf. So was *Lucifer* (though in another Nature) as in the Opinion of ſome, admiring in his own Glaſs the Excellency of his perfection, and falling wickedly inamour'd of Himſelf, as a Deitie, was puft up with that Pride, that loſt him Heaven, and coſt him Hell for it.

It is the Idolatry of thine own Heart, that raiſes thy ſtorme. Thou worſhip'ſt thine own Imaginations; Thoſe are thine Images; of thine own carving. Thine own Deſires are thy Dagons. Thy pride muſt have it's Will; though it coſt thee Dear; though it coſt thee all for't. Thy Heart is too big

to

to buckle; to high too Submit to the Almighty. Thou wu't have a Husband. Thou wu't keep Friends. Thou wu't not part with Children. Thou muſt enjoy thy Paramour. Thou wu't loſe Nothing; Nor Limbe, nor Liberty. And all this thou wou't do, whether God will or no. Art thou humble? Art thou under God? No, Far otherwiſe. Thou ſeem'ſt to be Above Him. Humility ſubmits to Gods Bleſſed Will; to the fit-ſeeing, and wonderful Wiſdome of His Diſpoſe; And is not without a Bleſſing; *Bleſſed are the Poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdome of* Heaven; They have made entry; They have taken poſſeſſion of Heaven already.

Art thou poor (Humility makes thee to be accepted. Art thou Rich? It ſets thee off with the greater Luſtre. Art thou among thine enemies? It dulles the Edge of their Malice. When if thou beeſt too arrogant, thou raiſeſt a Cloud in the Brow of thy neereſt Friends. Humility takes delight in good offices. For a good word, for a good Deed ſhe ſeeketh opportunity. O how gracious is Humility in friendſhip! How backward in reproaches to Enmity! She is not clothed with Proſperity, nor dejected in Adverſity. She expects not Another's ſervice, nor deſires that aflatterer ſhould ſend his tongue to travel about her buſineſs. She alwaies makes the worſt of her own performances. Yet when ſhe ſeemeth moſt to depreſs her own worth, it riſeth out of the meek Acknowledgement of her own Unworthineſs; Read then her Leſſon! Though the Book be ſmall, and the Letter little; There is much wiſdom contained in it. Practice it!

Digg the Foundation of humility deep in thy Heart, and thou ſhalt find the ſtaires of Charity! Yet if thy Ambition muſt Climbe to the height, where God is, to Heaven, take Example by Chriſt, thy Saviour. He deſcended, he came down firſt, he humbled himſelf to the Womb, to the World, to the the Croſs, to the Grave, before He roſe, before he aſcended, and went up unto His Father, to ſit at His Right Hand. He

was humble, He was Meek. Thou muſt walke in His Path, thou muſt tread in his ſteps, if thou intendeſt to go His Journey.

Haſt thou many Croſſes? Art thou environed with troubles? Is thy Cup full of Bitterneſs? Can'ſt thou look no where, but the Devourer is at hand? Be not diſcouraged! God is then neereſt thee. All this is for thy Humiliation. And humiliation is thy Directer to humility. Mark that hand of God, that is upon thee! It has a Finger, that points out to thee the way to himſelf. Be humble! If thou deſireſt to be Great in Gods Eyes, be little in thine own. As therefore thou lov'ſt thine own Advancement, be Humble.

CANTO VI.

The Houſe of Prayer.

1.

FIrm Reſolution's Camp to gaine,
At Alethea's Mount waſh Heart, and Brain,
And Prayer's bleſt Chapple viſit! So thy Paſs obtaine!

2.

But at Faith's Mount it muſt be ſign'd;
Where Hope, where Charity, that is ſo kind,
Her lovely Siſters thou together there ſhalt find.

3.

By Faſting's many hollow Pits
Thou goeſt with ſtudy lean, She ſmiling ſits,
Eates Not; but Feeds; from empty'ing Lap reſtores Loſt wits.

What

4.

What vertue Truth's clear Water has!
As thou didſt waſh, Scales from thine eyes did paſs.
See! Now thy Skin doth ſeem as ſmooth, as any Glaſs.

5.

Th' art Now come neer The Houſe of Prayer,
Before The Doors behold the Treble Stayre!
Thou mai'ſt ſmel ſmoaking Incenſe, that perfumes the Aire.

6.

Before the Portico of Poliſht Stone
In ſilence walkes A Matrone, grave, alone,
With Book in hand Ground eyeing Meditation.

7.

With Rev'rence enter! Proſtrate lay!
Then riſe! And to next Altar take thy way! (ſay!
Knock Breaſt! kneel! Offer with thy Heart, what taught to

8.

Devotion, when th'aſt breath'd A Groane,
Will lead thee by Six Altars, though but One;
All which do hang upon A mighty Corner Stone.

9.

Each Altar has his Cenſor burn,
Petition call'd; that fires in proper Turn;
From whoſe Flame flies A Bird, as Phœnix from her Urne.

10.

A burning Lamp with ſhining Light
Whoſe conſtant Eye winks not for Day, or Night,
I'th' Mid'ſt o'th' Church example is, that's ever bright.

11.

Then on She does conduct thy Pace,
Unto the Chancel of That Holy Place (Grace.
Where Prayer with lifted Hands kneels 'fore the Throne of

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12.

Affections all about Her Kneel
Upon The pavement, that is made of Steel;
From which reflexed Heat on Hearts from Stoves they feel.

13.

I'th 'Mid'ſt a Spire to Heaven doth ſtrain.
So Wights mount, Angels do deſcend amain.
Lo! Here thou haſt thy wiſh. Of Prayer thou Paſs doſt gain.

Perspective VI.

1. *The Houſe of Prayer*] is the Place for Holy Worſhip, humble Reverence, and Invocation of Almighty God. When the Iſraelites came out of Egypt, it was not a Houſe, but a Tabernacle which *Moſes* was commanded to build for the Place of ſuch publick Adoration But in Succeſſion of Times, when they were ſetled in the promiſed Land, *Solomon* was commanded to build a Temple. And theſe two ſhadowed the Difference between the Jewes Synagogue, and the Chriſtian Church. The Tabernacle was moveable, and but for a Time; The Temple fixed and permanent. The State of the Jewes vaniſhing, to continue in their Generations: The State of the Chriſtians durable, to laſt unto the End of the World. But more principally it ſhadoweth forth the State of the Church Militant here upon Earth, and Triumphant in Heaven. Unto both the Prophet *David* alludeth: *Lord! Who ſhall ſojourn in thy Holy Tabernacle? Who ſhall reſt in Thine Holy Mountain*: Pſal. 15. 1.

The Temple at Jeruſalem was thrice built. Firſt by *Solomon* after a glorious manner: when the Riches of the Veſſels were of Gold. The Second Structure was by *Zorobabel*, But came far ſhort of That, even cauſing Tears from thoſe, that conſidered the Statelineſſe of the Firſt. And very Inferiour it was to that, In reſpect of the Building: It was lower,

er, and meaner, Of the Veſſels; Thoſe were of Gold, Theſe of Braſſe. Five things were loſt, and wanting in The Second Temple; All which were in the Firſt. 1. The Ark of God. 2. Urim, and Thummim; God gave no Anſwer by Theſe, as in Former Times. 3. Fire; which in The Second Temple never deſcended from Heaven to conſume their burnt Sacrifices, as it did in the Firſt, 4. The Glory of God appearing between the Cherubims, which they termed *Schechinæ*, The Habitation, or Dwelling of God 5. The Holy Ghoſt, to inable Them for The Gift of Prophefie. *Herod* built the Third, the Laſt, And that ſame was of a Statelier Kind of Building, than that of *Solomon.* And of greater Glory. For Chriſt Preached therein. Though the Jewes had many Oratories, or Places for Prayer, caled *Proſeuchæ*; which, how they differed fr om their Schools or Synagogues is not here materiall, yet Our Bleſſed Saviour fixeth only, on and appropriates to the Temple above any other Place, the Uſe of Prayer. So did he manifeſt, when he threw out The Merchants, and Money changers from the ſame with this Expreſſion: *My Houſe is called The Houſe of Prayer: But ye have made it a Den of Theeves.* A very Sad, and uncomelie Change.

But, though the Guide pointeth at all theſe before mentioned; yet here he aymeth more eſpecially at a Deſcription of the Worſhip it Self, the Operation, and Efficacy of Prayer.

As a Houſe is a place for conſtant Reſidence and uſuall Habitation; Prayer likewiſe is the Chriſtians Beſt Receptacle; In which he may converſe with God continually. Not that he ſhould do nothing elſe: But that he ſhould do nothing of moment without it. Not that much babling is of account with the Wiſdom of God, but that we ſhould often renew our Selves by frequent Seeking His Favour in ſuch Manner, Form, and Language, as He hath directed, and in ſuch

ſuch Brevity, as is Suitable to the Weakeneſſe of Our frail Natures. *Non quam multum, Sed quam bene.* It is not the How Much, but the How Well, that is pleaſing unto Him.

Firme Reſolution's Camp to gain &c.] If we think to obtain a Chriſtian Reſolution, we muſt put away Hypocriſie out of our Hearts, and Falſhood out of our Underſtandings. We muſt entertain Truth, and keep Cloſe to Devotion; And then the Lord graciouſly will be pleaſed both to inable us with A will to reſolve, and with a Power to do.

Prayers bleſt Chappel viſit] Accuſtom thy ſelf to thy hours of Devotion, as well as be mindeful to pray at all Times convenient. *Pray in Seaſon, and out of Seaſon. Deus in adjutorium meum intende! Domine ad adjuvandum, &c.* as it is Pſal. 70. *O God haſte Thee to deliver me! Make haſte to Help me, O Lord!* Whereupon *Caſſiodore* expoundeth the uſefull and very comfortable meaning. *Hujus verſiculi oratio in adverſis, ut eruamur, in proſperis ut ſervemur, ne extollamur, inceſſabili ingitate fundenda eſt.* The Prayer that is narrowly contained in this ſhort Verſe is continually to be powred forth, without ceaſing or wearineſſe, as well in adverſity, leaſt we be Swallowed up with Sorrowes, or overthrown with difficulty, as in proſperity, that we may be preſerved from being puffed up therewith, and too much exalted. *Huius ergo verſiculi meditatio in tuo pectore indirupta volvatur. Hunc in opere quolibet miniſterio, ſive in itinere conſtitutus decantare non deſinas. Hunc et dormiens, et reficiens, et in ultimis naturæ neceſſitatibus meditare.* Let therefore the meditation of this Verſicle lay undiſturbed in thy Breſt, and be ready at every Call of thy Heart. Ceaſe not the cheerfull Muſick hereof in thy Lips, when thou goeſt about any buſineſſe, undertakeſt any thing, Uſe it to refreſh thee when thou doeſt travell, or takeſt a Journey. Even when thou Sleepeſt, when thou eateſt, at bed, at board, whereſoever thou art, whatſoever thou doeſt, in the loweſt neceſſity of Nature,

nature, in the greateſt extremities and difficulties of this Life meditate Hereon continually!

So Thy Paſſe obtain] Is our proceeding in holy exerciſes by Gods Grace and Aſſiſtance, without which we have no ſtrength to reſolve any thing that is good.

2. *But at Faiths Mount it muſt be ſign'd*] Gods Grace worketh effectually in us, when by Faith in Chriſt we are ſealed to the Day of Redemption.

It is called Faiths Mount, Becauſe it is placed on High, upon the Rock Chriſt, who is the ſure and bleſſed Foundation of our Salvation. *Fides Electorum aut nunquam deficit, aut ſtatim reparatur.* The Paſſe to Reſolution for Performance of Chriſtian Duties is aſcertain'd to Gods Children by Faith in Chriſt; For that Faith it ſelf either never fails them, or is ever repaired in them. What Beauty, what Vertue does not alwayes appear in the Bloſſom of the Tree, doth lye hidden in the Root. *Quid eſt Fides? niſi credere quod non vides?* What is Faith, but the Belief of that, which thou doeſt not ſee?

Where Hope, where Charity, &c.] Theſe do alwayes accompany a true and ſincere Faith. There can be no ſteadineſſe of Faith, without an Aſſurance by Hope; and neither can ſubſiſt without Charity, which is the Perfection of All. Faith is the Sap in the Root. Hope is the Life of the Tree in the Bloſſom. And Charitie the Strength of its Vertue in the Fruit. *Fides credit, Spes & Charitas orant; Sed ſine Fide eſſe non poſſunt; Et per hæc Fides orat*: It is S. *Auguſtines*, Faith Believes; Hope and Charitie Pray. Without Faith, Hope and Charity cannot be. And by Hope and Charity, Faith does alſo pray.

That is ſo kind, &c.] Charitie is an Excellent Mother, and a moſt tender Nurſe. How does ſhe foſter the Poor, and cheriſh the Infirm! How does ſhe feed the Hungry, and Cloath the Naked! How does ſhe Refreſh the weary, and

Cure

Cure the Wounded! How does she Exercise those that advance unto her! How does she sweetly vanquish unquiet Spirits! What several Gifts she bestows of divers Kindes! She maketh much of every one, as if he were her own Child, her next Heir. Dost thou dispute with her? She is all Mildeness. Dost thou contend with her? She is a close Embrace. Dost thou flatter her? Her Innocence doth not understand thee. If she be in passion, 'tis in Love. Shee stroaks the Sore, but pains it not; Patience is her Anger; and she shews he greatest indignation in Humility. *Charitas hominum mater est & Angelorum*, Charity is the Mother of Men and Angels, if we may believe S. *Bernard*. And he gives this Reason. *Non solum quæ in terris, sed etiam, quæ in cœlo sunt pacificavit. Ipsa est, quæ Deum homini placavit, & hominem Deo reconciliavit.* She is not onely a Peacemaker among those on Earth, but the means of Atonement with those in Heaven. Yea, she that hath appeased Gods wrath to Man, hath not left unfinish't so happy a work, till she hath reconciled Man unto God.

Her Lovely Sisters] For the Beauty and graciousnesse of their Vertues. If then the Beauty of Body amongst Men be so much sought unto, and so much admired; how much more is the Beauty of the Soul to be looked after, praised, loved, and highly to be desired?

3. *By Fastings many hollow Pits*] signifying emptying of the Body of superfluous Humor, and the taming of the Flesh. The Pits are the Vessels of the Body, as the Stomack and the Rest, which are the Sinks of Riot, and the Receptacles of Exorbitancies; wherein the Mind lyeth bemired, and is in a maner oftentimes drownd. These are emptied by fasting; and the Soul returnes to her self again by Abstinence.

Thou goest] Fasting is an excellent Preparation to Prayer. Thou must go by Fasting if thou intendst to come alone, or in

in that proper Dreſs thou ſhouldſt. Thou ſhalt elſe have too many Sins that lay in the Beds of thy Fleſh to bear thee company: and thou wilt be ſo puff't up, as Prayer will ſcarce know thee. Thou wilt be infected with the drowzineſs of thy Sins, that thou wilt talk in thy ſleep, rather then Pray, at leaſt not as thou oughteſt. The great, beſt, general, and onely Faſting, is the abſtinence from all iniquities, and unlawfull pleaſures of this world. This indeed is Faſting in her Beauty. *Si gula peccavit ſola jejunet* (ſaith S. *Bernard*) *& ſufficit.* If thy throat hath onely offended, put the Faſt upon thy throat in a moderate manner, it is a remedy. *Si verò peccaverunt & membra cætera, cur non jejunent & ipſa?* But if the reſt of thy Members be *participes criminis*, joynt-offenders, Why ſhould they go Scot-free. *Jejunet igitur oculos à curioſis aſpectibus, & omni petulantia, ut benè humiliatus coërceatur in pœnitentiâ, qui malè liber, vagabatur in culpâ.* Let thine eye therefore Faſt from curious Inquiſition, from Laſcivious looks, from looſe Wantonneſs, that when it is ſo reſtrained, ſo humbled as it ſhould be, and it may be employed in Repentance as becometh it. Take the Forfeitnre of Liberty, that made uſe of it to no better purpoſe, than to play the Runnagate, *Jejunet Auris, nequiter pruriens, à Fabulis, & Rumoribus, & quæcunque otioſa ſunt, & ad ſalutem minimè pertinentia.* Let thine Ear keep a Faſt. It is troubled with an Itching. Let it therefore abſtain from liſtning after Tales; New and Vain Reports, and whatſoever ariſes from Unreaſonable deſire, and idle appetite, and all thoſe things as neither bring quiet, nor yield comfort to the minde. *Jejunet lingua in detractione & murmuratione ab inutilibus, & variis, atque ſcurrilibus verbis; Interdum quoque, ob gravitatem ſilentii, ab ipſis quæ videri poterant neceſſaria.* Let the Tongue Faſt alſo from Detraction, and murmuring; from Unprofitable Diſcourſe, from many Words, from a Scurril and Scoffing kind of ſpeaking.

Let

Let it abſtain ſometimes for the comelineſs, and gravity of ſilence, even from the mention of thoſe things, that may plead a privilege, and ſeem to argue that to ſpeak is neceſſary. *Jejunent manus ab otioſis ſignis, & ab operibus omnibus, quæcunque non ſunt imperata, ſed & multò magis anima ipſa jejunet a vitiis, & propriâ voluntate ſuâ.* Let thy Hands keep a Faſt from inadviſed Actions, that like Seals leave the Prints of their Folly behind them; from all ſuch Works, for which thou haſt not Commiſſion, and from all ſuch Deeds, as are againſt Command. But above all have a care that thy ſoul break not the Faſt from Sin, and thoſe Vices which are neareſt a kin to thine own will, and are moſt agreeable to thine own inclination.

With Studie Lean ſhe ſmiling ſits] Her Meditation conſumes her groſſer Humours. There is a Rejoycing as well as a Reviving in the Spirits, when the Fleſh is brought low. The ſmelling of Religious Faſting, is not without pleaſure and Lovelineſs. For ſhee has a very honeſt look, a ſweet Pale, though not a Painted Cheek, a gentle Eye, and a ſober Pace; a ſerious Face, and a thoughtful Countenance, not to be tempted to Luxurient, Uncomely Laughter, leſt it injure the Modeſty of her ſpeech, or Adulterate the Purity of her Heart. Faſting ſitteth in reſpect of her Contentedneſs, and that ſhe ſeeketh not after others, as accounting it the leaſt part of her buſineſſe, nor ſtandeth up to ſhow her ſelf.

Eats not, but feeds] Doth not nouriſh her ſelf, but feedeth others that are in Want. *Bene jejunat, qui alimenta corporis, quæ ſunt communia dona conditoris, cum indigentibus percipit, & qui ea, quæ ſibi ad tempus ſubtrahit, nequaquam ventri offerenda cuſtodit, ſed pauperibus tribuit.* He Faſteth to the purpoſe, that letteth the Poor partake with him of thoſe things that are neceſſary for the Body, and which were the Common Gifts diſpoſed by the Creator;

and

and he Fasts indeed that not onely with-holds for a Time some things from his own appetite, and not keeping those things that he hath restrained from himself, bestoweth them upon the Bellie of the Hungry, and the Bowels of the Needy.

From emptying Lap restores lost Wits] Alluding to the Story in *Arcosto's Orlando Furioso*, of *Hyppogrypho's* carrying *Astolpho* up to Heaven, where being arrived, and welcomed by S. *John*, he shews *Astolpho* for his Entertainment many Rarities, and Curiosities, and amongst the rest, a Jar of Wit, which was a Cure for Madmen. *Astolpho* begs it for *Orlando*; It was not onely granted to him, but the Use or way of Application of it was likewise taught him after this manner, That when *Orlando* was found asleep, the Jar should be placed right under his Nose, and upon the sudden the Cork, or Stopper being pulled out, his Wits would flie up at his Nostrils into his Brain.

Then kneeling down as if he ask'd some Boon
Of God, or some great Saint, that Pot he brought,
Which he had carri'd from beyond the Moon,
The Jar in which *Orlando's wit was caught.*
And clos'd it to his Nostrils, and eft-soon
He drawing breath, this Miracle was wrought.
The Jar was void, and emptied every whit,
And he restor'd unto his perfect Wit.

Orland. Furioso
39. Book.

Let the Mirth of the Story pass according to the Invention of so eminent a Poet, and yet not without sober acceptation, the Moral speaks Graver matter. Here the meaning, that was pointed at, was to signifie, that Fasting is a re-

ſtorer of our mindes to their former brightneſs, when the thick Vapours of too much Repletion, are by Lady Jejunia waſted away, and the fulneſs of Vices by ſtudious care are corrected. Her emptying Lap is not ſo much lankneſs, and falling away of her Body, as her Bounty in Charitable Actions.

4. *What Vertue Truth's clear Water has,*] Here is an admiration of the Excellency and Efficacy of Truth, with a Suppoſition, that the Pilgrim has taſted of her Spring; which enclines to this Sence. Water is a clearer of the Eyes, and a cleanſer of the Skin. Divine Illumination of the Revealed Truth in Holy Goſpel, openeth the Underſtanding, waſheth away the penitents former Foulneſs, and Beautifieth the Life and Converſation of a Reconciled Chriſtian. There are three Degrees or States of Truth. To the firſt we aſcend by the Labour of our Humility. To the Second by the Affection of our Compaſſion. To the Third, by the Exceſs of our Contemplation. In the Firſt Truth is found Severe. In the Second ſhe appears Pious: And in the Third Pure. To the Firſt Reaſon leads us, whereby we examin our ſelves. To the Second our Affection guides us, and thereby we commiſerate others. To the Third Purity carries us, by which we are lifted up to inviſible things. *Inquirimus veritatem in nobis, in proximis, in ſui naturâ* (as S. Bernard.) *In nobis, noſmet ipſos dijudicando; In proximis, eorum malis compatiendo; in ſui naturâ, Mundo corde contemplando.* If we ſeek for Truth, we ſhall finde her in our ſelves, in our Neighbours, in her own Nature. In our ſelves, by judgeing our ſelves rightly: In our Neighbours, by Commiſerating them tenderly; In her own Nature by our contemplating of her with a cleanſed Heart purely. And in all theſe Senſes is the Virtue of Truth repreſented here.

Scales from thine Eyes did paſs] alludes to *Sauls* receiving

ving his ſight by the Impoſition of *Ananias* his hands at his Converſion: when he alſo was filled with the Holy Ghoſt. All Error vaniſhes, as the night gives place to the dawning day, when Truth appears.

Skin doth ſeem as ſmooth as any Glaſs] Alludes to the Cure of *Naamans* Leproſie by the Prophet *Eliſeus*, when that General of the *Aramites* waſhed ſeven times in the Water of Jordan, ſo as his Fleſh came freſh, and new again to him, and ſo became perfectly cleanſed. Truth thus Cures ignorance, Error, and Obſtinacy, which is a Leproſie of the Mind.

5. *Before the Doors behold the Treble Stair*] Before the opening of our Lips to Prayer, there muſt be Humiliation Preparation, and Intention. In Humiliation there are 3 Stones joyned. Conſideration of our own Wickedneſs, and Unworthineſs to preſent our Prayers before God: An acknowledgeledgement of the Juſtice of God to puniſh Sin: And an Apprehenſion of the Majeſty of the Almighty Creator of the Heaven and Earth, and all things therein contained. In the Preparation are cemented together a ſerious Sorrow, and Penitencie for our ſins: A Hatred of our iniquities: And a Promiſe of Amendment of Life. In intention, a Sedation, or quieting of our Mindes by caſting off all other thoughts or buſineſs; an earneſt Bending of them to the Matter we go about: an inward Groaning of deſire for the aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit. *Zophar*, that unkind Friend, ſpake excellently, though unjuſtly to *Job*: *If thou prepare thine heart, and ſtretch out thine hands towards him; If iniquity be in thine hand put it away, and let no wickedneſs dwell in thy Tabernacles: then truely ſhalt thou lift up thy face without ſpot, and ſhalt be ſtable, and ſhalt not fear.*

Thou mayſt ſmell ſmoaking Incenſe, &c.] Thou mayſt feel comfort by Hope of Gods acceptation of thy Prayers:

or thou mayſt ſee the Example of the Piety of the Saints or Holy men.

6. *Before the Portico*] Is the begining or introduction of Prayer. Such was *Solomons* Porch before the entrance into the Sanctuary.

Of Poliſht Stone] The Matter of our prayer which we pray, muſt not be rough ſtuff of inconſideration, as rude Stone newly taken out of a Quarrie; but ſuch as hath been well digeſted, and beſt ordered by that Holy Art of Carving, and Polliſhing by the Maſter of the work, by Chriſt himſelf, Order of the Church, or Orthodox Divines: Or we muſt ſo with great care frame our Prayer for our particular neceſſities according unto our Saviours direction in his Sermon on the Mount, with ſubmiſſion to his bleſſed Will and Diſpoſe, who knows what is beſt for us; who knows better what to give, then we to ask; who knows what we ſtand in need of better then we our ſelves.

In ſilence walks a Matron, grave, alone, &c.] Intimating the Comlineſs and Fitneſs, as well as the Neceſſity and Cuſtom of Reading of, and Meditating upon ſome part of Holy Scripture to Sanctifie our hearts before Prayer. There are three kindes of Meditation. One upon the Creatures; another upon the Scriptures; and a Third upon our Manners. The Firſt ariſeth from Admiration; the Second from Reading; and the Third from Circumſpection. Admiration begets a Queſtion; that Queſtion a diligent ſearch; and that ſearch a finding out. Reading doth miniſter matter to the finding out of Truth; Meditation fits us to pray; Prayer helps us to work; Working compoſes us to contemplate; and Contemplation rejoyceth in her high Speculation. Circumſpection of Manners regardeth within, and without; Without ſhe caſts her eye upon our Fame; Within ſhe pries into the Conſcience, examining what is expedient, and what

is

is decent: What is decent, as to Example; what is expedient, as to our Merit; Concerning our ſelves a Vice; Concerning our Neighbours as to Example. Cogitation is of an incertain ſtation, moving this way or that way, as the Tide or Winde, the repreſentation of the Idæa's of Things, comes, or goes, or blows. But it is the Office of Meditation in her ſober and ſteady ſteps, alwaies to promote to our view Things that are paſt and behind us. Contemplation is a free perceivance of Things with quickneſſe of ſight in the glaſſe of Wiſedome with a wary conſult. Meditation ſearcheth out things that lay hidden. Contemplation admires thoſe things that are perſpicuous, therefore is ſhe called here ground-eyeing meditation. The book in her hand is the Bible, the holy Scriptures, which is her Rule to meſure by.

7. *With Reverence enter*] *Reverentia eſt Virtus aliquâ prælatione ſublimitatis debitæ honorificationis cultum exhibens*, ſayes *Tully*: Reverence is a kind of Vertue, that preſenteth the proper Tender of due Worſhip to ſome Perſon in whom its Eſtimation conceiveth a ſublimitie, a Being far above it ſelf. And to whom is ſuch ſo juſtly due as God; whoſe Eſſence is above the Reach of any Capacity or Underſtanding; whoſe Holineſſe ſo Pure, as not conceiveable by All imagination; Whoſe Power is Infinite beyond all Comprehenſion; And whoſe Glory is Ineffable, and Everlaſting, dwelling beyond all poſſibility of Thought in Eternity. We muſt approach him then with Awe, and Reverence in our Prayer, as he is in himſelf not only Abſolute in Eſſence, but as Relative to us in that he is our Creator, and we his Creatures, yea the Workmanſhip of his hands.

Proſtrat lay] with the greateſt Humiliation of Body, and Soule, of All, that we can to expreſſe our ſenſe of the Debt, we owe to ſo great a Maker; and with ſhame to acknow-

ledg our vile Tranſgreſſions, and fooliſh as much, as abominable Rebellions againſt the Wonderfull Love of ſo Gracious a Redeemer. O come let us Worſhip and Fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Then riſe !] Then raiſe thy Head! thy Hands ! Dart up thine Eyes! *Surſum corda* ! And lift up thine Heart on high!

And to next Altar take thy way !] Make ready then thy Soul as a Sacrifice upon the Altar of thy Ready Prayer.

Knock thy Breaſt !] Shew contrition for thy ſin, and indignation againſt thy ſelf.

Kneel !] Shew Humility and Lowneſs of Spirit with the buckling of thy body.

Offer with thy Heart, what taught to ſay !] Offer thy ſelf in that prayer to the Father, thatthe Lord of Life, his beloved Son, in whom he is well pleaſed,hath taught thee to ſay, and doubt not to be accepted.

8. *Devotion, when th'aſt breath'd a groan, Will lead*, &c.] When thou haſt thus Ejaculated thy Spirit, thy Devotion will conduct thy deſires to Heaven.

Six Altars, though but one] Are ſix Petitions, though but One Prayer.

All which do hang upon a mighty Corner Stone] Depend upon Chriſt. Becauſe he was it's Author; and was, and is the All-wiſe Directer and commander of the ſame.

9. *Each Altar has his Cenſer burn*] Each Petition has it's proper Virtue.

That Fires in proper Turn] Comes in its due Order, inflaming the breaſt with the Holy Spirit.

From Whoſe Flames flies a Bird] This Prayer thus ſaid hath ſuch an effectual Force, and power of obtaining according to our Saviours Word and Promiſe, that it raiſeth us up from Death to life in Chriſt, as *Phenix* from Urn, by his death and Reſurrection.

10 A *Burning Lamp With ſhining Light*] It is Chriſts example

ample in Life and Doctrine; who not onely taught us to pray, but left us the Forms wherewith himſelf prayed. His Prayers were perfect patterns; They were ſhort, and Full; very decent, becauſe in Order. His Prayers were pure and meek, chaſt and comely, clear and lovely, grave and weighty *Oratio ſi pura, ſi caſta fuerit, cœlos penetrare vacua non redibit.* If prayer be clean and undefiled, without ſpot and uncorrupted, it returns not back from through-pierced Heaven without a Bleſſing. Hearken to what our Saviour ſayes in the ſixth of S. *Matthew*: *And when thou prayeſt, be not as the Hypocrites, for they love to ſtand, and pray in the Synagogues, and in the corners of the ſtreets, becauſe they would be ſeen of men. Verily I ſay unto you they have their reward. But when thou prayeſt, enter into thy Chamber; and when thou haſt ſhut thy Door, pray unto the Father which is in ſecret, and thy Father which ſeeth in ſecret ſhall reward thee openly. Alſo when you pray uſe no vain Repetitions, as the Heathen: For they think to be heard for their much babling. Be ye not like unto them therefore; for your Father knoweth whereof ye have need before ye ask him.* Pray after this manner, *Our Father*: *Oratio paucis verbis res multiplices comprehendit, ut ſit citò ſimplicitas fidei, ſufficientia ſuæ ſaluti addiſceret, & prudentia ingenioſorum profunditate Myſteriorum ſtupeſceret.* This prayer contains many things in few Words, that in ſhort there may be preſerved ſimplicity of Faith, that we may perfectly learn what is ſufficient for our own health, and the knowledge of the niceſt Wits may be aſtoniſhed at the Depth of the Myſteries contained therein. But mark the Eleventh of Saint *Luke*, *And ſo it was, That as He was praying in a certain place, when he ceaſed, one of his Diſciples ſaid unto Him, Maſter teach us to pray, as John alſo taught his Diſciples*

ciples, And he said unto them, when ye pray, Say (so there was a command) *Our Father.* Dicendo Pater Noſter, & veniam peccatorum, & pœnarum interitum, & juſtificationem, & ſanctificationem, & liberationem, & filiorum adoptionem, & hæreditatem Dei, & fraternitatem cum Unigenito copulatam, & Sancti Spiritus dona largiſſima, & uno ſermone ſignificavit, *By ſaying Our Father,* he ſignified unto us even in one Word, not onely *the Pardon of our ſins, the Death of Puniſhment, our juſtification, our ſanctification, and our deliverance, but his Adoption of us Sons, and Co-heirs of God, and our being made* Brethren, *and joyned with his onely Sone, and ſo ſharers of the moſt* Bountifull Gifts *of the Holy Ghoſt.*

Whoſe conſtant eye winks not for day or night] His example, his Precepts ought to be alwayes before us, as they are alwaies in being.

I'th midſt o'th Church Example is, &c.] As Chriſt is in the midſt of his Church, ſo let him be in the midſt of our Hearts. That is his place: So ought our Bodies to be the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt: which is that Fire that has an everlaſting brightneſſe, which irradiateth Spirituall Graces upon our Souls, and warmeth them with continual comforts.

18. *Then on ſhee does conduct thy Pace,* &c.] Here the Emiſſion of our prayers by our Devotion, Supplication in the Spirit, and the manner of Supplication is further deſcribed. Here Devotion of the heart as an Ambaſſador, carries our Petitions up towards the Throne of God. *Orationis puræ magna eſt virtus, & velut fidelis Nuntius, mandatum peragit & penetrat, quò caro non pervenit,* ſaith Saint *Auſtin.* Great is the Force and efficacy of ſincere Prayer: Like a truſty Meſſenger it preſents, our deſires, and breaks through the Heavens, where

where Fleſh and blood cannot come. Therefore pray alwaies with all manner of Prayer, Supplication in the Spirit, and watch thereunto with all perſeverance, and Supplication for all Saints. *Epheſ.* 6. 18. *Continue in Prayer, and watch in the ſame with thanksgiving.* Colloſ. 4. 2. *Pray continually.* 1 Theſſal. 5. 17. *And then in reſpect of our prayers there is a progreſſion that God would make us holy more and more until the comming of Chriſt, at which time and not before we ſhall be perfectly holy.* As S. *Paul* deſireth, 1 Theſſal. 5. 23. I *pray God that your whole ſpirit, and Soul, and Body may be kept blameleſs unto the comming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* Devotion is ſaid to conduct thy pace, becauſe prayer muſt be conſidered, and not haſty.

11. *Unto the Chancel of that holy place*] Still the Aſcent of our prayer is reſembled; as the going up from the Body of the Church to a Chancel; or as in Cathedral Churches from the Nave to the Quire.

Pious Chriſtians by direction of the Apoſtolical power] The Biſhops and Paſtors in the Church, after the Goſpel had in the Primitive times paſſed through the ſtorms of perſecutions, and begun to ſhine forth in more peaceable Ages, did build Churches which they Dedicated to God, as moſt fit places for publick Worſhip, which in memory of their former troubles, and their great and wonderful Deliverances out of them, they faſhioned in the form of a Ship, which is ſubject to be toſſed to and fro with impetuous Waves, and uncertainly forced up and down in the Sea of this World by the Tempeſtuous Windes of Perſecution. Being very well acquainted with that Text in Saint *Luke*, ſpeaking of Chriſt ſtanding by the Lake of *Genneſaret*, Chap. 5. v. 2. *He ſaw two ſhips ſtand by the Lakes ſide, and the Fiſhermen were gone out of them, and were waſhing their Nets. And he entred into one of the ſhips, which*

which was *Simons*, and required him, that he would thruſt off a little from the Land; And He ſate down, and taught the People out of the Ship. The Ship is the Church, Chriſt the Prieſt and Biſhop of our Souls; the Preaſe of people upon the ſhore are Chriſtians, the Followers of his Doctrine. Nor were ſuch Churches unlike a Ship in many kinds, if ſuppoſed to be tranſverſt or turn'd with the Bottome or Foundation upward. The Roofe is the keele, the Walls, the ſides, the Foundation the upper Deck, or Shroud, the Eaſt End, the Prow, or Forcaſtle, The Pinacle in the midſt, the Maſt, and the Weſt End the Poop, or Steerage.

Theſe Churches in their ſcituation ſtand tranſpoſed to the Temple of the Jews at Jeruſalem; Theſe face the Eaſt, as That the Weſt. The Chriſtians worſhip toward the riſing of the Sun, ſo acknowledging the Reſurrection of that *Meſſias*, who is come, and aſcended to the Father; The Jew looked Weſtward, and in the ſhadow worſhipped him that was to come. But here the Guides aime is by a Reflection upon both; and by the Compariſon of each with other to make a Diſcovery of the way, gradation and operation of Prayer.

In the outward part of the Temple of the Jews, were the Atria divided by a low Wall of three Cubits high, which ſurrounded the Temple. The one was *Atrium Populi*; The other *Atrium Sacerdotis*. Such places are thoſe Churchyards, and Common places heretofore; dedicated to holy Uſe and conſecrated for publike praiſe, prayer, and Preaching about Chriſtian Cathedrals. The people belonging to Prayer are Chriſtian circumciſed Hearts, which have communion in *Atrio Populi* in the Congregation of the Saints. Devotion is the Levite which prepareth the Sacrifice, the Prieſt is the Miniſter of the Ordinances, be it prayer for the People, or Preaching of the Sacred Word, who joyning with them in Thankſgiving ſacrificeth the Calves of their Lips, with a *Quid retribuam Domino?* Thus is obedience the beſt oblation in

Atrio

Atrio Sacerdotis the places of the Ordinances. The *Sanctum* the Sanctuary as the Body or Nave of the Cathedrals, is a Holy Life, and Converſation, thus the Soul becomes A Temple of the Holy Ghoſt. This as the Cathedral hath two Iſles, or *Alæ* wings to the Body, in poſition North, and South. As they belong to Prayer Saint *Auguſtine* deſcribes them, *Hæ ſunt duæ alæ Orationis, quibus volatur ad Deum; Si ignoſcis delinquenti*, that's the North Iſle or left Wing, Coldneſs to Wrath, that is to pardon and forgive our offending brother; *Et donas egenti*, that's the South Iſle, or Right wing; to ſuſtain the Needy, to give to the Poor, who are Members, of our Elder Brother Chriſt.

Through this Sanctuary of a Holy Life, prayer is carried by Ejaculation of the Spirit into that Quire of the Church, the Holy of Holies, into Heaven, where Jeſus the ever-bleſſed High Prieſt, our Mediator and Interceſſor is, ſitteth at the right Hand of the Father, and receiveth and delivereth our Petitions before the Mercy Seat, the Throne of God.

This reſemblance looketh up to that of Exhortation of Saint *Paul* 1 *Tim.* 2. 1. Concerning Prayer in general. *I exhort therefore that firſt of all Supplications, prayers, interceſſions, and giving of thanks be made for All men.* That is the *Atrium Populi. For Kings, and all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and a peaceable life in all Godlineſs and Honeſty.* That is the *Sanctum*, the Sanctuary. For this is good and acceptable in the ſight of God, Our Saviour. That is *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the Holy of Holies; From which place of Bliſs comes the Bounty of Bleſſedneſs.

12. *Affections all about her kneel*] Denoting that. Thou ſhalt worſhip the Lord thy God with all thy ſtrength, with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy Soul, *&c.* The whole man muſt endeavour the utmoſt at ſo great a work at the performance of ſo pious a Duty.

Kneel] Intimateth Reverence.

Upon

Upon the pavement] Humility.

Made of Steel] Of a ſteedy and firme Faith.

Reflected Heat] Zeal.

On hearts] Our Conſciences.

From ſtones they feel] From refreſhing of the Holy Spirit breathing joy and Comfort into us after an unperceiveable manner; Or may well be taken for our Charity to others which reflecteth a Heat upou our prayers.

The ſum of this Stanza pointeth at Saint *Pauls* Direction to *Timothy* 1 *Tim.* 2. 8. *I will therefore that men pray lifting up pure hands*; that is humble, without wrath, that is charitable, or not doubting, that is faithfully.

13. *I'th' midſt aſpire to Heaven doth ſtraine*] Doth reach. As in the midd'ſt of a Church the Steeple or ſpire is placed, ſo the Ejaculations and groanings of Spirit riſe as out of the midſt of our ſouls, where by our Prayers mount up to God, and his Mercies like the Angels upon *Jacobs* Ladder deſcend down to us.

Wights] Prayers.

Angels] Mercies.

Haſt thy wiſh] obtaineſt thy deſire, and haſt the Effect of thy prayer.

Paſs doeſt gaine] Haſt obtained Aſſiſting Grace to further thee to a Holy Reſolution. We muſt pray to be enabled to reſolve as well as to do.

Reſreſh thou here a while] intimate cheerfulneſs after prayer.

Some reſt is not in vaine] No long continuance in prayer at a time by reaſon of the weakneſs of Nature. Whereupon The Guide takes occaſion to baite, and the Author in his ſixth Canto concludes his ſecond Book.

Moral

Moral. VI.

NO ſuch means of relief to a Chriſtian in diſtreſs as prayer; No ſuch ſupplier of wants; No ſuch obtainer of bleſſings. A voice out of time is as the Crying of Swine, and a prayer without Devotion, as the Braying of Aſſes. Ask not counſel of Religion of him that is without Religion, nor of Juſtice of him that hath no Juſtice, nor of a woman touching her of whom ſhe is jealous, nor of a coward in matters of war, nor of a Merchant concerning Exchange, nor of a Buyer for the ſale, nor of an envious man touching thankefulneſs, nor of the unmerciful touching kindneſs, nor of an unhoneſt man of honeſty, nor of the ſlothful for any labour, nor of an hireling for the Finiſhing of a work; nor of an idle ſervant for much buſineſs; Chriſt's example is the only Needle to direct thy Compaſs. As he did, as he bade, ſo pray. For the power of prayer is above conception, and its effects beyond underſtanding.

What ſayes Saint *Gregory*?

Talis requirendus eſt ad orandum, qui ſit idoneus ad placendum, quia cum is, qui diſplicet, ad intercedendum mittitur, irati animus ad deteriorem provocatur.

> It is requiſit for him, that meanes to intreat, to be ſo qualified, that he be fit to pleaſe; Leſt when he, that is diſtaſted, come to interceed, he be ſo far from obtaining, what he deſires, that the perſon; formerly offended be more incenſed to a greater wrath, and a deeper diſpleaſure.

Since he has ſaid ſo well, let us take his Opinion again.

Quiſquis pro aliis intercedere nititur, ſibi potius ex charitate ſuffragatur, & pro ſemetipſo tanto citius exaudiri meretur, quum magis devote pro aliis intercedit.

Who

Who earneſtly beggs a pardon for another, doth ſtrongly give his Voice for his own; His own Language deſerves ſo much the ſooner a Grant for himſelf, by how much he was the ſtronger pleader for another.

Let us minde Saint *Ambroſe*.

Multi minimi dum congregantur unanimes, ſunt magni, & multorum preces impoſſibile eſt contemni.

A Quiver of Arrows are not eaſily broken, and a Volley of Prayers that are unanimous, do peirce even Heaven it Self.

PROSPECT. IV.

THe Necromancer by ſtrong ſpell
Fancies, he conjures Feinds from Hell.
And in his figur'd Circle ſtands
Acting his horrid thought-Commands.
And at the waving of his Rod
Conceives himſelf a petty God.
While he blaſphemes, chang'd *Beelzebub*
Deludes the *Herc'les*, courts his Club,
And ſeems to flatter, what he ſayes
When horridly he counter prayes
Of much Obedience makes a Show,
Though come from Aire, does riſe below.
Such Arts, as Hell's, Lawes wont condemn,
But there's a race, that's ſpawn'd from them
Whom Satan in a craftier way
Has taught to conjure, when they pray,
Blaſpheming in prophaned Rounds.
While black Art rives the *Scripture*-Grounds.

How

How elſe can any Teacher ſay,
All's well? for now we need not pray.
Expunging the moſt *Sacred* Text
And if not pray; Then judgement's next.
Then pray continually! Mark how!
And what! Oft Raſhneſs ſpoiles a Vow.
Avoid wrath So! Leſt Vengeance come,
And take up Prayer's too empty Roome.

Consolatory Essay. VI.

The Subject is Divine. It is of Prayer. Why not Our Eſſay alſo? But this might raiſe the Queſtion, why *plus ultra*? Tis the Task of A Divine. Too many indeed are Intruders, and Defilers of ſacred Things. What though? Is it not the work of a Chriſtian to underſtand the Excellency of ſo Holy, and Neceſſary a Duty, not for his own Practice onely, but upon occaſion for the Benefit of Others. But is there not ſomewhat, that may adde more ſtrength to ſuch a Scruple? the *Supra ſphæram* of the penman? All this acknowledged; and his Veneration of the Holy Scriptures, with Reverence to the *Sacred* Function rightly derived in the Apoſtolical Church; and ſo Honour rendred to The Learned, at whoſe Feet he hath been educated; herein owning his own Imbecillity; and not aſhamed to publiſh His own Infirmities, that God may any way by his unworthineſs be glorified. In all humility He conceiveth, that his chief Intention in This Undertaking being pious, and not aſſuming, it will ſtand in ſtead of an Apology to the Judicious, and be accepted with a ſmooth Brow by the Beſt Devoted. Yea, ſince his prime aime was as well to comfort the Afflicted, to whom his Experience and Compaſſion is as well akin as his Nature, as to ſtrengthen himſelf

himſelf, with Gods Grace implored, by ſuch a Meditation, He apprehendeth none can count him opinionate, ſeeing he vieweth his own Face in the ſame Glaſs. If the Lord out of his own Infinite Goodneſs, and Mercy hath pleaſed to call ſo ſinful and undeſerving a Creature home to himſelf, and hath brought that neglected Talent into the light, which he ſo graciouſly hath beſtowed upon him, he doubteth not, but the moſt Religious and moſt learned Underſtandings will, if not encourage, yet cover his not willful, though peradventure accidental Errors, when ſuch ſhall appear, under the Wiſedome as well as the Charity of their Venerable Robes. Yet this he may, he hopeth ſafely, becauſe truly, and not immodeſtly affirme, that were his Imbecillity much more then it is, what he hath received is infinitely above his merit, and his way of Thankfulneſs exceedingly ſurpaſſeth his Underſtanding. What he hath, he hath received from the moſt Excellent, and moſt gracious Hand of Divine Bounty; and therefore accounteth himſelf highly obliged in Nature and Conſcience according to his bounden Duty to endeavour to his utmoſt power to ſet forth His Praiſe, and to communicate, what Bleſſing ſoever is beſtowed upon him, to the benefit of his Neighbour. He that is the giver of All Good Things many times raiſeth what is contemptible in it ſelf, the vile, the abject things of this World for the greater Publication of his Power, and Mainfeſtation of His Glory. He can make Waters flow from the Tooth of a Iaw-bone. The Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of knowledge, of Wiſdom.

When Our Saviour came down from the Mount, from Tabor, where he was transfigured; when he came to his Diſciples, ſaith Saint *Mark*, *He ſaw a great Multitude about them, and the Scribes diſputing with them. And ſtraightway all the people, when they beheld him were amazed, and ran to him, and ſaluted him*, &c. And Saint *Matthew* renders it, *And when they were come to the Multitude, there came unto him a certain man*,

man, and kneeled down to him, &c. Saint *Luke* thus: *And it came to paſs the next day, as they came down from the Mountain, much people met him. And behold a Man of the Company cryed out, ſaying, Maſter*, &c. Sure there's matter of no ſmall weight, buſineſs of much importance, ſomething of great moment, where there is diſputing, and running, and kneeling, and crying. The variety of poſture and motion ſpeaks it a Multitude, a heap of Waves, rouling and tumbling in many ſorts of Surges. But what was the Matter? What diſpute ye among your ſelves? Sayes Jeſus to the Scribes. And one of the company gives the Anſwer, as if he had been the ſpokeſman for the Multitude, and the Multitude had been much concern'd in the Queſtion to The Scribes. But there might be ſome excuſe for his impatience, there was an Allay for his incivility, he came out of a Multitude, and he had a Child there, a Son there, an onely Child there, and he was poſſeſt with a Spirit. And that Spirit was a Deſperate Spirit, it was a Dumb one too. For ſo the father ſadly relates the matter. It was a ſubtle ſpirit, it ſurpriſed him, whereſoever it took him. A raging Spirit; it tore him; It brought him into a very ſad condition; even to foame at the mouth, to gnaſh with his teeth, to pine away. It ſeems, it was paſt The Diſciples Help. They came as ſhort in Faith, (for which they were ſharply rebuked) as they were of cure. And to make it appear, that it was a very Deſperate Spirit, it caſt the Poſſeſſed into the fire, it caſt him into the waters, to deſtroy him. So they brought him unto our Saviour; And as ſoon as the Spirit ſaw him, he fell to work, he conceived, that his time was ſhort, he tore him; and the poſſeſſed muſt have a fit of falling, as if a fit of the Falling Sickneſs, he fell down on the ground, wallowing, and foaming. Jeſus askes the man, How long it had been thus with his Son. He anſwers. Of a Child. The Devil had taken early poſſeſſion, and kept a long time, and was loath to leave it. But what ſayes his Father? But if

thou canſt do any thing help us, and have compaſſion upon us. But if thou canſt diſcovered a ſtrange diffidence of his power, knew him not. He prayed help for his Son, but with diſtruſt. He wanted Faith too. For us, It ſeems there is a Compaſſion without Devotion. His ſon was poſſeſſed, and he was troubled, Jeſus will help, if he can believe, He will help the Son, if the Father can believe, for all things are poſſible to him that believeth. But muſt the Fathers Faith ſtand for Godfather to the ſons cure? And ſtraightway the Father of the Child, crying with tears, ſayes, *Lord! I believe, help mine unbeliefe!* Much matter is packt in a little room, in a narrow content. He has a ſuddaine Illumination, and as quick a Repentance, he ſees himſelf in a manner in as bad a caſe, as his Son; He that commiſerateth another calls for compaſſion for himſelf, the Parent ſtraightway cryes. How ſoon he was taught to ſpeak right! He cryes amidſt the waters. He cryes with tears. He cryes as to ſave from drowning, and redeem out of the Fire. It was time to cry, Fire! and with tears to quench the ſame. Lord I believe! help thou mine unbelief! A ſhort prayer; and a weighty. What could he have ſaid more in a Volume? He had but ſeven words in his prayer; But ſix had the importunate Widow in the Parable in hers to the unjuſt Judge: Do me juſtice againſt mine Enemies! No more had the humble Publican in the Parable likewiſe, that ſtood a far off, and would not lift up ſo much as his eyes to heaven, but ſmote his breaſt, ſaying, O God be merciful to me a ſinner; In the Original they are rendred fewer, yet all were prevalent, and moſt effectual. What though the unjuſt Judge ſlight the importunate ſuiter. Though he would not hear her for a time. It ſeems ſhe repeated the ſame ſhort prayer, and renewed her requeſt in the ſame words at ſeveral times; Though he would not grant her requeſt for a Seaſon, notwithſtanding that he heard her; heard her, as though he heard her not *ad probationem, et magis provocationem ad rogandum*, whereby Chriſt

Christ teaches that it is to try our Faith, to inflame our zeal. So he proves us, and make us the hotter in, the more earnest for the obtaining a gracious grant to our requests, that what we obtaine may be worth the valuing, when we perceive it is so hard to come by, so difficult to attain. And he would not for a time: But afterward he said with himself, though I fear nor God, nor reverence man, Yet because this woman troubleth me, I will do her right, lest at the last she come, and make me weary. And the Lord said: Hear what the unrighteous Judge saith: Now shall not God avenge his Elect, which cry day and night unto him. There's incessant prayer indeed, prayer with out ceasing; yea, though he suffer long for them; The injury is done unto himself. So he takes it. I tell you, he will avenge them quickly. But when the Son of Man cometh shall he finde Faith on the Earth? *Luk.* 18.8. How appeareth it that the Publican receiv'd any grant to his short petition. I shall tell you, says *Ego Sum Veritas*, our Saviour that is the Truth; that this man departed to his house justified, rather then the other, then that Pharisee, that was all outside and self justification, with his Prayer nine times as long, that was gotten up into the Temple, that stood, and prayed with himself. And Iesus gives his reason for it, a sound, a solid reason for humilities preferment, before pride. For every man that exalteth himself shall be brought low, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. And mark here, how soon the Lord is moved. No sooner Lord I believe! Help mine unbelief! But Iesus hears presently. The people come running, and Christ hastens his help. When Iesus saw, that the people came running together he rebuked the unclean spirit, saying; Thou deaf and dumbe Spirit I charge thee, come out of him. It was not only a dumbe Spirit, that could not pray; a deaf spirit, that either could not, or would not hear. For there is such an ungracious Deafness, a deafness to the comfortable Tidings of the Gospel, a deafness to holy, to wholesome Admonition, to sound Advice, to good Counsel

To ſuch wiſdom cryeth without, ſhe uttereth her voice in the ſtreets; She calleth in the high ſtreets among the preaſe in the entrings of the Gates; and uttereth her words in the City, ſaying: O ye fooliſh! how long will ye love fooliſhneſs! and the ſcornful take their pleaſure in ſcorning! and the Fools hate knowledge! Turn you at my correction! Lo I will poure out my mind unto you, and make you underſtand my words. Becauſe I have called, and ye refuſed, I have ſtretched out mine hand, and none would regard, but ye have deſpiſed all my counſel, and would none of my correction; I will alſo laugh at your deſtruction, and mock, when your fear cometh like ſuddain deſolation, and your deſtruction ſhall come like a whirlewinde; When Affliction and Anguiſh ſhall come upon you, *&c. Prov.* 1.20. It was not only a deaf, and a dumbe Spirit, but an unclean ſpirit. An unclean ſpirit in the eyes of unlawful concupiſcence; an unclean Spirit in the Ears, that had the Itch of wantonnes; An unclean ſpirit in the Mouth, of foul obſcœnity, of lying, of falſe, of fooliſh ſpeaking, of Oaths, of Blaſphemy, of Perjury and the like abominations. An unclean ſpirit in the ſtomack, of exorbitant Exceſs, of boundleſs Appetite, of ſurfetting Luxury, of ſenſual Gluttony, and beaſtly Drunkenneſs, that wallows in the Mire; An unclean Spirit in the hand, of wicked deeds, of polluted Actions; An unclean ſpirit in the feet; a ſpirit of committing all kind of evil with greedineſs; a ſpirit of Cruelty, and Oppreſſion whoſe Feet are ſwift to ſhed blood; An unclean ſpirit in the Head, of wicked Imaginations; An unclean ſpirit in the heart, of ungodly Thoughts, and impious Machinations. An unclean ſpirit in the Conſcience, of deluſion and depravation; and that is a crooked devil, hard to be thrown out. I charge thee come out of him. There he manifeſteth his Command, and power, And that he enter not into him any more, publiſheth his protection and Providence, whereby the Divel is either chained up, or turned out of the line. Then the ſpirit cryed, and rent him ſore, and came out, and he was as one

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dead, in ſo much that many ſaid, He is dead. The Father cryed, the Spirit cry'd, both cry'd, but with different voices. The Father cryes for help, the ſpirit with horror. The Father's was a clear voice, a voice of Faith; the Spirit's a hoarſe voice, a voice of Infidelity; The Father cryes, that the *Spirit* might be cast out; the ſpirit cryes, becauſe he muſt out; the Father cryes with tears; The ſpirit cryes with tearing. For he rent him ſore at his coming out. Out he comes, but leaves him as dead. If he muſt away, he will act his utmoſt miſchief. Before he goes, he rends him. Before he leaves him, he endeavors to carry away life and all, he leaves him as dead, dead to the world, dead to Opinion, in diſconſolation dead to himſelf. So does the Devil, So does ſin uſe to take leave of her Favourites. But Jeſus took took him by the hand. There was his aſſiſting Grace. O the Infinite Mercy! the readineſs! the certainty of ſuch a Helper! He lifted him up, that could not elſe riſe. There was his reſtoring Grace; And he aroſe; There was his full Recovery. But why could not the Diſciples do this, when they were ſo intreated? *Peter*, and *James*, and *John* were to be ſuppoſed Schollars of a higher Form in the School of Faith, but they were at the Transfiguration, they were not among them at that time. The Diſciples themſelves were very much diſſatisfied about their non-performance, and diſability to the work. We do not find them though confeſs, that they wanted Faith, whereof they were reproved. Yet their ſilence imploys a conſent to the truth of it. Fain they would know, But they were aſhamed to inquire of their maſter in publick. They watch't therfore their next private opportunity. For ſo ſaith the Text; And when he was come into the Houſe, His Diſciples asked Him Secretly, Why could not we caſt him out? He that checked them in the way of his Juſtice, then informeth them, to ſet forth his Mercy. He checked them, to ſtir up, to rouze up their Faith; He informeth them, he teacheth them, to ſatisfie their Queſtion, to appeaſe their Doubt. And he ſaid unto them: This kind can by no other

means come forth, but by Prayer, and Fasting. And what is Prayer? *Oratio est piæ mentis, & humilis ad Deum conversio, fide spe, et charitate subnixa.* Prayer is the turning of a devout, and humble mind to God, which is underpropped with Faith, and Hope, and Charity. In the 11. Chapter of the same Evangelist Christ speaking of the Power of Faith induceth the Efficacy of prayer, in his answer to *Peter* and the rest of the Disciples concerning the wither'd Figg-tree. Have Faith in God. For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto This mountain, Take thy self away, and cast thy self into the Sea, and shall not waver in his heart, but shall believe that those things, which he saith, shall come to pass, whatsoever he saith, shall be done to him. Here we may see, that Faith calls down the power of God from Heaven, and that which made All, can order, Act, and perform any thing. Therefore I say unto you, whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye shall have it, and it shall be done unto you. And what is fasting? If we will take Saint *Chrysostom's* opinion, who was able to judge. *Jejunium non ciborum, sed peccatorum abstinentiam efficit.* Though Fasting for a time, and according unto the occasion from meats be a very necessary thing, to make it a Fast indeed, we must abstain from sin. *Jejunio passiones corporis, oratione pestes sanandæ sunt mentis*, saith Saint *Hierom.* Fasting tempers the passions, tames the Fury, and cures the Pestilence of the Mind. Fasting cools the Feaver of the Flesh, prayer assawgeth the Tumour of the Spirit. As Fasting starves the pride of the flesh, so prayer takes away all Sustenance from an evil Spirit. Prayer is the speaking fasting of the flesh, and fasting is the silent prayer of the Spirit.

Come then hither, Thou man of black intentions! Or whomsoever thou art, that sittest groaning in a melancholy darkness! Draw neer the Light! Behold thy story in this Arras; Thine is onely on the Backside on't. There's a Person very like thee. Thou art very like the Man; that was possessed. He that was

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without a name, might have had thine. In his ſtory thou mai ſt read thine own Evil, the only means for cure, and the Beſt way for Remedy.

Thou wert ſuch a Father's Son. In ſin wert thou conceived, and corruption gave thee ſuck; His only Son, the Darling of Pleaſure, that haſt been dandled in wantonneſs. Thou art a Child ſtill. Thou art not grown up to the ſtrength of Reaſon. Thou haſt not conn'd the primier of Religion; Or elſe thy Age has double childed thee, that thou haſt forgot thy Leſſon. Thou converſeſt with a large number of wicked Men, and comeſt with a great Multitude of wickedneſs. The multitude are the Wicked. For few ſhall be ſaved. Legion is thy Companion. How canſt thou then be without a Spirit?

In the multitude were the Scribes diſputing. The Scribes ſubtle Textmen. The Doctors and Expounders of the Law. They and the Phariſes ſhak't hands, Both were joynt-conſpirators againſt, both joynt-accuſers of Chriſt. The Scribes accuſed Him of Blaſphemy; The Phariſees of eating with Publicanes and ſinners. The Scribes Accuſation for the breach of the Law; The Phariſees for the Breach of Traditions. The people came to ſee wonders; The Scribes with them to queſtion the Miracles. Beware, that thou haſt not ſuch a Scribe! Such a Phariſæan friend! Such a Textman too neer thee! He is poſſeſt with a ſpirit alſo, a Queſtion; with a ſpirit of Contradiction. He cannot helpe thee. He has need of cure himſelf. Have a care of an *Ignis fatuus* a falſe Light! That ſeems a ſpirit too. That Vapour may lead thee to thy great hazard into Ditches, and Waters; Into dangerous Opinions; into a multitude of Errors; into a boundleſs Flood of ſorrows, into the bottomleſs pit of Deſpaire.

Haſt thou, as thou thinkeſt, an intollerable burthen upon thy Soul! Haſt thou a grievous load upon thy Conſcience! Some ſin that makes it all darkneſs within thee! That thou canſt neither hold up head to heavily offended Heaven; nor open thy Mouth to ſay ſo much as one Lord have mercy upon me! 'Tis

very ſad with thee indeed. The dumbe ſpirit hath taken too much poſſeſſion in thee of thee. Or is thy Melancholy ſenſeleſs? Thou know'ſt not why? nor what directly tis, that troubles thee? Thou art neither ſick, nor well. Thy Soul has a κακιξα, an evil habit, a ſtrange indiſpoſition: Go to a learned Doctor! no Mountebanke: Go to a true, and lawful Miniſter of Chriſt, an Orthodoxe Divine! He will pray for thee; He will teach thee to pray; He will pray with thee. And if through his own imperfections (as who lives without them?) he cannot cure thee, he will ſhew thee the way, he will bring thee to the Maſter, to bleſſed Ieſus who both can relieve thee, and will help thee.

Go to thy Saviour! Diſtruſt not! Go to him by prayer! He will ask thee for that, which he gives thee, Faith. And he will give it in full meaſure for thy Asking. Call then to Him in thy Heart! And he will open thy Mouth. Cry to him! He delighteth to hear thee loud. But have thine eyes a Drought! Hath Luſt dri'd up thy Springs? Look towards him, that is the Rock! and He will cauſe thoſe Rocks to flow with waters. Who looks upon the Sun, does melt his Eyes. He will hear thee, that ſees thy miſerie, and will ſhew it thee, that he may recover thee. Till thou know'ſt, thou beeſt ſick, thou art not fit for cure. If thou canſt not come of thy ſelf; take good counſel to bring thee to Chriſt? Read the Scriptures! Hear his Miniſters! And he will diſpoſſeſs thee.

Thy Body ſhould be the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt; The Houſe of God, The Houſe of Prayer; How comes it Then, that it is made A Den of Theeves? yet be of good comfort! They ſhall be caſt out. What though the Evil ſpirit tear thee at parting, with pain, with loſs; with ſorrow; with fear; And leaves thee as dead in Deſpaire? What though the World forſake thee? And leave thee? And leave thee Dead in it's Opinion? What though thou beeſt ſcorned? What though reviled? What though a very Abject? A Thing not reckoned among the Living? neither worth Notice nor Uſe? Be comforted.

forted. Thou art neareſt thy Remedy, when thou thinkeſt not of it. Pray! and the evil Spirit is commanded from thee. He muſt Out, though he cry, though he Roar at parting, he ſhal be baniſh'd from thee, that endanger'd thee to the fire, to Hell fire, to damnation; that tempted thee to ſelf-Murther, by poyſons to flame in thy bloud, by a Halter to give thee a Deſperate Convulſion; by offering thee Death in the Waters, in Rivers, in Ponds, in Wells; upon the edge of Knives, upon the Points of Poniards: he thought and ſought to ſurprize thee, when thou wert alone. When thou thoughtſt that God had forſaken thee, and all thy friends had left thee.

Be of good comfort! Chriſt that begins the Cure wil perfect it. Chriſt taketh thee by the Hand; he lifteth thee up; and then thou riſeſt indeed to Life, to the Life of Practice, to the life of a good Converſation. He takes thee by the Hand, by thy promiſe of amendment of Life, by thy new undertaking. He that is the Life raiſeth thee from thy former kind of dying; He becomes thy Reſurrection from ſin, from death to newneſs of life; to Life in him, whereby thou ſhalt partake Glory him.

Haſt thou been poſſe'ſt with a Spirit of fulneſſe, of Proſperity? A Spirit dumb to Thanks-giving? Haſt thou been poſſe'ſt with a Spirit of Covetouſneſs? A Spirit dumb to Alms-giving? Haſt thou been poſſe'ſt with a Spirit of Oppreſſion? A Spirit dumb to Relieving, and Deaf to the cries of the Poor? A tearing Spirit, that rendeth the Poſſeſſions of others, as well as the poſſeſſed. Haſt thou been poſſe'ſt with a Spitit of Luſt, and Idleneſs, that Lulleth all ſins in her Boſom? A Spirit dumb and deaf to the Invitation in the Goſpel, that either hinders thee by excuſes, or delayes thee from coming to the Feaſt? Haſt thou been poſſe'ſt with a Spirit of Drunkenneſſe, Exceſſe, and Uncleanneſſe? A dumb Spirit that cannot ſpeak? Thou mauſt have Faſting

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joyned to Prayer, or there is no way to caſt him out: Againſt his Uncleanneſs, Faſting, againſt his Fury, Prayer.

Thou ſeeſt then thy certain benefit, thy Remedy at hand, the eaſie way to't: 'tis but Ask and have: Pray and it ſhall be given unto you. In all thy diſtreſſes therefore, in any anxiety of mind, in any grief of heart, in any trouble of thought, in any calamity, Pray! Wud'ſt thou have Peace of Conſcience? Pray! Wud'ſt thou have acceſſe to God? Pray! Wud'ſt thou have comfort in Afflictions? Wud'ſt thou have joy in Tribulations? Pray! Wud'ſt thou poſſeſs thy ſoul in patience? Pray! Wud'ſt thou have thy patience teach thee Experience? Pray! Wud'ſt thou have Experience bring forth Hope? Pray! Then ſhalt thou finde that hope, which is grounded upon Gods love, which he ſhewed in ſending his Son to dye for thee, who wer't unable to raiſe thy ſelf, that wer't dead in ſin, and unworthy of his Love in being his Enemy. Then he openeth the Charter to thee, whereby thou holdeſt all theſe Graces, which is a Reconciliation with God, procured and purchaſed for thee by the Merits of Jeſus Chriſt. Then art not thou amazed when thou beholdeſt thy Miſery by the Fall of *Adam*, who tranſgreſſed the Law of Nature before the Promulgation of the Law of *Moſes*: Nor is thy Faith caſt down without hope at the ſight of thy former committed offences, *&c.* never ſo Enormous Tranſgreſſions. Thy Prayer begges Remiſſion through Chriſt, thy Faith layes hold upon Gods Mercie, who ſent his Son to be a Propitiation for thy ſins. He that took away the guilt of ſin, took away the ſtrength of it. Abuſe not then Gods Mercy in ſinning the more! Nay ſin no more, leſt a worſe thing come unto the. Since God is ſo merciful to forgive, miſuſe not thou the forgiveneſs of His Mercy. Have a care that thou leapeſt not from Deſpair to Preſumption. Pray therefore! Leſt thou enter into, or be overcome by Temptation. Pray oft! Not long! Premeditate

tate! Conſider before what Throne thou goeſt! Babble not! Leſt thou addeſt to thy ſins by thy Prayers; and ſo thy *Aqua vitæ*, that ſhould refreſh thee, become thy *Aqua fortis*, to eat out thy bowels: ſuch Coloquintid in the Pot, will make thy pottage thy poyſon; leſt that which ſhould be thy nouriſhment, prove thy greater deſtruction.

Deſir'ſt to have the Father to hear thee? to accept thee? Say the Prayer that his Son taught thee! Say it intentively, zealouſly, heartily, underſtandingly! and 'tis enough. The Son directs thee to the Father, and puts words into thy mouth to that purpoſe. If thou wilt be reckoned amongſt the wiſe, neglect them not. If thou wilt not be numbred amongſt the Froward, and the Deſpiſers, refuſe them not. Seem not wiſer then Wiſdom it ſelf, leſt the Wiſdom that thou admireſt ſo much in thine own eyes, prove altogether fooliſhneſs. A ſhort prayer is too long for a wandring mind: a ſhort prayer is beſt for a weak Devotion. Thy Devotion at the beſt is apt to tyre for a little way. The Publicans *Lord have mercy upon me A ſinner*, may ſave thee ſooner then a long Tautologie of Words; then many a Lord! Lord! made uſe on to fill up diſorderly vacuities, immethodical matter, and non-ſence hæſitations.

If thou wouldſt have Prayers for thy particular wants, for ſeveral occaſions, Go to holy *David*'s box of precious Balſam. Uſe this or the like: *Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am deſolate and afflicted: The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring me out of my diſtreſſes! Look upon mine afflictions and my pain, and forgive all my ſins! Conſider mine enemies for they are many, and they hate me with cruel hatred! O keep my ſoul, and deliver me! Let me not be aſhamed! For I put my truſt in thee.* Then let thy mouth ſing forth his praiſe, and God, even thy God ſhal give thee his bleſſing.

Rejoyce in his holy Name; Yea, let them that ſeek the the Lord rejoyce. Pſal. 105. 3.

Deſinat apte Liber, non Laus pietate, Secundus.

Wise Traveller through Wildernesse does lead
The Christian Pilgrim, teaching where to tread:
From Feind in Worlds Way Foes he warnes his Freind
Through Deepe, vp Steepe, shewes Heavn's his Journeys end.

F. Barlow fecit.

The Third Book.

THE Pilgrim's Passe TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING

Sil. Ital.

Explorant adversa viros, perq; aspera duro
Nititur ad laudem Virtus interrita clivo.

Crosses the boldest Courages assail;
Let what can come, stout Virtue must prevail,

OR,

Affliction tries the Man; But's Vertue strains
Through all Opposals, till the Top he gains.

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The Encouragement.

NAture is ſo apt to tire, eſpecially in ſo great a journey, as it was but reaſon to give her ſome repoſe. And there could not be a fitter place, wherein to reſt her afflicted Head, and wearied Feet, then in the Houſe of Prayer: A place of no leſs ſafety, then Refreſhment; where there are Viands of all ſorts, as well to entertain the ſtrongeſt Appetites, as to ſettle, pleaſe, and nouriſh the more craſie ſtomacks. Through a Wilderneſs is an uncomfortable Paſſage; no better is this World, ſtuff't with Thorns and Bryars! ſtor'd with Thicks, and Woods; fill'd with Rocks and ſtones; inhabited by wilde Beaſts, and ſavage Creatures; repleniſhed with dangers aud difficulties of all ſorts: But chear up! The worſt is behinde the; and having ſo well Refreſhed, thou canſt not faint. Thou art a Pilgrim, and art uſed to Travel. Thou canſt not now but with delight move on. Get but up upon Faiths Mount, and thou ſhalt diſcover the holy Land. Such a ſight will raviſh thee; ſuch a Hope will ſharpen thy Deſires, and keep thee from ever growing weary. Thou wilt then on lively, and rejoyce that thou art in the way to ſo excellent a Countrey, that thou art ſo near thy journeys end. A better End then thou couldeſt expect, or hope for. To this end mayſt thou ſafely haſten. It is thy happineſs. Thus mayſt thou with a holy kind of Impatience long to be looſed, but it muſt be that thou mayſt be with Chriſt. I need not call away; I find thee, me thinks, ſo reudy to go: Then on in Gods name.

BOOK

BOOK III.

CANTO VII.

The Mount of Faith.

1.

THou canſt not ſtay.
'Tis High, 'tis Craggie--- way,
That to the Mount of Faith does lead.
Hear'ſt not one call, as if he preach't to Day?
Be wary of thy ſteps! As he does call, ſo tread.

2.

Now look about!
Th'aſt paſt ore ſtumbling doubt.
See ſome aſleep upon that ſide!
That blinde Guides caſt the further way about,
With Images inarm'd, in Dreams lay round about their Guid.

3.

On th'other Hand
A Rout there, there a Band,
Imaginations way advance.
Each Zeal makes Noiſe, as at it does underſtand;
Each does, 'gainſt t'other cry; ſo to Pantheon dance.

4. The

4.

The Præco calls,
Still, still beware of Falls!
For now your way grows sharp and steep!
You must climb over rugged stones! like Walls!
Set footing wisely! Hold by hands! And sometimes creep!

5.

That way deceives,
And them of wit bereaves,
For thinking still, they upward go,
Hypocrisie them draws, and never leaves,
Till she doth cast them down to Pride, thats fall'n Below.

6.

The Top appears;
The blew Skyes brightness clears;
Even into holy Heaven you see.
The fresh green grass is gemm'd with pearly Tears,
And Faith's Pavillion stands near Figs fruit bearing Tree.

7.

The Tents wide Door
A Dam'sel sits before
Within A Chair made like a Heart.
Her eyes to Heaven do plead for Mercies store.
Her Lefts erect, Right hand on breast is plac't athwart.

8.

So Faith dispos'd,
Her Shield is there disclos'd;
Salvations Helmet also Shows;
Truth's Girdle wrought, all Lilli'd ore, and Ros'd;
Th'Righteous Brest-Plate, Words Sword, Gospel-Shoes

9

Upon her Shield
Of Gules, the bloody Field,
To make her Foes amaz'd in Fight;
Reſplendently a Croſs of Or doth guild,
With which fierce World, falſe Fleſh, Hels Craft ſhe puts to flight.

10.

Nor far from hence
On place of Eminence
(Atenariff, thats mounted high)
A Lady, deck't with Beauties Excellence
Stands firm, by Cable holding, Anchor'd in the skye.

11.

A Fount near theſe
In dimpled Vale doth pleaſe,
A flying Statue bears Loves Name,
Whoſe Breaſts run Cream into Pacifick Seas,
By Ceſtern fil'd from Milkie way in th'heavenly Frame.

12.

Where th' Hungry feed;
The Sick that Cordials need,
Cure from bleſt Hand of Charis finde;
Who ſtill delights to do a Pious Deed,
And th'helpleſs helps, the Naked clothes, and leads the Blind.

Perspective VII.

1. *The Mount of Faith*] It is ſo called for the Lofti-neſſe of the Poſition of the Place above the neighb'ring inferiour Earth. To go to the Etymologie of the word. A Mount, which is the diminutive expreſſion of a Mountain is derived *a Monte*, which is the Latine word for it. Whence it doth come, there is no little Conteſt among the Grammarians. *Quidam a movendo per antiphraſin.* Some would have it, as from Not moving, becauſe Mountains are ſteady in their places; Such Vaſt Bodies ſtand fixed; as irremoveable by Art, as they are by Nature. A little nearer the matter, though much differing from the Sound of the word, is their opinion, for *Mons a eminendo, quaſi eminens*, as hath been firſt mentioned. *Scaliger* backs the Sence of a *non movendo*, but gives a nearer Terme and Speaks it *a manendo*, from tarrying, and not moving from it's place. Another inclines to *Mons a moveo, quod a terrâ in altum moveatur*; becauſe it is caſt up high overtopping the reſt. Some other a *minis*, as if it's height did threaten the Skye.

But as every mans Fancy works, more eſpecially in Criticiſme, under favour it may be conceived *Mons quaſi monens*; a Mountain a Mark, an Advertiſement; and it carries a plauſible conſtruction with it to advertiſe us of the Greatneſſe of the Creator, in the narrower object more ſuitable to the Eye, which cannot receive at once the vaſtneſſe of the whole Earth; only thus it is repreſented in Abſtract, as a Map of the whole Fabrick. Every Creature having an Impreſſe of the Excellence of the Moſt Mighty, and Moſt Wiſe Maker thereof, this hath it's place, and order by his Diſpoſe in an extraordinary manner; as intimating the vaſtneſſe, immovableneſſe, immutability, and eminency, of the Creator above

above the perception of the inferiour Creatures of the Vallies. So Hills and Mountains ſeem the ſtairs to Heaven. If we did conceive, that the Heathen had not altogether loſt the memory of Noah's Flood, but preſerved it by the Continuance of Tradition, and Antiquity of Hiſtory, as *Ovid*, a Roman, to whom the Latine Tongue was genuine, mentioneth in that of *Deucalion*, it is not likely to prove a miſtake that *Mons* ſhould be derived from *manens*, becauſe the Ark reſted upon Mount Ararat, a Mountain in Armenia; yet the former Contract of *Monens* hath ſolid reaſon to underprop it; if we look either into Holy writ, or caſt an eye upon the Superſtition of the Heathen.

Moſt of all the Great works that it pleaſed God to manifeſt unto men were upon the Turrets of the Earth. That great Triall of *Abraham's* Faith in offering up of *Iſaac*, who was a Figure of Chriſt, was by eſpeciall command to be done upon a mountaine. As it is in the 22. of Geneſis; *And He ſaid, Take now thine only Son Iſaac, whom thou loveſt, and get thee into the Land of Moria, and offer Him there for A burnt Offering upon one of the mountaines, which I will ſhew thee.*

Canaan, that Land of Promiſe, was a high Countrey. For *Jacob* ſent his Sons down into Egypt for Corn? And concerning their return it is ſaid Gen: 45. 25. Then they went up from Egypt, and came into the Land of Canaan.

When the Iſraelites murmured in Rephidim for water, Gods anſwer to *Moſes* was Exod. 17: 5. 6. Go before the People, and take with thee of the Elders of Iſrael, and thy Rod wherewith thou Smoteſt the River take in thine hand and go! Behold! I will ſtand there before thee upon the Rock in *Horeb*, and thou ſhalt ſmite on the Rock, and water ſhall come out of it, that the people may drink.

And when *Amaleck* fought with *Iſrael* in Rephidim, *Moſes* ſaid to *Joſua*; Chuſe us out Men; and go fight with

Amalek

Amaleck: To morrow I will ſtand on the Top of the Hill with the Rod of God in mine hand. When *Moſes* held up his Hand *Iſrael* prevailed: But, when he let his Hand down *Amaleck* prevailed. They propped up his Hands, and *Ioſua* diſcomfitted *Amalek*.

From Mount Sinai the Lord declared *Iſrael* to be his peculiar People: *Moſes* went up unto God: for the Lord had called him out of the Mount, unto Him, Saying: Thus ſhalt thou ſay unto the Houſe of *Iacob*, and tell the Children of *Iſrael* &c. If you will heare my Voice indeed, and Keepe my Covenant, then ye ſhall be my chiefe treaſure above All people, though All the Earth be mine. Ye ſhall be alſo A Kingdome of Prieſts, and an Holy Nation. When *Moſes* brought the People out of the Tents to meet with God, and they ſtood in the nether part of the Mount, Mount Sinai was all on Smoak becauſe the Lord came down upon it in fire, and the Smoak thereof aſcended, as the Smoak of a Furnace, and all the Mount trembled exceedingly, And when the Sound of the Trumpet blew long and waxed louder and louder, *Moſes* ſpake, and God anſwered him by Voice. For the Lord came downe upon Mount Sinai, on the Top of the Mount, and when The Lord called *Moſes* up into the Top of the Mount, *Moſes* went up. &c. Exod. 19. And in the 20. chapt. God ſpake all theſe words &c. Viz. the Ten Commandements. After the delivery whereof All the People ſaw the Thunder, and Lightnings, and the ſound of the Trumpet and the Mountain Smoaking; and when the People ſaw it, they fled, and ſtood afar off. There were Temporall, and Civill Ordinances and the making of the Tabernacle appointed by God. There the Lord ſaid unto *Moſes*, Thus ſhalt thou ſay unto the Children of Iſrael; Ye have ſeene, that I have talked with you from Heaven. And *Moſes* by command went afterwards up with *Aaron*, *Nadab*, and *Abihu*, and Seventy of the Elders of

Iſrael; And they ſaw the God of Iſrael; And under His Feet was, as it were a worke of a Saphire ſtone, and as the very Heaven, when it is Cleare. And upon the Nobles of Iſrael He laid not his Hand; Alſo they ſaw God, and did eat, and drink. &c. And the Glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai; and the Cloud covered it Six dayes; And the Seventh day he called unto *Moſes* out of the midſt of the Cloud. And the Sight of the Glory of the Lord was, like conſuming Fire on the Top of the Mountain to the Eyes of the Children of Iſrael. And *Moſes* entred into the Middes of the Cloud, and went up to the Mountain. And *Moſes* was in the Mount Fourty dayes and Fourty nights. *Moſes* alſo came down from God in Mount Horeb. With the Second Tables went *Moſes* up to God in Mount Sinai, and the Lord deſcended in a Cloud and ſtood with him there and proclaimed the Name of the Lord. So the Lord paſſed before his face, and cried; The Lord, The Lord, *Strong*, Merciſull, and Gracious, *Slow* to Anger, and Abundant in Goodneſſe, and Truth; Reſerving Mercy for thouſands, Forgiving Iniquity and Tranſgreſſion, and *Sin*, and not making the wicked inocent, viſiting the iniquity of the Fathers upon the Children, and upon Childrens Children unto the third and fourth generation.

And when the Children of Iſrael with all the Congregation departed from *Kadeſh*, they came unto the Mount *Hor*; And the Lord ſpake unto *Moſes* and *Aaron* in the Mount *Hor* neere the coaſt of the Children of *Edom*. *Numb.* 20. when *Balack* the King of the *Moabites* had ſent for *Balaam* to curſe the Children of Iſrael who were advanced to the Plain of *Moab* he carries him firſt up into the High Places of *Baal*, that thence he might ſee the utmoſt part of the People, and God met *Balaam* there as Numb. 23. But bleſſed Iſrael, as the Lord had ſpoken. Then *Balak* brought him into *Sadeſophim*, the field of the Spies, or of thoſe that watched

watched for them the motion of Iſrael, to the Top of *Piſgah*; And the Lord met *Balaam* there, and putt an anſwer in his Mouth. There did he bleſſe them alſo. Then *Balak* removes him to the Top of Peor; where the Spirit of the Lord Came upon him. But there he bleſſed them alſo. The Lord commands *Moſes* to goe up into the Mount *Abarim*, that thence he might behold the Land before his death, which he had given unto the Children of Iſrael; as it is in the 27. of Numbers; And in the 34. of Deuteronomie. *Moſes* went from the Plain of *Moab* up into Mount *Nebo* unto the Top of Piſgah, that is over againſt Jericho, and the Lord ſhewed him all the Land of Gilead unto Dan. &c.

Hieru alem was placed upon the Hills too. When they went to keep their Feaſts there; It is ſaid that they went up to Hieruſalem to worſhip, where was Mount Sion.

Many other Examples might be ſhewed out of the Holy writ to demonſtrate Gods appearance upon the Mountains; In Holy Goſpell, there is frequent mention of the Selection of Mountains for Prayer, and Preaching by our Bleſſed Saviour, who likewiſe ſuffered death upon Mount Calvarie. The Heathen thought to find their falſe Gods in Groves on High Places, as *Moloch*, *Adram-melech*, *Baal*, *&c.* Theſe Idols had diſtinctive names from the Mountains where in they were worſhiped, as *Baal-Peor*, *Baal-Zebub*, *Baal-Thepeon*, *Baal-Berith &c.* So was *Jupiter* call'd *Olympius*, *Capitolinus &c.* But all this diſcourſe does aim at the ſetting forth of the fittneſſe of the Terme of Mount for the place of Reſidence for Faith; Since it is not onely the Repreſentation of Heaven, where the Throne of God is mentioned to be, but the certainty of finding him by Faith that appeared frequently upon the Mountains, and, Suffered upon a Mount. It may therefore be called the Mount of Faith in regard of it's Elevation above the things of this World, and in reſpect

of the Eminency of the Obiect of our Faith.

Thou can'ſt not ſtay] ſhewes the Conſtancie of a Chriſtian Pilgrim's Courſe. He muſt on. *Non progredi eſt regredi.* If He ſtandes ſtill though but a little he loſeth much ground. Without Perſeverance neither he, that fights, ſhall gain the victory; nor he, that conquereth, ſhall wear the Palm, or have the Triumph. Tis continuall Endevour, and the Vigour of a dayly additional Force, that gains the Goal of what we aim at. No Merit can be foſtered without it, No Reward can be obtained but by it, Patience bids Farewell, if not with it; Conſtancie has her life in it; Peace is gained through it; All bonds and tyes are knit for it; The golden Chain of Unanimity is made of it. It is not he, that begins a good work, but he that continueth to the End with ſo doing, that ſhall be Saved. *Perſeverandum eſt aſſiduo ſtudio robur addendum, donec bona mens ſit, et bona voluntas eſt*, can *Seneca* ſay. We muſt perſevere and ever ſend in ſupply with diligence wherewith ſtill to reinforce, while the mind is well ſett, and the will is rightly bent. But he ſpeaks higher, ſomething above a Philoſopher, as we may take his Sence; *In excelſo eſt beata vita, ſed perſeverantia penetrabilis.* Let Happineſſe be immur'd in Heaven, Perſeverance will ſcale it.

'Tis high] The way to Faith is out of Sight to Reaſon. *Credimus, quod non videmus.* Faith is of Things not ſeene. And it is high becauſe it is converſant onely with Heavenly Things. Tis high becauſe the Obiect of our Faith that was exalted, *Super crucem exaltatus* that was exalted upon the Croſſe, is aſcended to the right hand of His Father. *Fides aliquando recipit, quod Ratio non præſumit.* Such Gifts are by Divine Grace beſtow'd on Faith, as Reaſon cannot hope for.

Ti's craggie way] It is very difficult to Fleſh and Bloud, a hard matter for Senſe or Reaſon to believe. Natures Feet are

are very tender, and cannot endure rugged ſtones of Affliction and Tryal, that lay in the Narrow way of Faith, *Lapis quidem durus eſt, Sed cùm factum fuerit de eo opus, deſiſtere neſcit.* This kind of ſtone is very hard; it will laſt the better when it is well laid in a building. The Divel puts a thouſand Queſtions to a Novice in the School of Faith. Queſtions are one ſort of thoſe ſtones.

Hear'ſt not one call, as if he Preach't to day.] This points at the ſaying of the Prophet *David*, in his Invitatory Pſalm to the Worſhip and praiſe of the Lord, and Exhorting to repentance with a lowd call. *To day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the Wilderneſs. When your Fathers tempted me, proved me, and ſaw my works.* This alſo hath reference to that of Saint *John* the Baptiſt: *Now alſo is the Ax laid to the Root of the Trees: therefore every Tree which beareth not good fruit, is hewen down and caſt into the Fire*, &c. This alludeth likewiſe to that of the Prophet *Jonas*, as ſhewing that there muſt be a continual renewing of Repentance, for the obtaining of a firm Faith. *Yet forty dayes and Niniveh ſhall be overthrown. So the people of Niniveh believed God*, &c. *Jonah*, 3. 4, 5. This mindeth that of Saint *Paul*, to the *Hebrews*, 12. *Wherefore let us alſo, ſeeing we are compaſſed with ſo great a cloud of Witneſſes, caſt away every thing that preſſeth down, and the ſin that hangeth ſo faſt on; Let us run with patience the race that is ſet before us, looking unto Jeſus the Author and finiſher of our Faith: Who for the joy that was ſet before him, endured the Croſs, and deſpiſed the ſhame, and is ſet at the right hand of the Throne of God.* Faith comes by Hearing, Hearing by the Preaching of the Word. If therefore none can hear without a Preacher, How can any believe without Hearing? and how can he underſtand without Faith? Or how can he do any thing that is good without Underſtanding? The word of God muſt be preached, that

that the hearer may believe, the believer may underſtand, and who ſo underſtands may perſevere in the exerciſe of welldoing: For neither works without Faith, nor Faith without Works juſtifie thoſe that have a kind of ability given them to uſe the freedom of their Will. The holy Spirit comes to the Door and knocketh; It is not broken ope; it is a fair Render of Poſſeſſion, not a Burglary.

Be wary of thy ſteps.] Conſider before thou doſt any thing. For Actions leave their prints behind them. Go not every way that Temptation inviteth the: Not be carryed away with every Wind of Doctrine, according to that carefull direction of Saint *Paul*, 2 Tim. 3. *This know alſo, that in the laſt dates ſhall come perilious Times: For men ſhall be Lovers of their own ſelves, Covetous, Boaſters, Proud, Curſed ſpeakers, Diſobedient to Parents, Unthankful, Unholy, Without natural affection; truce-breakers, falſe accuſers, intemperate, fierce, deſpiſers of them which are good; Traytors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleaſures more then lovers of God, having a ſhew of Godlineſs, but have denied the power thereof.* Turn therefore from ſuch: For of this ſort are they which creep into houſes, and lead captive ſimple Women, laden with ſins, and led with Divers luſts; which Women are ever learning, but are never able to come to the knowledge of the Truth. And as *Jannes* and *Jambres* withſtood *Moſes*, ſo doth theſe alſo reſiſt the Truth, Men of corrupt mindrs, Reprobate concerning the Faith. But they ſhall prevail no longer: For their madneſs ſhall be evident to all men, as theirs alſo was. Examin and try the Spirits. Have a care of falling either into Superſtition, or Atheiſm. The One makes a Gay of thy Religion; the Other throws down God to advance thy Senſe and Reaſon.

As he does call, ſo run] As the Holy Word directs thee, Live! As Chriſt guides thee, Walk! As the Prophets foretold,

foretold, as the Apoſtles witneſſed, as the Martyrs have ſealed, as Reverend Biſhops in Holy Churches have delivered, as Orthodox Divines, Learned, pious, and carefull Paſtors have inſtructed by their Religious Life, and Sound doctrin; ſo regulate thy Faith! ſo order thy Life! ſo accuſtom thy Converſation!

2. *Now look about!*] When thou art in the way to Faith, as it were, in the Entrance of believing, thou mayſt diſcern the Vanities of the World, and behold that nothing is comparable unto Chriſt. Thou findeſt a beginning of Repoſe, and ſettlement of thy troubled Minde, formerly buſied with Cares, Vexations, and Anxieties. But be watchfull! Be thou Circumſpect!

Th'aſt paſt ore ſtumbling doubt.] Though th'aſt been hindred by many Embraces of the Fleſh, by ſeverall ſtrugglings with Nature; though th'aſt been ſhaken by various oppoſitions of the World; though th'aſt been amuſed with numerous Temptations and Allurements of Satan, and divers queſtions concerning the Truth have troubled thee: and not a few ſcruples of Conſcience have tortur'd thee; Yet, when thou com'ſt to the true Knowledge of the right Religion, and art principled therein; when thou receiveſt the purity of the Truth, and the Light of Faith appeareth, thou art comforted in thy ſtedfaſtneſs, and art growing every day ſtronger and ſtronger for thy encouragement. Therefore be of good courage! Faint not! Thy worſt is behind thee.

See ſome aſleep upon that ſide!] Behold here Extreams go off, and forſake the perfect way! They will to the Right or the Left. They cannot keep the Mean. Prodigality is alwaies aſleep; and Covetouſneſs is ever waking: Prodigality knows not when to ſpare, nor Covetouſneſs how to ſpend: Prodigality is all Lace, and Covetousneſs no cloths,

Clothes, Liberalitie's condemn'd by both. Her Bounty is too prodigal in the greedy eye of covetouſneſs: Her diſcreet Parſimonie is too narrow for the humour of Prodigality. Covetouſneſs terms Liberality a Spend-thrift, and Prodigality calls her a Churle. She ſeems by turns the contrary to either, as they are to her Extreams both. It is even ſo with Opinions to Truth, and Sects to the True Religion. Truth is accus'd, Religion is Deſpis'd by all ſides, condemned by all Factions. The Conclave of Rome, & the Conſiſtory of *Geneva*, agree *Eodem tertio*, though there be a hot and ſeeming quarrel betwixt them. Both may be blamed herein: It were to be wiſhed that *Geneva* had ſomewhat of Rome's Charity, and Religious Decencie. I cannot wiſh Rome *Genevah's*, though I pray for their Reformation. Upon the preſent Theſe Erre, both falling into the Extream on the either hand. The one makes it a great way about to Heaven, by Interceſſion of Saints; And the other goes ſo near the Gates of Hell, that many a poor ſoul drops in by Deſpair. The one puts a great efficacy upon the numerous Repetition of *Ave Maries*, and *Pater Noſters*; And the other no leſs confidence in indigeſted Long Prayers. The one is for Merit by Works; the other is for Salvation by a Naked Faith. Auricular Confeſſion is holden abſolutely neceſſary by the One to the Prieſt: Auricular confeſſion is holden as neceſſary to the Claſſical Elders. In this they differ therein. The Ons accounts it a Sacred thing to keep a ſecret, which the Other ſet at naught to violate. The One ſet up Images: the Other Imaginations: The One placeth Summary Appeal *in Cathedra*, the other in the Conſiſtory, or Aſſembly; The One makes the Euchariſt a Tranſubſtantiation, the Other meerly a Sign. The One puts Excommunication into Bulls, the Other into Pulpits. The One conceives Religion to be all Ear, the Other all Hand. I might mention many more

Paralels,

Parallels, but my Charity will not permit it. I rather desire and wish, that Faults were mended, and Errors cured by an humble seeking, and a meek submission to the Revealed Truth, and a Returning into the right way. That Christians might have Charity to one another, and putting off Animosities, might Worship the Lord in purity of Heart, in the beauty of Holiness, and that our Adoration might be with Outward and Inward Reverence, as becomes us to the Majesty, and Holiness of God. *Let all things be done decently, and in Order.*

They lay asleep upon that side.] Asleep with the Mists of Error, clouding their understandings. Too much enclining to their own Opinions.

Sopor est Mortis Imago.

The Jews may be pittyed for dreaming of another Messias so long upon this side, and ought to be prayed for, that their Eyes may be opened, and that in the Lords Mercy they may be recalled home to the sight of the Truth.

That blinde Guides cast the further way about.] Blinde Guides are such Clergy as are themselves darkned with Errors. When the blind lead the blind, both fall into the Ditch.

With Images enarm'd] Embracing Superstition.

In dreams lay round about their Guid.] Pleased their Fancies, they encompass, as seeming to defend their Guides, and their shewing great Affection to their Leaders, who are overcom with ignorance of the Truth, like themselves. Thus have they Shadows in their Brains, instead of Substance in their Hearts, Worshipping God not his way, but making Fantastick images of their own Devise; being fed with their own Humors, and regarding Traditions of men more then the Commandments of God; so lying wrapt up in their beloved Darkness, and Embracing the Vanities of their Rabbies,

bies, the ſubtilties of their Prieſts, and the miſleading of Miniſters inſtead of the Truth.

3. *On th'other Hand*] On the Left hand; in the other extream.

A Root is there] Signifying the Multiplicity, and diſorder of Sects, of Error and Hereſies that Defile the purity, and reſiſt the power of the Doctrin of Chriſt. For inſtance, view that hurly burly raiſed by *Demetrius* the Silver Smith, as it is recorded in the Acts. *And the ſame time there aroſe much trouble about that way. For a certain man named* Demetrius, *a Silver Smith, which made Temples of* Diana, *brought great gains unto the Crafts-men, whom he called together with the work-men of like things, and ſaid, Sirs, ye know that by this Craft we have our goods. Moreover, ye ſee, and hear, that not alone* Epheſus, *but almoſt throughout all* Aſia, *this* Paul *hath perſwaded, and turned away much people, ſaying, That they be not Gods that are made with hands. So that not onely this thing is dangerous unto us, that the State ſhould be reproved, but alſo that the Temple of the great goddeſs Diana ſhould be nothing eſteemed. And that it would come to paſs, that her magnificence, which all* Aſia, *and the World worſhippeth, ſhould be deſtroyed. Now when they heard it, they were all of wrath, and cryed out, ſaying,* Great is Diana of the Epheſians. *And the whole city was full of confuſion, and they ruſhed upon the common place with one aſſent and caught* Gaius, *and* Ariſtarchus, &c. *And when* Paul *would have entred,* &c. *Some cryed one thing and ſome another, and the aſſembly was out of order, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. Upon* Alexanders *appearing to appeaſe them, when they knew that he was a Jew, there aroſe a ſhout almoſt for the ſpace of two houres of all Men, Crying,* Great is Diana of the Epheſians.

There a Band] Armed Zeals: Men of Queſtion and Contention, that would either ſilence, or deſtroy thoſe which

which adhere unto, or publiſh the Truth, or force them into their own madneſs. Such was the Conſpiracy of more then forty Jews, that bound themſelves by an Oath to kill *Paul*, *Acts* 23.

Imaginations way advance] Following their own Humors, and the Chrotchets of their own Crowns; preſumptuouſly preferring their own Miſapprehenſions.

Each Zeal makes wiſe, as it does underſtand] Every one ſeems to be in the right, and wu'd be accounted before others in judgement. This is a painted Fire, it has no true Heat. Here Paſſion is miſtaken for Zeal. Every one will have a Religion of his own making, and carryes it on with a ſeveral Furie. Every mans Apprehenſion goes for Judgement.

Each does 'gainſt th'other cry] Shews not only their confuſion, but their contention, and uncharitableneſs; being full of queſtions to perplex, and put out of countenance, a pell mell of Noiſe and Negations to drown the voice of Truth.

So to Pantheon dance] *Pantheon* (ſaies *Dion* the Hiſtorian) was a Temple in *Rome* ſo called, *Quod in Martis Veneriſque imaginibus, ſub ipſo Templo conſtitutis, omnium Deorum imagines effictæ erant.* Becauſe under the images of *Mars* and *Venus*, ſet up in that place, they faigned and meant, that all Gods whatſoever were Worſhipped. Under Wealth, under Force, and Luſt, ſtalks in the Idoltary of all Vices The Temple was round and open in the top, as counterfeiting Heaven in its Circular Figure, and ſo might give a conceit of Adoration of all the Hoſt of heaven, as that Idolatry in the time of the Prophets. There they thought the Gods dwelt. *Pantheon* was made by *Agrippa*, to *Jupiter* the Revenger, who is very near akin to *Pluto*, in the ſenſe of Fable. Of late times 'tis called

led the Church *Divæ Mariæ rotundæ*, the Church of S. Mary the Round.

4. *The Præco calls*] Gods holy Word, and his Miniſters direct the way, and give warning of dangers. So the Prophets of old, and S. *John* the Baptiſt: *Repent! for the Kingdom of God is at hand. For this is he of whom it is ſpoken by the Prophet* Eſaias, *ſaying, The voice of one that cryeth in the wilderneſs*, is, *Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make his paths ſtraight!*

Still, ſtill beware of Falls!] An ingemination for the greater notice of Dangers, to ſtir up a diligent care againſt ſtumbling by Temptations: or falling away from the Faith.

For now your way grows ſharp and ſteep] In regard of our approaching to more ſubtle underminings, and more violent aſſault; that with earneſt labour we ſhould undertake to paſs Tryals, and the ſifting of the Tempter: Tis ſharp and ſteep; very difficult for Fleſh and Blood to endure that is ſoft and heavy, unwilling, and unweldy for ſuch diſpleaſing, and troubleſom employment.

You muſt climb over rugged ſtones like walls] Sins raiſe a wall of partition between God and us, eſpecially thoſe ſtony ſins of Cruelty, Oppreſſion, Malice, and Uncharitableneſs. We muſt ſtrive to gain a Maſterie of our ſelves; we muſt deny our ſelves, conquer the concupiſcences of the fleſh. climbing is a diligent labour.

Set footing wiſely] Walk ſoberly with prudence, with all care and watchfulneſs; for ſo it behoves a Chriſtian. Perſever with ſteddineſs.

Hold by hands!] By Charitable deeds, which faſten us to Faith; and maintain thy Faith with thy Courage. For the hands are not only the Stewards, and diſpencers of bounty, but the Guard and Weapons of the man.

And

And sometimes creep !] Denoting Humility and Prayer, and Christian Patience. The higher thou goest, thou art more subject to storms, and liable to eminent and precipitious dangers.

5. *That way deceives*] Of Schism, Error, Heresie, Seducing, Temptation, the speciousness of Superstition, the pretence of Holiness, Sanctimonious Pollicie,. *Blessed is the man that doth not walk in the counsel of the wicked, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful.*

And them of wit bereaves] *Quos* Jupiter *perdere vult, dementat prius.* Pharaohs heart was hardened before his destruction: According to that which Jesus answered the people, S. John 12. 35. *Yet a little while is the light with you; walk while ye have light! lest the darkness come upon you. For he that walketh in the dark knoweth not whither he goeth!* While yé have Light, believé in the Light, that ye may be the children of the Light. *Vitia nostra, quæ amamus, defendimus; & malumus excusare illa, quam excutere.* We are given to defend the Errors we have embraced; and we are apter to excuse such evils, then to renounce them.

For thinking still they upward go] Imagining that they are in the Right, being abused with a false Opinion. No way is like theirs to Heaven. This is Satans *Deceptio visus*, his juggling with depraved Consciences, and deluded Understandings.

Hypocrisie them draws, and never leaves] Hypocrisie is a subtile Evil, a secret poyson, a Hidden Venom, and the Moth of Sanctity. It pretends all's well, it deludes Prosperity, and belies Curiosity, and with a cruel Art it stabs Virtue with its own Dagger. It kills a Fast with Fasting, and makes Prayer undo it self, it throws down Mercy with a seeming Pitty: it destroies with cooling a Fever, and in a cold Cup it giveth hot Drink. *Quod corporibus est Hydrops,*

loc Hypocriſis animabus. What the Dropſie is to Bodies, Hypocriſie is to Souls. *Hæc enim Hydrops bibendo ſitit, Hypocriſis inebrietata eſt ſiti.* For as the Dropſie with drinking thirſteth, Hypocriſie is Drunk to Thirſt.

Till ſhee doth caſt them down to pride] Till ſhee deſtroyes them with Ambition; till ſhe doth throw them down to Hell. Pride is Satan, who poſſeſſes men with a Spirituall Pride.

That's fallen below] Lucifer fallen from Heaven into the Dungeon of utter darkneſs, prepared for the Divel and his Angels.

6. *The Top appears*] When we attain Faith, our ſouls are elevated.

The blew Skies brightneſs clears) Our ſouls apprehend Divine things.

Ev'n into holy Heaven you ſee) we behold our Mediator, who is our Redeemer, ſitting at the Right hand of his Father, and conceive the Myſtery of the Trinity, and the Bleſſedneſe that is prepared for thoſe that love the Lord Jeſus, and expect his appearing. *Fides eſt perceptio veritatis rerum cum aſſertione, ſine cauſarum cognitione.* Faith is a diſcerning Underſtanding of the Truth, with a Claim of things without the Knowledge of their Cauſes.

The freſh green Graſſe is gemm'd with pearlie Teares] we are renewed by Faith, alwaies growing upward. Green graſſe is beautiful to the Sight, So is faith to our Saviour. There are Tears of Repentance; and Tears of Joy, and Love; which give a luſtre and beauty to the Faith of the Spouſe in the Eye of the Bridgroom. For ſo ſaith he in the Canticles. Behold thou art fair, my Love! Behold, thou art fair; Thine Eyes are like the Doves among the locks, thine haire is like the Flock of Goats, which look down from the

the Mountain of Gilead, Thou art all fair, my Love! and there is no ſpott in thee.

And Faith's Pavillion ſtands neer Fig's fruit-bearing Tree] It is ſaid Faith's Pavilion, becauſe it is no laſting place, both in reſpect of Man who is Mortall, as alſo of his future Being; For though by Faith we are carried to Heaven, it leaves us there, when wee come to Fruition. It is placed near Fig's fruit-bearing Tree, minding the Figtree in the Goſpell, that was curſed becauſe it bare no Fruit. Faith is dead without Works. The Figtree is a Plant of ſoveraign Vertue, and it's Fruit is a pretious Medicine againſt moſt Diſeaſes.

7. *The Tent's Wide Doore*] Repentance is the Introduction to Faith. Or take it for offer'd Grace, or the Calling of the Spirit. Or for the deſire of Salvation.

A Damſell ſits before] Faith muſt be pure like a Virgin. She ſits, It muſt be fixed, and before too. For Faith is a belief of things, that not onely are paſt and are but to be. She mindeth things to come, and ſo the Tent's wide door may mind her of Eternity.

With a Chair made like a Heart] The Heart is Faith's Chair of State.

Her Eyes to Heaven] That's the Place for expectation of Comfort. She believes that Chriſt is her Mediator, and Interceſſor there.

Do Plead for mercie's ſtore] Ther's her mentall Prayer for Pardon, and begging Grace, that is Gods Bounty. Mercie's ſtore is Chriſt's Merits.

Her Left's erect] As laying hold of Chriſt's merit. The Left hand is ſaid to be neareſt the Heart.

Right hand on Breaſt is plac't] Shewing her Contrition, Humility, and acknowledgment of her Unworthineſſe of his ſo great Favours.

Athwart] Signifying the ſenſe of the Soul's trouble for

*S*in committed. Create in mee a clean heart O God, and renew a right ſpirit within mee.

8. *So Faith diſpos'd*) Faith in ſuch application to Chriſt ſhewes her Armourie mention'd by *S*aint Paul.

9. *Upon her ſhield of Gules &c.*) *S*ets forth Chriſt's Death and Paſſion.

To make her Foes amaz'd in fight) By which he conquer'd Death and Hell.

Reſplendently a Croſſe of Or doth gild) His Reſurrection after his Paſſion.

10. *Not far from hence, On Place of Eminence*) Hope accompanieth a ſtedfaſt faith. It is allwaies neer her. And hope is placed on high to denote that ſhe loveth to be neer her Object, Chriſt, who hath prepared a Reward in Heaven, which She Keepeth ſtill in her Eye. *Tria conſidero; In quibus tota Spes mea conſiſtit: Charitatem Adoptionis, Veritatem Promiſſionis; Poteſtatem Redditionis.* There are Three Things wherein Hope acknowledgeth her Self to conſiſt. God's exceeding love in his Adoption; His perfect Truth in His Promiſe; And His Almighty Power in Performance. Chriſt is riſen from the Dead, and is made the Firſt Fruits of them that ſlept. For as in Adam all die even ſo in Chriſt ſhall All be made alive. 1. Cor. 15. 20, 22.

Tenariff) A mountaine, that is accounted the higheſt in the world.

A Lady deckt with Beautie's Excellence) The Soul adorn'd with heavenly Graces; The rejoycing of Spirit in as it were the preſent Enjoyment of the Celeſtial Joyes, that the Soul ſhall fully poſſeſſe hereafter.

Stands firm) Ther's her ſteadfaſtneſſe and Conſtancie.

By Cable holding) Ther's her ſtrength aſſiſting Grace given from above.

Anchor'd in the Skie) Ther's her Repoſitorie; In Heaven; in Chriſt. My wellbeloved is mine, and I am his. He feedeth among

among the Lillies, And a little before ſhe Sang. He brought me into the wine-ſeller,& love was his Banner over me. Stay me with Flagons!and comfort me with Apples! For I am ſick of Love. His left hand is under my Head; and his right hand doth embrace me.

11. *A Fount near theſe*) The Embleam of Charity, who cannot be far from her Two Siſters. *Dicit Fides, parata ſunt magna, inexcogitabilia bona a Deo fidelibus ſuis; Dicit ſpes: mihi illa ſervantur; Curro ego (ait charitas) ad illa.* It is Saint *Bernards.* Great, and unconceivable Good things are by God prepared for his Believers, ſayes Faith. They are Kept for me, cryes Hope. I run to them, for them, rejoyceth Charity.

In dimpled Vale doth pleaſe) As a dimple in a Chin maketh it ſeem lovely, ſo doth Charity make beautiful whom ſoever ſhe inhabits. Adimpled Vale, fertile by receiving ſhowry Bleſſings; A dimpled Vale ſhews it's humility, which is lovely in the Eye of Heaven.

A flying ſtatue bears Love's Name) Charitie's Embleam: Love like Fire is pyramidall, mounteth upward.

Whoſe Breaſts run Cream into Pacifick Seas) She nouriſheth others with the beſt of Plenty, and Relief, and is free in good offices for Atonement.

By *Ciſtern fill'd*) Such a Heart is repleniſht with Grace, and Supply'd with Bleſſings.

From milkie Way it'h' Heavenly Frame) From the Infinite ſtore of Divine Bounty,by the Free Giver of All good gifts.

12. *Where th' Hungry feed &c.*) Shews the works of Charity

Si non vultis in iſta eremo ſiti mori, bibite charitatem, fons eſt, quem voluit Deus *ponere, ne deficiamus, & abundantius cum bibamus, cum ad patriam venerimus.* If you would not dye in the Wilderneſſe with thirſt, drink charity, It is a Fountain, which God has pleaſed to place there, leaſt we ſhould faint, but we ſhall drink more abundantly of it, even

our Hill, when we come into the Holy Land, into the Heavenly Canaan. ſo Saint *Auguſtine.*

MORAL VII.

FOrtitude is a Cardinal Vertve, And *Virtus in medio poſita.* Vertue has her habitation, and being in the Mean, wherefore to conſider Fortitude as ſhe is paſſive here, ſhe is that Vertue that moderateth Grief, whereby a Man undantedly undergoes difficulties, and bears things that are averſe to his naturall Diſpoſition with a patient mind, and a preparation or Fortification to That, and Active Fortitude is called Reſolution. The exceſſe of Fortitude is Raſhneſſe and too much Boldneſſe; The defect thereof, is Timiditie, and too much Softneſſe. Perfect Fortitude is converſant with terrible things with an unſhaken mind for honeſtie's ſake, for a good Cauſe: That which is imperfect Fortitude is either Irrationall, by which he runs into Dangers at unawars, not Knowing the greatneſſe of their miſchief, ſo unexperienc't men are Souldiers; Or Civil, as he that is bred in the Lawes for the maintenance of the ſame, and for Reward defends Countrey Rights; Or Experimentall, by which a man goes into and frequenteth dangers, that he hath often paſt through and overcome with the paralogiſme of a hope, that he ſhall ſtill eſcape, he ſhall ſtill have the better on't; Or Iraſcible, by which a man burning with deſire of Revenge leaps into Perill. Or Fiduciary, whereby a man aſſiſts, or reſcues another; Or Mercenary, whereby a man acteth ſtoutly for a Reward; Or Feminine, by which a man is as couragious, as A Lion in defending his Own, and as hardy as a Cock in defending Anothers. The moſt of theſe are Imperfect. That onely is perfect Fortitude, which expreſſeth Valour in a good Cauſe; The witneſſe in that Cauſe is the Conſcience; The Law is Reaſon, whoſe maxime and Principles are from Religion. How can that be without Religion, which adapteth to it. No Religion without Faith. Faith then is not onely the

Back

Back to the Edge and force to the Point of Valour, but it's ſhield of Defence. It ſharpens and directs both. Faith is the Engineer for the fortification of Valour. He goes moſt gallantly on, that goes on in Gods name; And he endures moſt ſtoutly, that ſuffers for Gods ſake. In both he does though hard Duty, yet Chriſtian ſervice.

Perspective VII.

T'was odly dream't (Dreams odde things be.)
A ſailing Ship in Aire to ſee;
With Rudder like a Vultur's Train,
That ſteer'd her through the lucid Maine.
The Sheets were made of Wings of Kites.
The Mariners were Souls, not wights.
From Luna's Country, fraught with ſtore
Of Lading never known before,
From Negromania forth they got,
Which mortals here do call the Spot.
Her courſe was quick, did ſight beguile.
She downward made to'th' floating Ille.
Her cocket was Liregions all,
Which precious ſtones 'ith'Moon they call:
Whoſe changing colours Luſtres caſt,
As every Eye's Delight is plac't.
Much like thoſe Catt's Eyes, that do turn
In day to grey, in night do burn.
It ſeems their Vertue's very rare,
To make the ugly wondrous fair.
Their Port they gain'd, but fear'd then ſhak't
The Dreamer's Head, They ſunke. He wak't;
And ſigh'd; But ſtarting lookt upon
Faith's Finger for his Turquoiſe ſtone.

CON-

CONSOLATORY ESSAY. 7.

FAith to take Saint *Auguſtine's* pious conceit in the Etymology of the Latine word, hath it's Nature in it's name. *Fides à facto, & a Deo*, from a Deed, and from God, *Interrogo te ergo, Utrum credas? Dicis, Credo. Fac, quod dicis, & Fides eſt*, I ask thee therefore (ſayes he) whither thou believeſt? Thou anſwear'ſt. I. Do then, what thou ſay'ſt, and that is faith!

Saint *Paul* gives the Hebrews a clear Definition, and a full Deſcription of it. Faith is the Subſtance of things, hoped for, the Evidence of Things, not ſeen, *Heb.* 11. There ſhalt thou find the Danger in the want of it; the various, and ſeveral Effects of it; the knowledge by it of the Authour, and Manner of the Creation; the Acceptance of Our perſons and our Actions in *Abel*; Freedom from Death in *Enoch*; Watchfulneſs, and Providence in *Noah*; ſtrong Truſt, confidence, and ſelf-denyal in *Abraham*; temporal Bleſſings in *Sarah*; A firm Relying, a Reſting upon Gods providence for all good things, be it towards a man's ſelf, or his poſterity, in *Iſaac* and *Jacob*, who bequeathed, what was not then in their poſſeſſion; Courage to do, though even to the hazard of life, in the Parents of *Moſes*; contempt of the World, the Riches, the pleaſures of it, in *Moſes* himſelf; God's protection of them, that undertake dangerous journeyes in the Iſraelites; Victory by weak means in that of *Jericho*; Preſervation in the midſt of Dangers in *Daniel*, The three Children; Deliverance from dangers in *Rahab*; Victories over dangers in *Gideon*, *Barak*, *Sampſon*, *Jepthah*, *Daniel*, *Samuel*, The Prophets; Miraculous Recovery of Life in the Woman of *Sarepta's* Child; A ſtoutneſs, and valour in refuſing

fuſing the offers of Life to forſake their Religion in the ſeven Brethren in the *Maccabees*; By enduring Afflictions, in Name, by mockings, in body by Scourgings, Impriſonment, diſconſolate wandring up and down in Sheep-skins, and Goat-skins; In ſuffering Martyrdome of ſeveral kindes, as ſtoning, ſawing aſunder, &c. Was it not A ſtrong Motive then to ſtir up the Faith of the Hebrews by the conſideration of them of Old? putting the Bluſh upon them, if they ſhould not believe in Chriſt, already come, when thoſe ſo long ago, who received not the Promiſes, did aſſuredly believe in Chriſt before his coming.

How voluntary a certainty of Things above Opinion is Faith, which yet is placed below Knowledge! O how rich is the treaſure of Faith! More to be deſired, and ſought, then the moſt Orient Pearls, then the moſt reſplendent precious Stones! More to be truſted, to be relyed upon, than All the ſtrength of Man, than the Armes of Princes! More to be travailed for, then all the moſt effectual Medicines, than the moſt Soveraign Balſames! No Guard like it; No Phyſick of ſuch Vertue. What doth not Faith find out? Againſt what doth it not prevaile? It ſeiſeth upon what is inacceſſible. It deprehends, it reaches down to Us Things, that were unknown; It comprehends, it bindes, what is moſt furious, what moſt ſtrong; It apprehends, and make ſubject to our capacity, what is beyond the ſtretch of Time. In the vaſt Embraces of her Boſome, ſhe ſits down, and, as it were beſieges, yea takes even Eternity It Self.

Make hither then, thou tottering Chriſtian! Thou ſhaken Reed! Thou, that art in ſo great Diſtreſs by foule Weather! Here is an open Port! Wave it not! Believe! Believe in thy Saviour! Let not thy Curioſity ſearch ſo much for Faith in thine Underſtanding! Seeke not to underſtand, that thou

maiſt

maiſt believe! Believe rather, that thou maiſt underſtand. Underſtanding is a Reward of Faith. Believe in thy Saviour! He is the way; He is the Light; He is the Bread of Eternal Life; He is the Spring of Never failing Waters; He is the Well of Life Everlaſting; He is the Truth, to direct thee; He is All in all to thoſe, that believe in Him.

Either thou didſt never believe; not believe, as thou ſhouldeſt: Or thy Faith is out of Breath; very purſie for want of Exerciſe. 'Tis in a Lethargy with Idleneſs. *Crebris otioſa tentatur incommodis*: A thouſand Temptations are ready to lay hold on thee! Nay, peradventure have ſeiſed upon thee, as the Philiſtines did upon *Sampſon*, bound thee, and put out thine Eyes too. No marvaile, thou art in ſo bad a condition; ſo ſick, ſo crazie, ſo full of Quames, and ſwoonings. Betake thee to a Prayer! Waken that ſleepy Heart of thine! Will it, nill it! Lift up thy Hands! And, though but a good Thought with it! Chriſt will hear thy Faith, when it cryeth in thy Boſome. Cry out with failing *Peter* on, yea ſinking in the troubled Waters. Lord, help! or I periſh! Chriſt then takes thee by the Hand preſently. Let thy Heart, Thy fainting heart, claſpe Faith! Faith will lay hold on Chriſt, and Chriſt becomes, thy ſtrength, thy Saviour, thy Redeemer. *Quod oportet, Lex minando imperat; Quod fidei, Lex credendo impetrat.* What belongs to Duty the Law commands under a Penalty; what belongs to Faith, the Law demands, mercy deſires by believing.

Say! Complaine! Confeſs then as the Church in the Canticles to thy Saviour! Look not upon me, becauſe I am black, becauſe the Sun hath looked upon me! My Mother's Children were angry with me: They made me keeper of the Vineyards, but mine own Vineyard have I not kept. Tell me, O thou, whom my Soul loveth! where thou feedeſt, where thou makeſt thy flock to reſt at noon! For, why ſhould I be as one that turneth aſide by the flocks of thy Companions? Is

he

he the Roſe of Sharon? and the Lillie of the Vallies? Cry'thou then! The Fig-tree putteth forth her green leaves, and the Vines with the tender Grape give a good ſmell; Ariſe, My Love! My Fair One! and come away! O my Dove, that art in the Clefts of the Rock! In the ſecret places of the ſtaires! Let me ſee thy Countenance! Let me hear thy Voice! For ſweet is thy Voice, and thy countenance is comely. Take us the Foxes! The little Foxes! that ſpoile the Vines! For our Vines have tender Grapes. Thy Neck is like the Tower of *David*, builded for an Armory, whereon there hang a Thouſand Bucklers; All ſhields of mighty men.

What though thou beeſt at a loſs? thy Faith grows ſtronger; more earneſt. What, if thou canſt not find him? What though thou call'ſt Him, and He gives thee no Anſwer? What though the Watchmen; that go about the City find thee? ſmite thee? wound thee? and the Keepers of the Wall take away the Vaile from thee? On ſtill! Thou ſhalt find him in an humble walk; When thou goeſt down into the Garden of Nets, whither he is gone to ſee the Fruits of the Valley, and to ſee whether the Vine flouriſhed, and the Pomegranates budded, Or ever thou art aware, thy Soul makes thee, as the Chariots of Amminadab, thy faith wil run ſwiftly unto him, and call after him: Return! Return, O Shulamite? Return! Return, that we may look upon thee! What will ye ſee in the Shulamite? As it were the Company of two Armies. Thou art then thy Beloved's; and His deſire is towards Thee.

Now, beloved Chriſtian, hold faſt thy Faith! Part not with it! Part with thy Life firſt! Which Thou muſt pay; But not with thine own Hand. Believe, and Live!

CANTO,

CANTO. VIII.

The Campe of Reſolution.

1.

REviving Soul, march on! The Day is clear!
To Reſolution's Camp now draw'ſt thou neer.
Some ſculking Enemies behold!
But other ſome, picqueiring, bold,
At Circumſpection's Scouts do diſappear.
Thick Woods, looſe Boggs the Paſſions hold;
Whence quick excurſions they make out;
And oft their Multitude is manly fought;
Oft foil'd, diſcover'd by the quick-ey'd Maſter-Scout.

2.

From Vice's ſtrengths are frequent Inrodes made.
Sterne Injury, arm'd Impudence invade
High Reſolution's well-kept Field:
But his ſtout men do ſcorn to yeild.
Temerity does fleeing looſe his Blade;
Which Self-Opinion, Name to gild,
With cunning folly ſeeks to own;
To Pride, as if redeem'd by Him, tis ſhown.
Poor Cowardiſe committeth theft in night, unknown.

3.

Wild paſſions muſter oft themſelves amain;
March quick with hot Incurſion on the plain.
Wrath leads as Van; Revenge, as Rear;
As Battaile pride; No ranks keeps Fear.
For Marſhal Fury counteth Order vain.

Hatred

Hatred does charge; And Envy tear;
Black Treaſon moveth up, and down;
Rebellion's Drums, and Trumpets Noiſe do drown.
But Slander fights behind. The warre's for vertue's Crown.

4.

Oft does their cunning ſeem to make Retreate.
They counterfeit a flight to arm'd Deceite,
In Ambuſh cloſe by Treaſon laid.
To cut of any, ſo betray'd.
Field-Marſhal prudence voideth ſuch Defeat.
Diſcover'd, broke, they flie, diſmai'd.
Ambition leaves his tired Horſe;
And prodigality doth run his courſe;
In Bogge Vain-glory dropps, Thus ſcatt'reth Vice's Force.

5.

From Idleneſs, ſo ſick, within her Den,
Sloth could not come. It was not held fit then.
But Jealouſie did often ſhow;
Intemp'rance too, that ſtill does grow;
And apiſh Novelty, that pleaſeth Men;
Ingratitude Friends wu'd not know;
And Curioſity did ſtay;
Oft peeping through a hedged narrow way.
Ill Education likewiſe was in Field this day.

6.

Proſperity, Adverſity aſide did ſtand.
Voluptu'ouſneſs made neer to proſper's Band;
Deſpaire then to advorſo ran,
Deſiring Him to ſave the man.
For thoſe faire Quarter held on Either Hand.
At home did ſwearing ban;
And Covetiſe at home did hide
Among his Bagges, that covered every ſide;
And ſuperfluity, with many more, that there abide.

How

7.

How bravely Reſolution took his Ground!
From Vertue's ports did bounding Troupes abound,
Dexterity the Right Wing led;
And to the Left was Courage Head.
'Fore Bataile Reſolution, while, Trumps ſound.
Judgement's Reſerve behind was ſpred.
At Signal given, the Charge was ſtout!
And Execution's Ordnance lan'd the Rout:
How Vice's Force fell, fled, as this great Gallant fought.

8.

They can but Tory now, th' are grown ſo weak.
A party ſoon their ragged Troups will break.
As None, ſo inſolent, as they,
In power; once faln, ſmall Lets will ſtay
And block their malice, though they'd miſchief wreak.
On! To the Camp without Delay.
There being ſafe, thine Eye may tell
Thine Underſtanding, All in Order dwell.
For every Hut is plac't in Rows near's Colonel.

9.

And thoſe are five, fit counſellors of war.
Gra've Judgement; He waeighs things as juſt they are.
Deliberation Time perpends.
Means Diſpoſition points to Ends.
Diſcretion mindeth, what may mend or mar.
Straight Moderation wrong things bends.
And Conſcience ſits Judge Advocate;
And confidence is ſecret Clarke of State;
And Vigilance is Captaine of the Guards, when late.

10.

The Ammunition's Commiſſarie's place
Wiſe converſation, that is weary, has.

O'th'

O'th' Victuals Commiſſary is
Quick providence, prevents Amiſs.
Humanity is Herald with a Grace.
O're Pioners Captaine Labour is.
Fidelity repayres the Workes.
Within which None, that's not employ'd well, lurks.
All Duty do perform, as Chriſtians 'gainſt the Turkes.

11.

The Huts in Streets are plac't; to 'th' General
As Heart in Body, that gives Life to All;
At Each ſtreet's end's the Captain's Tent.
His Colours there ſtand ſhot, and rent;
Whoſe Trump, or Drum his Language is to call
By ſound, or Beat they knowe's Intent.
But mark! The Camp's A ſtrength, well made.
Ten Curtaines ſcowre the Bulwarke's Face, and Shade.
Scarpe, Parapets, Graffe, Counterſcarpe bid none invade.

12.

Five Ports there are (and Sent'res to Each Gate)
For Souldiers marching out, and in there at.
Each Draw bridge ore the Graffe does lie,
Where are fit Ordnances planted by;
Without round doth A Line circumvallate;
In which Tenailes, Redoubts you Spye.
Each Bulwark has Great Guns command.
In proper places Sentinels there ſtand.
To patience Dwelling now from hence we muſt disband.

PER-

PERSPECTIVE VIII.

A Camp is an Artificiall place of ſtrength: a Fortification for an Enemy, againſt an Army, anciently uſed by great Commanders and Generals, to ſecure their Souldiers, and the Train belonging to them. It is not *Ager*, a field for the Plough-ſhare, but *Campus*, a field of War, from whence this Word is derived. And a Camp is not a place of Defence, but of Offence, from whence Forces may annoy an Enemy. So ſometimes it is uſed by Militarie Power to ſit down before a Fort, Caſtle, Town, or City, to begirt, beſiege, diſtreſs, and take ſuch places by Aſſault, Surpriſe, or Stratagem.

Reſolution is the fixing of Courage, and the vigor of Fortitude; Here more eſpecially it is the Spirit, and Intentive ſtrength of Faith, a Chriſtian earneſtneſs of Mind ſet to perform Gods Commands, with a valiant Courage, maugre all reſiſtance, peril, or Temptation, as alſo to ſuffer therefore, and undergo upon all occaſions with an undanted mind, what Peril ſoever, Croſs, Calamity, or what Evill can betide, as alſo a determinate purpoſe to maſter and overcome the Paſſions, the treacherous Rebels of the Mind.

Fortitudo eſt Virtus pugnans pro æquitate, ſaies Cicero. Thus Reſolution is an Excellent Commander to Order the unruly Affections, to keep them to Duty. Such a Cæſar S. *Gregory* means in 8. Book of Morals, ſaying, *Fortitudo juſtorum eſt carnem vincere, propriis voluntatibus contraire, delectationem vitæ præſentis extinguere, hujus mundi aſpera pro æternis præmiis amare, proſperitatis blandimenta contemnere, adverſitatis malum in corde ſuperare.* The Gallantry of a Chri-

Christians Resolution, is to Conquer the Flesh, to withstand Inbred Appetite, to oppose natural desires, to combate, and overthrow our own Inclinations, to delight in hardship, for Heavens sake, and to make nothing of the Thorns and Rubs of this World for the Reward of hereafter; to contemn the blandishments, and smoothings of Prosperity, and with a noble heart to tread upon, and scorn the fear of Adversity. Hence is the Canto stil'd *The Camp of Resolution.*

1. *Reviving Soul*] Is as one that hath swounded, is fetcht again with Hot Waters: or as a condemned person, that has newly obtain'd his Pardon; So the Soul is raised from death to life, from sin to grace by Regeneration of Faith, by being New-born in Christ, whereby it rejoyceth in the Comforts of the Spirit.

March on! We proceed in a Christian course with cheerfulness.

The day is clear] To the visibility of Faith, there is a shining forth of the Truth; Christ is made manifest unto us.

To Resolutions Camp now drawst thou near) Thou approacheſt, and obtaineſt strength, and abilitie to Performance to do, or endure; thou hast gotten well onward to the Power of Resistance of Temptations.

Some skulking Enemies behold!) Consider thy Corrupt Inclinations, and the subtilty of Temptations; observe the rising of thy Passions.

But other some picqueiring hold) Picqueiring is by small numbers of Horse, which are termed Parties, go forth from their Camp, Garrison, or Quarters, either to seek booty, or to surprize careless Enemies; or to fetch in Scouts of the Enemie for Intelligence; or to discover the manner of the Enemies Posture; or to beat up Quarters, and to give Alarum; Sometimes to dare the Enemy, and to seek to draw him out,

and engaging him by offering to fetch in ſomewhat that is in his eye, which in Honour he muſt not part with; therefore are ſuch Adventurers ſaid to be bold.

At Circumſpection's Scouts do diſappear) Temptations and Affronts of the World are not forward to appear, when watchfulneſs is in the Thoughts, and warineſs attends the Senſes, and Actions, that nothing be done *inconſulte*, without conſideration; That the ends of Intentions, and Purpoſes, be look't upon through Deſires prompting to them, which are their beginnings. Temptations vaniſh when they are thus taken notice of.

Thick Woods) Ignorance bewildes, and faſcinates with their gloomineſs, and Briars. The Shadineſs denote the ſtupidity of Ignorance: the thickneſs with Thorns and Rubbage, ſhows the many michiefs, and diſadvantages which accompany the ſame. Here is a diſcovery how Paſſions lurking in us, watch their opportunities to carry us out of our ſelves. Ignorance is the ſtrength wherein Paſſions neſtle and inhabit.

Looſe Boggs) Are the deceitfulneſs, and pollution of ſin, and temptations that prevail, when they dwell in an Enthralled Mind, they hold it faſt, and cleave to it, that it is hard to get out of their hands, theſe ſwallow in mire thoſe that lay faſt in them, and throw dirt at thoſe that part from them. Temptations keep a correſpondence with corrupt Affections.

Whence quick Excurſions they make out) Come ſuddenly upon us to ſurprize us. Excurſion is a ſudden and ſpeedy Marching out of Horſe upon Command into the Enemies Countrey, to ſurpriſe and diſadvantage them, and to fetch in Pillage, Forrage and Proviſions.

And oft their multitude) Sins Temptations are very numerous, and give very frequent onſets.

Is manly fought) With Chriſtian Courage, to Reſiſt, and

and beat back; *Principiis obſta*, to foil them in their firſt advance, or at leaſt to overthrow them in their Charge.

Oft foil'd, diſcover'd by the quick-ey'd Maſter Scout) By Circumſpection, and diligent Watchfulneſs. *Watch, leſt ye enter into Temptation*, Our Saviours advice.

2. *From Vices ſtrengths*) The World, the Fleſh, and the Devel; corrupt Affections giving way, and the Paſſions Aſſiſting.

Are frequent Inrodes made) Invaſions, as an Enemy advancing into a Countrey, into contrary Quarters, with Regiment, Brigade, or ſome more conſiderable Army.

Stern injury) Wrong has a ſullen look, and a Churliſh hand, ſparing none.

And Impudence invade) So bold is ſin, and ſo little out-countenance Temptation.

High Reſolutions well-kept Field) Temptations think to give an unlookt for On-ſet, and to Daunt or Abate Chriſtian Courage: But that is too high for their Attempts, too great to be diſadvantaged, becauſe it is received from above; and the Camp is too ſtrong, the mind is better compoſed and fortified, the Affections are in better order, than to have ſuch weakneſs as to be liable to much diſadvantage. The Field well kept is by aſſiſting Grace.

But his ſtout men do ſcorn to yield) The Chriſtians affections are better bent; they account it a diſhonour to their Calling and Profeſſion to give ground, or to cry Quarter! They ſerve the power of the onely ſtrength; their's is an honourable ſervice; they ſcorn to yeild to Outlaws, Runnagates, and the weaker force of a baſe Enemy.

Temerity does flying loſe his Blade) Raſhneſs loſeth both Honour and Power. Suddain Temptations againſt Pious Reſolution, ſoon loſe their weapons.

Self opinion) A diſcovery of the baſeneſs of Pride, and the Folly of Self-opinion like the mad man in Athens that thought all the Ships were his own that came into the Har-

bour. It would own others worth, having none it ſelf: here alſo it ſhews how ſubject that ſin is to lying. *Superbia & Cupiditas ſi tantum eſt unum, ut nec ſapientia ſine cupiditate, nec ſine ſuperbia cupiditas poſſit inveniri*, ſaith S. *Bernard*. Pride, and deſire of having are ſo much as one, as neither overweening be found without too much craving, nor the too much deſire of having be entertaind with too much craving.

Poor Cowardize) As baſeneſs of Spirit is impoveriſhed by every Intruder, ſo what it gains it is by ſtealth, and in the dark, and ſo does it operate upon weak mindes. Thus Temptations would impede Reſolution by debilitating Courage, with ſtealing upon it in the dark, undream't of, by preſenting the ſhaddows of intereſts and Relations. Cowardiſe doth reaſon politickly, and like a Juggler.

3. *Wild paſſions muſter oft themſeves amain*) Temptations reinforce, they will not give over for once, or twice, making a Chriſtians Life a continual war-fare: they come ſtill on, and encreaſe their Troops upon us, and then add more ſtrength, when they find themſelves moſt reſiſted. *Nulla ſunt ſine tentationum experimentis opera virtutis; nulla ſine perturbationibus fides; nullum ſine hoſte certamen; nulla ſine congreſſione victoria* But there can be no good works, without the experiments of, and trials by temptations; there can be no Faith, without conflicts and vexations; there can be no Combat without an Enemy; there can be no Victory without an Encounter.

March quick with hot incurſion on the plain) Tentations are here arrayed in battel, their motion is ſwift, their encounter is very furious, and they come on upon ſmooth ground, the place makes them think themſelves and their violence of motion, and exceſs of malice, which is their falſe Valour, makes them think to have the better on't: Now or never they think to gain the Prize; for if Reſolution takes place, fare-

farewel ſtaggering of Faith. The field is open, and they conſider not the Reſerve, nor who it is that backs him; that power is unſeen.

Wrath leads as Van) Wrath has the command of the firſt body, and he is likelieſt to carry it; he thinks to rout the whole man; For does wrath when he breaks into him. *Nihil inter inſanum & iratum eſt, non una dies; alter ſemper inſanit, alter ſemper iraſcitur.* There is no difference between a wrathfull, and a mad man, not a day; For the one is alwaies mad, and the other ever angry. Wrath thinks to tear Reſolutions force in pieces, as Tygers rend their Prey. They need not have a madder head.

Revenge as Rear) Revenge comes ſlow; it ſteals behind the heart of Man. It is hard to pull out *Cains* ſin, it is ſo deep in us; and when it has been thrown out, it would fain encompaſs us, or get in at the Poſtern.

As battel pride) He indeed makes his delight to Domineer over the whole Body, yea, and Spirit too, but then he is moſt dangerous He muſt ride, and in a Chariot too, which has theſe four Horſes to draw it. *Amor dominandi*, Deſire of Command; *Amor propriæ laudis*, Love of his own praiſe; *Contemptus*, Deſpiſing others; *Inobedientia*, Rebellion. His Chariots Wheels are Boaſting, and Arrogance; Verboſity and Levity. His Charioteer is the Spirit of Pride, and he is never without his Zanies, which he hurries therein along with him, even to the overthrow of others, and thoſe are are *Amatores mundi*, the lovers of the World. *Infrænes ſunt Equi; volubiles rotæ; auriga perverſus; & qui portatur, infirmus.* The Horſes are unbridled; the wheels are ever turning; the Charioteer is madder then his Horſes; and the Flatterers that are thus hurried want as much of underſtanding as they do of Reſolution.

No Ranks Keeps Fear) *Multos in ſumma pericula miſit venturi timor ipſe mali. Fortiſſimus ille eſt, qui promptus me-*

tuenda patitur. The very Fear of approaching Evil hath driven many into miſerable Dangers. *Fear* cannot be kept in order and by chance wu'd break Reſolution's Ranks, becauſe he cannot Keep his own.

For Marſhall Fury counteth Order Vain) Such is the opinion of a Mad man. A fitt Marſhal for ſuch a diſordred Army.

Hatred does charge) Hatred is a Great Accuſer, It is ſo much the better that he is an open Enemy, *Pejora ſunt tecta odia, quam aperta, et agnoſci amat, qui odium oſtendit.* Concealed Malice is worſe than that which is declared, He ſeems to crave pardon that diſcovers an intended ill turn. *Here* Hatred is taken to preſſe upon Reſolution to weaken it. Hatred Viſits like Job's *Friends* not to try his *Faith* but to ſhake it.

And Envie tear) *Fuge Invidiam, quæ non ſolum alienos, verum multò magis eum, quem poſſiderit, lacerare conſuevit.* Take heed of Envie! For *She* not once rendeth ſtrangers, but teareth much more whenſoere She does poſſeſſe.

Black Treaſon moveth up and down) He caſteth about to gain advantages and to deſigne againſt Religious Reſolution.

Rebellion's Drums &c.) Tumults and *Noiſes* are rai ed to ſhake Reſolution. This kind of Temptations makes uſe of ſtreperous Muſick to diſcompoſe more ſettled thoughts.

But Slander fights behind) *Dentes dicti ſunt à demendo, Ideò pulchræ linguæ detrahentium dentes vocantur; Quia ſicut illi ciborum partes demunt; ita et iſtæ opiniones hominum corrodunt.* Teeth are called ſo from taking away. Therefore are the ſlippery Tongues called Teeth: Becauſe as they divide the Parts of meats, ſo detractors do tear the good names of men: and in the worſt manner ever wounding them unſeen.

The War's for Vertue's Crown) To rob the *Soul* of hope of Happineſſe.

4. *Oft*

4. *Oft does their Cunning seem to make Retreat*) Discovering the Subtlety of the Temptations of the three Grand Enemies of Christian piety, the World, the Flesh, and the Devill.

Here the Vices are rallied first, because they are the invaders of the souls Rest and Comfort.

Field Marshall Prudence Voydeth such Defeat) Prudence here is taken for Providence. *Providentiâ Dei omnia gubernantur; et quæ putatur pœna, medicina est.* By the Providence of God are All things marshall'd and govern'd: And happy is it so. For that which Evill men account a Punishment is the best Physick.

Discover'd, broke, they fly, dismaid) Grace Assisting Faith, gives strength to Resolution to break them, having discover'd their wicked Policies.

Ambition leaves his tired Horse) He rides post for his Ends, but having wearied himself, and his Agents, he either is thrown or so rowted that he is compelled to leave what was his Advancement, his Honours, and seeks safety among the Vulgar.

And Prodigalitie doth run his Course) Here Vices and Sins are mentioned as the Punishers of themselves.

In Bog Vainglory drops) A Swelling Vice is like a Tumour in the Body that when it breaks shewes nothing but rottenesse which is a Punishment agreeable to the Folly.

Thus Scatt'reth Vice's Force) This is the best Conclusion of Wickednesse.

5. *From Idleness so sick*) Idleness moves like stone towards Imployment, And is sick of doing nothing.

Sloth could not come &c.) Sloth is inseparable from Idleness.

But Jealousie did often show) Jealousie is ever stirring.

Intemp'rance too, that still does grow) Intemperance foolishly discovers it self. It increaseth still upon those, that entertain her.

And Apiſh Novelty, that pleaſeth men) And this no conſiderable Enemy againſt pious Reſolution, one not to be neglected. Novelty of Opinions, Newes, and the like do very much endanger the ſettlement of a Religious mind.

Ingratitude Friends wu'd not Know) This is an Enemy to the whole man. This wu'd cut off the Hands of reſolution, and kill the Heart of Charity; A declar'd Foe to Grace; This is as forgetful of giving Thanks, as craving handed to receive Curteſies, as evill minded to return Injuries.

And Curioſity did ſtay) Here is the Deſcription of the nature of Curioſity, as of the reſt of the Vices; *quærit in rem abſ ondiram*, No going without prying into ſome ſecret. But while this is ſo buſie in others Quarters, no notice is taken of the weakneſſe on's own Guard. Curioſity Seldom parts with him that will entertain him.

Oft peeping through a hedged narrow way) *Curioſitas foras egreditur, et exterius omnia conſiderat, qui ſic interna deſpicit, præterita non reſpicit, præſentia non inſpicit, futura non proſpicit.* Curioſity has much buſineſſe abroad, and takes ſtrict notice of what's not it's own buſineſſe, of what's without; But he that deſpiſeth what's within, regards not what is paſt, and is as careleſſe of what is preſent, as he is mindleſſe of what is to come. Upon thoſe things that God has turn'd the Key, man ſhould not temper with the Lock. Some things are placed in their ſtraight Limits upon purpoſe, that they ſhould not be common. And others are placed in the dark that they ſhould not tempt an Eye; And ſome have a Clowd as a Curtain drawn before them, leſt their Glory ſhould ſtrike blind, if not deſtroy. Satiſfied Curioſity is a ſubtle Enemy to a Chriſtian Reſolution.

Ill Education likewiſe was in Field this Day] Though ill Education be not a Vice it ſelf, yet it is Vice's Intimate, and much acquainted, therefore cannot be out of ſin's Company, whereſoever it goes. Want of godly Nur-

of

ture is a dangerous means of bringing Adverſaries upon Piety.

6. *Proſperity, Adverſity aſide did ſtand*] Theſe are Evils in themſelves. Theſe are Hermaphrodites *utriuſque Sexus.* They neither Friends, but as they are uſed or abus'd, ſo declare.

Voluptuouſneſs made neer to proſpers Band] Yet it is a difficult thing for proſperity not to exceed. Pleaſure is often tickling the Elbow of proſperity.

Deſpaire then to Adverſe ran] It is ſtill attempting a miſerable condition.

Deſiring him to ſave the Man] By this ſeeming contrariety of ſpeech is expreſſed the Viperous nature of Deſpaire that ſpeaks to deſtroy by being nouriſht, alluding to the Fable of the Countrieman, and the Snake in *Æſop*, whoſe commiſeration had like to have coſt him dear. He brings the dying Snake unto the fire, where reviving it is ready to ſting him for his kindneſs.

For theſe fair Quarter held on either hand] Neuters as they are declar'd Foes, ſo they are no certaine Friends.

At home did ſwearing banne] This Sin curſeth it ſelf; And is it's own Chief puniſher. It keeps within it's Circle like a conjurer, and too often raiſeth the Devil. Sin is not ſo much as a ſeeming good to any, and a great miſchief to it ſelf.

And Covetiſe at home did hide] It lives as though it lived not, like a Snaile in his ſhell in Winter. Hiding here is the neglect of uſe of what it has. A curſe that attends it; Therefore is the Covetous properly plac't next him, that uſeth Execrations. As the one raps out Oaths, the other rams in Bags; Both are converſant with their gods.

Among his Baggs, that cover'd every ſide] Theſe are the gods of Covetouſneſs and his protection. *Quantum nummorum habet in arca, tantum habet & fidei.* Cheſt and Conſci-

ence

ence fill and empty alike. Heres no Religion without an Idoll.

And Superfluity with many more, that there abode] Exorbitancy has all his Rooms fill'd with wickedneſs. A divel is in every corner.

7. *How bravely Reſolution took his Ground*] Here follows in this Stanza the Deſcription of the Army of Vertues, and how they behaved themſelves in the Battaile. They are deſcribed laſt; becauſe they keep the Field; and in this Chriſtian matter of moment obtain the Victory.

It is no leſs Judgement, then Advantage for a General to chooſe the beſt Ground, as well as to gain the Wind and the Sun for ſo great a Diſpute, as that of A Field. That Ground is faith, upon which Reſolution cannot faile.

From Vertue's ports did bounding Troops abound] The Ports are places here from whence Aſſiſtance is ſent. So prayers by obtaining from above do ſend freſh ſtrengths to ſecond and ſupply the weakneſs of our ſpirits. Whereupon they are ſtil'd bounding Troops. For as a bounding Horſe doth riſe from Ground and charge, doth jump upon the Earth; Prayers mounting up to heaven come ſwiftly down with obtained Bleſſings. Mounting Troops ſignifie alſo rejoycing in Spirit, which always accompany holy Reſolution.

Dexterity the Right Wing led] We muſt in the firſt place uſe our beſt skill, and Activity to move every way, if we mean to reſolve well. Dexterity leads alſo the Right wing for his agility, and quickneſs. Tis beſt to reſolve well betimes.

And to the Left was Courage Head] The left is ſaid to be next the Heart.

'Force Battail Reſolution, while Trumps ſound] To animate all the Spirits againſt ſo great and violent a contention.

Judgement's Reſerve behind was ſpread] All occaſions of doing

doing good are to be placed near; but the only and maine aſſiſtance is that from above, to rely upon Chriſt by Faith then want we not aſſiſting Grace.

At ſignal giv'n the Charge was ſtout] This contention betwixt the Soul and Satan with all his Temptations of the Fleſh, and the World are reſembled here to the Form of drawing up in Battalia, and the ſtriking of a Battail, wherein the ſignal muſt firſt be given, and then the violence of the Charge begins as here betwixt theſe Mortal and Spiritual Enemies.

And Execution's Ordnance lan'd the Rout] Obedience to God's commands cutts down Temptations. It is ſaid, lan'd the Rout, from the Force of Ordnances that cutteth through bodies of men, and numbers of Souldiers, making void ſpaces like Lanes; Or from deſtroying ſin.

How Vice's Force fell! fled! as this great Gallant fought!] When pious Reſolution beſtirs himſelf and draws up his ſtrength of Faith, the World forſakes us, the fleſh faileth, and is diſcomfortned; And the Devil takes his flight.

8. *They can but tarry now*] This eight Stanza deſcribes, how weak Temptations will appear, when Reſolution hath got the Day; Leſs Oppoſition then ſo it be continued and watch kept, will keep off rebellious Temptations; denoting alſo the baſe Nature of ſuch enemies, their inſolence and Cowardiſe, concluding it with an Invitation of the Pilgrim to Reſolution's Camp, both for ſafety and Refreſhment; as alſo whetting deſire to go and take notice of the Excellency of Reſolution, and the happineſs of that Place (which intimates the whole man) wherein he hath Reſidence; how well all things are ordered under him; And needs they muſt, being under Gods Guidance and Bleſſing. Diſcovering in the cloſe the ſafety and Beauty of Obedience.

9. *And thoſe are five, fit Counſellors of War*] A wiſe few are enough for a counſail. Here every one ſpeaks his own interpre-

interpretation in this Stanza, deciphering what vertues are neceſſary to ſo excellent Reſolution; Beginning the relation of the Commanders and Officers in the Camp, which is the Heart.

10. The Traveller, or Guide proceeds in the relation of the former Stanza, mentioning the ſeveral Offices, and at laſt ſpeaks the purpoſe of all this, which is, to make good the Spiritual Warfare, to maintaine Religion, and not to ſhrink in a good cauſe.

11. *The Huts in ſtreets are plac't to'th' General*] The Generals Tent is pitcht in the midſt of the Campe, to be fit to command and regard all Parts: The Heart is this Tent, Reſolution the General; ſeveral Graces are his Officers, ſeveral operations are the Huts, and Affections are the Souldiers. The Colours are the Croſs, the Drum and Trumpet is the Preaching of the Word that directs to Armes and encourages to the fight. The Campe is the whole man. Ten Curtains are obedience to the Ten Commandments, which is accepted as performed by a working Faith through Chriſt. Scarpe is reſiſtance of Evil, Parapets cheerfulneſs in working, Graffe Mortification of our Members; Counterſcarpe Deſpiſing of Dangers, All which forbid Invaſion, and make the ſtrength of Reſolution impregnable againſt Temptation.

12. *Five Ports there are*] The Five Senſes are the Five Ports.

And Sent'res to each Gate] Several ſorts of Warines, according their ſeveral places. Steadfaſtneſs of Look watcheth the Eyes. Averſion from Evil Diſcourſe guardeth the Ears. Abſtinence attend the Taſt, and Lipps. Innocence prevents the ſent of Pleaſures, and Integrity keeps the hands from touching Foul things. Theſe ſuffer none to paſs without The Word. The Draw-bridge is the Tongue, which is drawn by ſilence, and let down by Reaſon. The Ordnance planted by its Severity.

Without

Without round doth a Line circumvallate] This alludes to an outward ſtrength made by Engineers according to Generals Commands about their Camps, eſpecially uſed when they ſet down before Towns at their intended Leaguers: and are to prevent the invading, or relieving Enemy from doing them ſudden injury, as alſo from too much ſtreightning their Camp, and this is done by an out-line at Proper diſtance, and according unto proper form and place in proportion to their Camp, and number of Force; Which Line is termed the Line of Circumvallation, as about a Town the Garriſon and Force in it draw a Line of Communication to ſecure themſelves againſt a Leaguer upon an Enemy ſitting down before them, and encamping upon them. This Line has Tenails at fit diſtance to ſtrengthen the Line; alſo Redoubts, both which have Curtains to ſcowre their Faces. Tenails are Triangular Fortifications; Redoubts are ſquare Forts for Courts of Guard. This Line is that of Circumſpection. Tenails are prevention of occaſions of Evil, and the Redoubts are Conſultation not to admit any thing raſh, on the oppoſition of evil. Thus you ſee how much work is required to a Chriſtian Reſolution.

Moral VIII.

Reſolution is from Fortitude. Fortitude from God. The Lord be praiſed for ever and ever: For Wiſedom and ſtrength

ſtrength are his. *Dan.* 2. 20. Whoſoever is endued with true Virtue is valiant: And whoſoever is valiant ſo, neither raſhly dareth, nor inconſiderately feareth. He is the right valiant Man that can be temperate, will be moderate, and dares be juſt.

Excellently ſingeth Divine *Boëtius, de conſol lib.* 3. *metr.* 5. ***Expreſs.***

Qui ſe volet eſſe potentem,
Animos domet ille feroces;
Nec victa libidine colla
Fœdis ſubmittat habenis.
Etenim licet Indica longè
Tellus tua jura tremiſcat,
Et ſerviat ultima Thule;
Tamen atras pellere curas,
Miſeraſq; fugare querelas
Non poſſe, potentia non eſt.

Who great wu'd ſwell his name,
Fierce Paſſions let him tame,
Not yield his conquerd Creſt
To Luſt, by baſe Reins preſt.
For though far Indies ground
Shu'd quake, when that doth ſound,
At Diſtance *Thule* obeys;
Yet if thou canſt not raiſe
Cares ſtorming ſiege, nor caſt
Griefs far, No power thou haſt.

The Ten Half-Moons to the Ten Bulwarks of Reſolution, are theſe.

1 *Malum*

1. *Malum eſt cedere malis, & iis libertatem ſuam dedere.*

It is a miſchief to give place to evils, and to ſubject our liberties to ſuch Tyrants.

2. *Magnum eſt Malum ferre non poſſe Malum, & infœlix eſt, qui ferre nequit infelicitatem.*

It is a greater miſchief not to be able to undergo Evil, and he is very unhappy that cannot endure misfortune.

3. *Æquus animus, & bona conſcientia eſt optimum ærumnæ condimentum.*

A patient mind, and a quiet conſcience are the beſt ſeaſoners of Troubles.

4. *Res adverſæ nulli ſunt malæ, niſi repugnanti, & aſpera placidè ferendo leniuntur.*

Adverſity is not evil to any, but him that reſiſts it. Harſh things are ſmoothed up by a gentle bearing.

5. *Calamitas eſt efficere virtutis gymnaſium.*

Calamity is a ſtrong exerciſe of Virtue.

6. *Roſa inter ſpinas, inter difficultates virtus, inter curas gloria.*

The Roſe amidſt the Prickles, among difficulties Virtue, and in a crowd of cares hovereth Glory.

7. *Miſeros meliora ſequentur.*

Better things attend thoſe that are in miſery.

8. *Fortiter ille facit, qui miſer eſſe poteſt.*

He doth command, not undergo,
That calmly ſteers in ſtorms of wo.

9. *Si in unum evicti, cuncta ſua mala contuliſſent, futurum ut propria deportare domum, quam aliena eligere mallent.*

If every man were agreed to bring to one heap all their burthens, he would rather load himſelf again home, then carry anothers.

10. *Homo timidus, ipſe ſibi maledicit.*
A faint Heart gives the denial to his own hope.

Prospect VIII.

The maimed Trunks of Civil Wars,
Do dye with wounds, and live with ſcars.
Their reckleſs Fury does undo
Next man. For blindneſs knows not, who.
The Brother tilts his Brother through.
The Sacred Beds forget their Vow.
The impious Son with dagger ſtands
Againſt his Father, and s Commands.
The Mother ſhreeks to ſee her child
By cruel hands of Life deſpoild.
The Temples ſteely Fiſts prophane,
And hither, thither troopeth Bane.
Yea, Sacriledge, that ſin of ſins,
Does graſp, yet loſes, what it wins.
Amazement is in every eye,
Not knowing, how to live, or dye.
Such ſtorms ſtern Paſſions often raiſe.
When Reaſons down, what then obeys?
Religion gone, All Death involve.
In Queſt of both 'tis beſt Reſolve.

CONSOLATORY ESSAY. VIII.

VIrtue is the refining of Nature to an Eminence; a leading her up to the Top, to perfection; and not onely an Extraction of her to a Quinteſſence, but a Direction likewiſe, and impulſion of the mind to the obtaining of what is moſt excellent. She was, if not the Philoſophers Goddeſs, as it were their Good Angel, their *Bonus genius*, to find the True God out by. Thoſe Athenians in the Acts of the Apoſtles had ſet a pretty ſtep to Heaven-ward, when but ſo far as an Altar to an unknown God. There was a blind acknowledgement in that; and we find it ſoon followed, and had ſo far obtained Grace, that S. *Paul* came to them with the Revelation of the true one, Jeſus Chriſt. For whom they ignorantly worſhipt, Him did he ſhew unto them.

Make a ſtand then! And view ſo fair a Ladie! She is worthy of a look. For ſhe is very beautiful. There is a Legitimate Faſcination: Look upon her! Eye her well in her Phyſiognomy! her Symmetrie! Form! Mein! and Stature! She is not Fair onely, but very comely. Thou loſeſt not by it, if thou falleſt in Love. She is the beſt Miſtreſs. The moſt amicable ſweet-heart.

Look upon her Head! So conſider her in her Intellectuals! Haſt thou ſeen a plaited or ribbed Picture, repreſenting it ſelf at ſome diſtance in divers forms, and ſeveral Figures, as thy Station hath changed from one ſide to that other in the Room as then placed? Such does ſhe thus appear unto thee. In a Notional, Contemplative, and Theorical manner, thou beholdeſt her to be Wiſ[illegible]m. In the Practical, Prudence.

Obſerve her body! So thou look'ſt upon in her Morals. So maiſt thou read Juſtice in her Will, whoſe beſt and ſoundeſt parts decline from Evil, are forward and ready to do Good. Whoſe ſubjective Parts (which are her Species) are General, or Particular. So appears ſhe diſtributive in her Reward; In her Puniſhments. Commutative too, in Bargain, Sale, and the reſt. Whoſe potential parts are Religion, Piety, Obſervance, Obedience, Truth, Gratitude, Liberality, Affability, Friendſhip.

As ſhe is Moral you may conſider her in her concupiſcible appetite. Then call her Temperance, adorn'd with bluſhing ſhamefaſtneſs, and innocent honeſty; with the Neck-lace of Abſtinence, ſtomacher of Sobriety, Girdle of Chaſtity, and Garment of Modeſty.

Her Companions at times are lovely Virgins. Continencie handeth Courteſie; Clemency Meekneſs; Humility ſtudious Regard; Moderation Eutrapelia; Ornament Simplicity.

As thou look'ſt ſtill upon her Morals, mind her likewiſe in her Iraſcible Appetite! And thou muſt call her Fortitude, whoſe ſinewie, muſculous, and curious Limbs are Reſolution, or Magnanimity; Magnificence; Patience, and long-ſuffering; Perſeverance, and conſtancy.

So you ſee how all the reſt branch from, or depend upon theſe four Cardinals, as upon hinges, but they are Virtues. They are ſo call'd Cardinal *à Cardine*, a Hinge. Thou haſt ſeen Reſolutions Pedigree. He's Highborn, Grand-child to the Queen-Regent of the Mind, to virtue.

Wud'ſt thou know what he is? He is a Captain, he is a General, and fit to be ſo. He is both valiant, and active. He is not too haſty in the Order of his Deſigns; nor too ſlow in their Execution. But is ſteady in their ſettlement, as the Laws of the Medes, and Perſians, that were not to be revoked, not to be removed. He will through with his undertaking: No let muſt ſtop him: No Enemy gainſay him.

His

His aim is Noble; his end is Honourable: For that he ſtrives. Thither he muſt. He ſlights a Treaty with the Vices. He is accuſtomed to their ſpecious pretences; he underſtands their Rhetorick, and is acquainted with their Enticements. He knows the Golden Balls thrown in *Atalanta's* way. He reſiſts or diverts their purpoſes. He walks upright; and on ſtill.

Come hither then, Weak *B*rother! and take example! Haſt a *Vertigo* in thy Head? Like enough, It may be blown in by ſome New Doctrine. Haſt no certain Pulſe? nor Pace? Doeſt ſtagger up and down? Doeſt reel, like a Drunken Man? It may be ſo. There is a Drunkenneſſe in the Fancy. There is an Intoxication of the Underſtanding. Diſorderly Paſſions are the Ebriety of the mind. Is it ſo with thee? Take Reſolution to avoid Evill! Take Reſolution to do good! Thou ſhalt find a cure. Thou ſhalt become ſober. He, that is deſperate is a Coward. He, that is Reſolute, is Valiant.

Take Courage, Man! Put on Reſolution! Be a *Numantine*, in the better *S*enſe! And let not a *Scipio*, in the worſt, overcome thee! Loſe not thy Liberty, for the glory of a Chriſtian! O happy *Numantia* (*S*ayes that defeated Conquerour) which the Gods had decreed ſhould *Once* end, but Nere be vanquiſhed! Make good the Liberty, that God hath given thee! Be not led captive by Paſſion! though never ſo great. Let no torment debaſe thee! Let no Grief bring thee ſo low, as to committ any thing unbeſeeming a Noble Heart! Nor wiſh death! Nor fear it, when it comes! T'is terrible onely to Him, that thinks not of it, before it comes. Tis horrible to him that forceth and haſteneth it before it's Time.

Doeſt thou fear God? Obey Him! Forget him Not! Nor thy Self! Haſten not an End to Thoſe Dayes, that of themſelves do poaſt unto it! Let no Occaſion prompt A Lye to thee, to frame a baſe Excuſe, to blind, to tempt thee to

committ, which in it ſelf is not onely moſt Unlawful, but moſt abhominable! *Socrates* (that wiſe man) by the Light of Nature can tell thee ſo much, like a Divine: Thou muſt not ſuffer thy Soul to depart from the Sentery wherein ſhe is placed in this Body without the Leave of her Captain. So weighty a matter as Death (ſayes, the Divine among the Heathen, *Plato*) ought not to be in mans Power.

If thou find'ſt thy weakneſſe, fortifie thy Self by Degrees! Become Maſter but of One Reſolution! Thou maiſt become Maſter of thy Self by't. One ſtep is the meanes to move further upward; to raiſe thee to a lofty Room. Reſolve, thou wilt avoid One Oath! but One Hour! It may produce A Day. Reſolve, thou wilt not goe into that bad Company! But this Time! It may take thee off from Another. Reſolve, to deny thy Heart, but One unjuſt Requeſt! Mark, how it will cool from offering thee Another! If thou didſt not give the Devill encouragement, thou ſhouldſt not peradventure have his Cuſtom. Reſolve to ſay but One Prayer! Take that, which thy Lord hath taught thee! It is but a ſhort one, leſt it might ſeem irkſom to thee. Reſolve to ſay it humblie! In thy Heart! Reſolve to do it humblie! On thy Knees too! All Reverence of Soul, and Body is too little for ſo Great a Majeſtie. Whoſo wu'd chill thy Reverence, wu'd Kill thy Devotion; murder thy Prayer; and by Conſequence thy Soul. Have the Angels no Knees? thou haſt. Let thy Heart ſuit their Reverence! Let thine Intellectuall Nature do a like worſhip! Let thy Body perform it's own. O come let us fall down, and worſhip, and Kneel before the Lord Our Maker. For he is the Lord our God, and we are the People of his Paſture, and the Sheep of his Hands (this can not be remembred too often) Proſtrate then! The Humiliation of thy Body will humble thy Soul! It will abate the ſtrength of thy proud Fleſh.

Reſolve, as much as poſſibly thou canſt, to think of Nothing

thing then, but God, and thy Prayer! and thy ſelf in it to Him! Conceive, it is the Sacrifice of thy Soul! And that thou then diſcourſeſt with the Deitie! Think of thy Saviour more, than thy Sin! Doeſt ſee Another Law in thy members, warring againſt the Law of thy mind, and bringing thee into Captivity to the Law of Sin, which is in thy Members? And thereupon groaneſt out Saint Paul's words? O wretched Man, that I am! Who ſhall deliver me from the body of this Death! Seek to make his Application! I thank God through Jeſus Chriſt Our Lord, by whom we have now received the Atonement.

Reſolve One good Deed of Charitie! That will warme thy Heart, That may kindle a holy Flame in thy Soul. Reſolve to pray, as ſoon as thou awakeſt! So thou prevent'ſt Sin from taking Poſſeſſion. With the Pſalmiſt ſeek him early, in the morning! Run to thy knees at Noon Day! Or when any Temptation aſſaulteth thee! Reſolve, not to couch thy Head on thy Pillow, before thy Peace-Offering! And that thou beeſt to God and Man reconciled! Thy Bed may prove thy Grave. And there is a Reſurrection.

Reſolve againſt any Notorious Sin, whereof thine Own Conſcience ſhall arraign thee Guilty! Make A Covenant with thine Eyes! thine Eares! thy Lips! thy Hands! thy Feet! and thy Thoughts too! For theſe are the Tinder of Iniquity. Leave not God, till thou haſt obtained A Bleſſing! Wraſtle for it, as *Jacob*! He loves to be ſought. He delighteth to hear thee call upon Him; And is pleaſed to ſee a ſtout Champion; what thou ſeeſt, is not worth his Giving, if not worth Thy Contending for.

Strike thy Breaſt! That thy rockie Heart may be mollified; That it may have the comfortable Metamorphoſis from Stone to Fleſh! So ſhalt thou be reconciled to thy diſpleaſed Father; So Chriſt will own thee; will ſend the Comforter unto thee; And thy Body ſhall become the Temple of the

Holy Ghoſt. Thou ſhalt grow from grace to grace, even to Eternall Glorie.

Take up thine Arms then! With Them the Ingemination, that the Lord deliver'd to *Joſhua*! Be ſtrong! and of a good courage &c. Be ſtrong, and very courageous! that thou maiſt obſerue to doe according to All the *Law* &c. Turn not from it to the Right hand, or to the Left! that thou maiſt proſper, whither ſoever thou goeſt.

CANTO IX.

The Lodge of Patience.

1.

PAce ſoftly on! The Way is deep.
'Tis foul with Showers. The Clouds did weep.
Wade through that Slough! This thawed Clay!
That mires. This tires. Beſt, pick thy way.
Ore ſome deep Ditches thou muſt leap;
On bare foot paſſe ſharp Stones on heap.
Through furzie Queaches thou muſt goe;
That prick and wound from Head to Toe.
Mark Sun! and Thou thy Way ſhalt know.
Then com'ſt thou breathleſſe unto Sand;
An open Countrey and a barren Land.
'Tis there, The Lodge of Patience does on Crutches ſtand.

2.

It ſtands upon a Hillie Plain;
Where Camels Food with Labour gain;
On bitter Broom, on Wormwood, Gall,
On ſome ſowre Hearbs they diet All;

Both

Both They, and Patience, whom you ſee
Beſide her Lodge, beneath a Tree
That Palm with Shade to Her is Kinde.
She Smiles at Rufflings of the Winde.
On Stone ſhe ſits, her Head does binde.
An Eagle ſometimes does deſcend;
And layes a panting Dove down by his Friend.
With ſuch his Labour oft, her Commons he does mend.

3.

Beneath that Place there runs a Spring;
Whoſe Waters Sent from Brimſtone bring;
Yet is there wholſome Taſte moſt Sweet.
Her Wine it is, and Bath for Feet.
To be in Storms She much delights.
She's us'd to Goblins; Not to Frights.
Wilde Boars do ſometimes paſſe that Way;
And Tygres, that do ſeek for Prey.
At her they try, but dare not ſtay.
She drawes a Box, that's hid by Her,
When opening it forth flameth dreadful Fire;
At which, amated they, forſake her Then their vain Deſire.

4.

Her ſtilted crazie ſeeming Lodge
Has here a Patch, and there a Bodge,
Is lin'd with Adamant within,
To keep fierce Storms from breaking in.
The torne Thatch Cover o're her Head,
Beneath is floared all with Lead.
Two wide Doors are to South and North.
So Heat, and Cold come, and paſſe forth.
Their Malice ſhe counts little worth.
Her Chambers haunted are with Sprites;
That offer dreadful Viſits. Dayes and Nights
She ſings, or ſleeps ſecure, neglecting Fancies Frights.

5.

When Eyes uncloſe ſad Sights appear;
With threatning Dart grim Death ſeems near.
Ill Newes of all ſorts buzze in Ear,
And ſay, th'are Tokens ſent from Fear.
The Sprites do groan, and make a Noiſe,
Like ſtarving Pris'ners ſcreaming Voice.
With Scourges Others ſmartly ſtrike.
Another tears, what ſhe does like;
And 'gainſt her every where's a Pike.
All theſe ſhe feels; and foils by ſtay.
To ſpite them more ſhe fervently doth Pray.
They tremble Then, and roar; They vaniſh ſoon away.

6.

With ſober Pace abroad ſhe walks;
And with her Self, and Heaven ſhe talks;
From whence an Angel cometh down;
And ſhewes the Figure of a Crown;
A Vioi gives, of Cordial ſmell;
Of Eſſence 'tis for Her, not well.
At Sent whereof ſhe ſprings with Joy,
Which nothing after can annoy.
Such Comfort Miſchief can't deſtroy.
A Cot-Lamb skippeth by her Side.
Her Steps to harmleſſe Sports become a Guide.
Oft Diſadvantages ſhe meets, oft turns them quite aſide.

7.

Wilde Satyrs make their lewd Aſſaults.
Their Hairineſſe can't bluſh at Faults.
They mock; They mow; Like Dogs they bark;
And ſhe is robb'd by many'a Shark.
But ſtill unmov'd She mindes Above;
To that Place only points Her Love.

All

All other Trifles She doth ſcorn.
Her Noble Spirit's better borne.
She ſmiles at what wu'd make forlorn.
At Home She takes down Fortunes Wheel;
Forth-drawn Diſaſters ſhe doth ſpin, and reel.
To Providence ſhe gives the Web from Loom of Steel.

8.

Before Her Lodge a Column ſtands,
As by *Semiramis*'es Hands,
So vaſt, ſo high, of Marble made,
Nor Time, nor Tempeſt ſhould invade.
Of Conſtancie this bears the Name,
Heroick Record unto Flame.
On it ſuch worthies Names She writes,
As *David*, *Job*, whoſe Lives were Lights.
With ſuch great Letters She endites
The Hiſtory of Martyrdome;
That ſo down to Poſteritie 't may come;
And, if not Shame, ſtrike Perſecution dumb.

9.

Upon the Column's Chapter's writ
In Letters, Large, for Reading It.

MY BODIE'S HARD. MY HEAD IS HIGH,
'BOVE FINGERS REACH, OR INJURIE.

Aloft doth ſtand an Amazon.
A Snake her Right Foot treads upon.
Her Left Arm's lockt within a Shield;
Which bears a Croſſe in Bloodie Field.
Her Right Hand up to Heaven is held.
She boldly looketh towards Eaſt;
And ſeems to ſlight fierce Storm, or furious Beaſt,
Whens'ere this roars, or that does aim to ſtrike her Breaſt.

10.

Not far off hence there lies a Shoar;
Where breaking Waves aloud do roar;
Where Shipwrackt Marriners were caſt,
And like the Waves they cry'd, againſt.
They wrung their Hands. They tore their Hair.
Sav'd Life was tortur'd by Deſpair.
To th' Lodge did crawl, ſad Stories tell.
She to her Viol bade them ſmell.
Their Griefs did vaniſh. They were well.
Praiſe then they did begin to Sing.
She bade them take her Diet, ſowre Hearbs, that ſpring,
They wiſely took her Counſel, found them nouriſhing.

11.

But 'mong the Reſt one cloſely bound
Had hid with Clothes a ſtinking Wound,
As if a Cancer in his Breaſt;
Which did devour his Fleſh, and Reſt.
It was of Age, and Years ſo old,
That Him incurable it told.
She fetch't a Balſame whoſe rare Power,
With Mildneſſe kill'd what did devour.
And made it ſound within an Hour.
To all that come She giveth Cure.
And to reſtore loſt Wits her Way is ſure.
And what She heals, is ſound, and ſo will ſound endure.

12.

Abroad She oft Adventures much;
She does no Difficulty grutch;
And Grace or Charitie beſtowes
Returns with gain for what it owes.
Oft has She Cordials fetcht as far,
As both the diſtant Indies are.

From

From Creſcent Turkie, Perſian Land;
Or where there's Wealth beneath Command,
Comes Jaquenetta to her Hand;
Sherbet of Violets, Lemons, made
And ſuch rare Juleps Patience makes her Trade
To cure her feaver'd Patients. Drink! Times Flow'r do's vade.

Perspective IX.

A Lodg is the lonelie Dwelling of A Keeper in a Park; Of a Ranger in a Chace; or of a Forreſter in a Forreſt. A Forreſt is a deſert Place full of Woods, and Copſes. It is chiefly frequented by wild Beaſts, being their proper habitation. And many of thoſe Beaſts are not more wild, than cruel, a ſavage Kind of Creature. Though this Forreſt within a Wilderneſſe in the paſſe along the ſame the experienced Traveller indeavours to direct the Pilgrim in this Diſcourſe.

The Wilderneſſe is the World. The Forreſts therein are Cities and moſt inhabited Places, The Woods and Copſes are the Houſes, not onely becauſe they are built with timber, but for their Thickneſſe, and nearneſſe of Poſition. The Streets are the Walks. The wild Beaſts are the Men. *Indomitum Vulgus.* The People, that are not eaſily tamed; Who are more ſavage, than thoſe wild Beaſts, devouring not only one another, but their own Kind. So as t'is not *Lupus hominem Vorat*, the Wolf devoureth the man, but *homo homini Lupus*, Man is the Wolf to Man; nay more, *Homo homini Dæmon*; Man is a Divell to Man. And that exceeds the Barbariſme, and abhomination of Thoſe *Anthropophagi* Spoken of by *Plinie.* lib. 6. c. 30. or thoſe Indian Cannibals

bals of later notice. And more than that, *Homo ſibi Dæmon*, Man is a Devill to Himſelf, the horrideſt of All. As though the Devill were weary of or overwrought in miſchief againſt man, and man had taken his Journey-work.

In ſuch a Place, among ſuch Inhabitants layes the patrimony of Patience. No where alſo to raiſe her Portion. And yet even to a miracle, there lives ſhe happy, happy in a hope not onely, but in a Joincture by Aſſurance of Happineſſe hereafter. Hence is her Habitation properly ſtil'd the Lodg of Patience.

1. *Pace Softly on* !) With care and ſteadineſſe.

The Way is deep.) Here the reaſons are given for much circumſpection. In deep and miry wayes the paſſenger is more than uſually hindred, and he is thereby more apt to tire. The Ground is deceitful, it is not firm, Such is the World. *Mundus eſt moleſtus et magis cavendus.* The world is full of moleſtation, and therefore muſt our ſteps be the more wary, the way is deep ready to ſwallow us up.

T'is fowl with Showers) It is very tedious and ſad with Sorrows, that abound therein. Tears are the ſhowrs of the Brain, that proceed from woefull Clowds, that are there gathered, falling down upon ſeverall occaſions of Lamentation.

Wade through that Slough !) Meaning the Plunges of Disadvantages in the world. *Dura res eſt dolor, in motu mollis*, Sayes *Seneca*. Grief has hard Hands, and ſoft Feet.

This thawed Clay) The nature of Clay is a ſtiff and a hard Earth; *Limus ut hic dureſcit*, Sings *Virgil*. The Clay hardneth againſt the Sun, as ſhutting out his Beams. Such are bad mens Perſecutions of the vertuous, having their hearts hardened againſt them. But this is thawed Clay, a ſigne of Winter, there has been a Froſt. This was a hardening by Cold, by want of Charity. This intimats that a Difficulty may be made a greater Inconvenience by Paſſion, and immoderate

immoderate Sorrow. A Clod might have been more eaſilie paſt over, than a Slough or diſſolved Clay is paſt through.

That mines] *Admoneat cogitq*; *contemni*. The World bids thee leave the World. Does any man delight in Dirt? It is fitter for ſwine than good men. And yet ſee the unreaſonableneſs of it; the World would fain detain thee, though tis but to welcome thee with a Miſchief. *Mundus iſte periculoſior eſt blandus quam moleſtus, quumſe illicit diligi*, as S. *Auguſtine*: Then intends the World moſt miſchief, when it changeth wrinkles into ſmiles, and is ſo wanton as to turn the Wooer.

This tires] Cares and perplexities are very troubleſome: Nay, even Fleſh and Blood, our own Nature, which is but *Formata è meliori luto*, made of a little finer Dirt, is a great burthen to a Chriſtian Pilgrim in ſo long a journey, and ſo hazardous a voyage.

Beſt pick thy way] Prevent all Occaſions of Evill! avoid all introductions of miſchief! Be very circumſpect in all thy words and actions, yea, in thy very looks too.

Ore ſome deep Ditches thou muſt leap] He that leapeth muſt look before him; he muſt not onely uſe Circumſpection, but Providence in the untoward paſſage through this World. Pleaſure is a deep ditch that ſwallows many; there is no ſtaying with Delight; It will endanger thee: tis beſt to leap from that thou wouldeſt avoid: do it with all ſpeed and agility: Covetouſneſs is a Ditch that has no bottom. Have a care of that too, and the like.

On bare-foot paſs ſharp ſtones on heap] Thou muſt prepare tenderneſs of thy Nature to undergo many cutting diſcontents, many wounding afflictions. Such ſtones lie not ſcattered that thou mayſt paſs by them. No, they lay on Heaps, thou muſt paſs over them. On bare-foot. Upon neceſſity

ceſſity thou muſt Suffer. Do it then patiently; Go gently! For he that ſtruggles upon thoſe ſtones, doth gaul his Feet the more, doth make his Wounds the Deeper. And they are ſtones indeed, they are ſtones of offence, very grievous, and very obdurat; for they regard not thy Complaining.

Through furzy Queaches thou muſt go] Theſe are growths of Furres ſo thick, as it is very hard to enter into them, much more difficulty is it to get through them. Such is the oppoſition and violence of this world. Its oppoſition hinders thee, withſtands thee: Its violence goars thee, tears thee: Th'adſt need prepare thee for ſuch a paſſage; th'adſt need couch thy ſelf very cloſe.

That Prick and wound from Head to Toe] Though th'art *Achilles* foot all over; that th'art penetrable every where, Croſſes and Troubles will find out places every where to wound thee.

Mark Sun! and thou thy way ſhalt know] All Light comes from above. The beſt and onely Direction is from Heaven. Mark Chriſt the Son of God! Tread in his ſteps! Follow his Example! He is the way; the Son of Righteouſneſs is the Light alſo. He hath prepared thee both by precept and Example. Read the 13. and 14. ch. of S. *John*, *The Servant is not greater then his Maſter*, &c.

Then com'ſt thou breathleſs unto Sand] He labours hard that loſeth his breath. Breath is the Air of Life. But wherefore doſt thou toil ſo? Thou muſt not think after ſo great pains, that when thou haſt eſcaped ſome miſeries, thou art freed from all. They are but to forewarn thee, and to teach thee to endure more. Change is very pleaſing in delights: it is no leſs in ſanctified Sorrows. Thou com'ſt, does ſhew that thou art coming home, coming to heaven-ward. It is not, Thou goeſt, as if thou wert going abroad, abroad into the World. Thou paſſeſt from Poſt to Pillar, from Mire

to

to Furs, from Furs to Sand, a Dry, a Barren, a Hungry place. To Poverty, to Scarcity, to neceſſities, where there is none upon the earth to relieve thee. Sand will ſooner put out thine eyes, then afford any thing to fill thy belly, or cloath thy back. Sand is a looſe earth; it is deceitfull to thy ſteps. So are worldly friends very unſteady. The beſt uſe of Sand is, it is the meaſure of time; ſuch benefit may thy Conſideration reap by the compariſon of the barrenneſs and vanity of this world, with the Solidity, Fertility, and riches of that to come.

An open Country, and a barren Land] Th'art in a Deſart, a place forſaken by all Inhabitants, as comfortleſs, as Solitary. Pleaſure dwells in the Countrey, but a Curſe upon the Land. By the open Country thou mayſt expect hoſpitality, but barren Land hath ſhut up doors. Here comfort appear'd at firſt ſight, but ſorrow came along with it. In the way of Patience, Comfort will not be from ſorrow neither. There is ſome eaſe in changing place or Burthen.

Tis there the Lodge of Patience does on Crutches ſtand] In ſuch a place of Barrenneſs of Comforts, in ſuch a Deſart of Diſertion of Forſakenneſs, is the being of Enduring the Croſs: It is a Lodge, not a conſtant dwelling; and outwardly it ſtands upon Crutches; it ſeems ever falling in the Worlds eye, and very contemptible.

2. *It ſtands upon a hilly plain*] Does it ſtand? There is ſome comfort in that yet. Upon a Hill too, and upon a Plain. It is not very high, though it is but hilly, as it were a hill, yet high enough for the fury of ſtorms, and the Plain ſhews it low enough, and even enough for ſubjection to every Foot. It is open, and made fit for Injuries.

Where Cammels food with labour gain] What Food? What nouriſhment can there be in ſo barren a place? It is not

not ſaid that they feed there. This expreſſion of the Traveller alludes to the Camels that paſs the Deſarts of Arabia for Merchant-Trade from *Egypt* to *Jeruſalem* by Caravans, by Companies of Camels, that gain their maintainance by their travel, and get their food by their labour. Their Provender is carried along with them by their Maſters care and providence.

A Camel is an Exotick, a very ſtrange Creature in his Form, and a Forrainer, or ſtranger by his Countrey, yet is much taken notice of by Writers for his profit in, and excellency for uſe: *Job* was very rich in Beaſts of this kinde: Three thouſand Camels was reckoned in his general account, as a fair part of his ſubſtance. *Iob* 1.3. *Solinus* obſerves of them, that they break no ground with their Feet in their motion, becauſe their feet and their ſteps like them are backward: *Sunt illis reciprocis quibuſdam palmunculis veſtigia carnulenta, unde & contraria eſt labes ambulantibus nullo favente præſidio ad viſum inſiſtendi.* Their ſoft fleſhy Feet leave very little impreſſion, and that backward and contrary to the ſteps of other Creatures, in ſo much as it is a hard matter to finde where they have gone or ſtrayed. When they drink, they are beſt pleaſed with thick, and troubled Water: *Lutulentas aquas captant.* They are light and nimble in their Travel: and they will faſt forty dayes from drink without taking harm. *Camor eſt curvum, à dorſi curvitate*, from the crookedneſs or bunch in his back he has his his name, ſays *Iſidore*: Καμηλος, *quaſi* καμπης *& curvans fœmora*, from his buckling down his hinder parts. *Græci* καμαι *humile, & breve dicunt*, for that he humbles and ſhortens his ſtature when he ſtoops down to take up his burthen. So *Iſidore*, and *Ennius Parius*: He feeds upon very hard meat, and which is rare for a Beaſt without horns, he ruminates and chews the Cud. He is uſefull in War for the bearing of burthens. In banquets (the *Arabians* make a dainty of Camels

mels Milk) in Combats, among the Heathen in Sacrifices: In cloathing by the Texture of his hair. His parts are excellent many ways in Phyſick and Medicine. He is very reverent, docil, and pious, &c. A very fit ſort of Beaſts to accuſtom near the Lodge of Patience that partakes of all theſe qualities.

On bitter Broom, Wormwood, &c. Denote the hardſhip of affliction.

Patience, &c. *Beſides her Lodge*] She makes it her Receptacle, not her dwelling. Her Lodge is her neceſſary being in this world, not her home.

Beneath a Tree] The Palm denotes Chriſt, who is protection and victory.

She ſmiles at ruffling of the Winds] Knowing who is over her head, and ſo near to ſhade her with his Grace ſhe rejoyceth in Tribulation, and Perſecutions.

On ſtone ſhe ſits] Signifies her meekneſs and humility, and contentedneſs, making a Cuſhion of her calamities. She ſits down upon them, not under them.

Her head does bind] She moderateth Paſſion, and reſtraineth the wildneſs of thoughts and affections.

An Eagle ſometimes does deſcend] S. *John* becauſe he delivered the height of the Myſteries of the Trinity, and wrot more ſublimely then the reſt of the Evangeliſts, was called an Eagle, peradventure alluding to the learning of the Antients, who did mention *Ganimede* the Meſſenger of Jupiter to deſcend in the Form of an Eagle. S. *Auguſtine* renders the reaſon thus, *Serm.* 34. *in D. Joan. In quatuor Evangeliis, vel potius in quatuor libris unicus Evangelii Joannes Apoſtolus non immeritò ſecundum intelligentiam ſpiritualem Aquila comparatus, multò ſublimiùs aliis tribus erexit prædicationem ſuam, & ità corda erigi voluit. Nam cæteri Evangeliſtæ tanquam cum homine* Domino *in terris ambulabant, de Divinitate ejus pauca dixerunt. Iſtum autem, quaſi pi-*

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Sea. Though the Waters thereof rage and be troubled, and the Mountains ſhake at the Surges of the ſame. Yet there is a River, whoſe Streams ſhall make glad the Citie of God. God is in the midſt of it: Therefore ſhall it not be moved. God ſhall help it very early. Pſal. 46.

She's us'd to Goblins, not to Frights] She is more accuſtom'd to Afflictions, then overcome by them. They are her ſad Companions, not her inſulting Conquerours. Children being grown towards Man will not be ſcar'd with Bugbears. *Poaker* then appears to be no more then a Begger.

Wilde Boars do ſometimes paſſe that Way] According to thoſe Epigrams of *Martial. Lib.* 12. *Epig.* 14.

Si te delectant animoſa pericula, tu ſcis,
Tutior eſt Virtus, inſidiemur apris.

Engliſhed thus:

If daring Ills do pleaſe thee, thou doſt know
Though Bores beſet, yet Vertues ſafer ſo.

Martial. Lib. 8. *Epigr.* 78.

Omnis habet ſua dona dies; Nec linea dives
Ceſſat, & in Populos multa Rapina cadit.
Nunc veniunt ſubitis laſciva Numiſmata nimbis,
Nunc dat ſpectatas teſſera larga feras.

Thus rendered.

Each Day has Gifts; No ſand but heapeth Wealth
And on the Peoples Heads drops frequent Stealth.
Now wanton Coins do fall in ſudden Shours,
Beaſts Bounty ſhowes, whoſe Savageneſſe devours.

And Tygres that do ſeek for Prey] Under the Ferocity is ſhadowed the Violence of Temptations; and the Rage of the World againſt the Vertuous. The Spite of Malice; and the frequent Attempts of Injurie.

At her they try but dare not ſtay] Patience overcomes all Temptations, it baniſheth Attempts, that finde they take not their wiſhed Effects. Vice is aſhamed to look Vertue in

in the Face long: It is too weak-ſighted, It is daunted with the others Eye.

She drawes a Box that is hid by her;] *When opening it forth flameth, &c.*] The Box is the Heart, the flaming Fire is Charity which overcometh with Forgiveneſſe. And is ſaid dreadful in way of reſemblance to the Fires Adventurers uſe in the Night, or other times in unknown and ſavage Countreys to fright away furious wilde Beaſts, that might otherwiſe endanger their Safety.

4. *Her ſtilted crazie-ſeeming Lodge, &c.*] Injurie and the foul Weather of the World tears many a Hole in the Coat of Patience, which ſhe patcheth and botcheth with fair Conſtruction pittying their Miſtakes.

Is lin'd with Adamant within &c.) Though it ſeems very weak and ſhaken without to vulgar Eyes, yet it is lin'd with Adamant with Strength from Above, which protecteth againſt the Malice, and the Miſchief of the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, Who may hitt *Job* in his Children, in his Subſtance, yea in his Perſon, but ſhall not be able to touch his Life, nor to ſhake the integrity of his Faith.

The torne Thatch Cover ore her head] Outward Poverty has inward Riches; But the intention here was to ſignifie, that Divine Protection over religious hearts, is their continual Guard though not diſcerned by the world, who account them, as Caſtawayes, that Suffer, and who meaſure, All as the Turks, by the Event. As Lead is a very plyable mettall For uſe; It is a warlike Mettall alſo For ſhott, for the Muſquet, and the like. So Patience is not without Courage. Thatch without, Lead within, Contempt without, within Reſolution.

Beneath is floared All with Lead] Patience is here noted to be the Compound of Humility and Valour.

Too wide Doors are to South, and North] Theſe Quarters of the Heaven ſend forth either favourable, warm, and gen-

tle, or bluſtering, impetuous, and ſharp winds. Theſe denote Proſperity and Adverſity. The wide Doors Signify free Entertainment, Let there be Heat or Cold, they are welcome to Patience as they come, ſhe is not diſturbed, they have free Entrance, they have free paſſage. Naked came I out of my mothers womb and Naked ſhall I returne thither. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord. That was patient *Job's Quietus eſt* for his Loſſes.

Their malice She counts little worth] Alluding to *Job's* Friends; Patience overcommeth malice by enduring.

Her Chambers haunted are with Sp'rits] This pointeth at *Job's* meſſengers. One Evill treads upon the Heels of another. Such News rides poaſt to trie the Patient. One Affliction, one Trouble or another is ſtill at the good man's Elbow.

She ſings, She ſleeps ſecure &c.] She is undiſturbed. Her mind is ſettled on things above, as ſhe accounteth theſe Lower matters, but Dreams and Fancies.

5. *When Eyes uncloſe ſad Sights appeare*] *Nulla dies ſine dolore.* Every Day produceth new Diſaſters.

When we do look for light
Grief's Tears ore cloud the Sight.

One ſpectacle of Grief or other is the Monument of our Affections, and ſhews us the Tomb of our Selves.

With threatning Dart grim Death drawes near] *Omnem crede Diem, quæ non ſperabitur hora.*

Think Death with every Day doth come
To dig the Grave, or build a Tombe.

Affliction is like ſickneſſe the warning-piece of mortality. Perſecution like a Ruffian taks Patience by the Throat to fright her. Yet ſhe's unmov'd, though *Ultimum terribilium mors*, the terribleſt of All things Death appear.

Ill News of All Sorts buz in Eare] Temptations of all kindes,

Kinds, that aſſault thee, and inſinuate with thee.

And Say th'are Tokens ſent from Feare!] The Falſity of their Pretence. This is the world's nature to ſend poyſon in in a preſent. *Job's* Friends pretend Comfort, in a Viſit, but when they open it, it is Affliction.

The Sp'rits do groan, and make a Noiſe] The frailty of Nature by our own Paſſions within us, do groan, the malice of the world ſeems to ſhreike, and the Devill encompaſſing the Earth, and ſeeking whom he may devour doth roar, All theſe as one conſpire to amaze the Reſolution of the Soul.

With Scourges others ſmartly ſtrike] This the Cruelty of the World, that beats by Oppreſſion the Weak, and wounds with Injuries the Innocent.

Another tears what ſhe does like] Satan tries us moſt by hurting, or robbing us of what we ſeem to affect beſt; he ſeeks to tear from us what he thinks is moſt dear unto us.

And 'gainſt h.r every where's a Pique] Life is beſieg'd, begirt round with miſchief.

All theſe ſhe feels, and foils by ſtay] By reſtraint of paſſions by Recollection Patience perceving their drift, and diſcovering their purpoſes overcoms them, but not without aſſiſting Grace, for the Continuance whereof She prays.

To ſpite them more ſhe ferventl doth pray] Fervent Prayer is a ſcourg to Satan. It calls down the Power before which he trembles and which he ſeeks to avoid.

6, *With ſober Pace*] This ſets forth not only her Perſeverance, but her Sobriety. *Bonam vitam ego puto, mala pati, & bona facere, & ſic perſeverare uſque ad Mortem*, ſayes *S. Bernard.* I account that a good Life, which conſiſts in doing good, and ſuffering evil, and to continue in ſo doing, even to Death. *Sobrietas temeritatem fugit, pericula cuncta declinat.* Sobriety is too ſteady to be raſh, and ſo wiſe as to prevent the occaſion of Evil. *Sobrietatis perſeverantia inæſtimabilis eſt animi Fortitudo.* The Perſeverance of

Sobrietie is an ineſtimable Vigour of the Minde.

Abroad] *Ab aliis patimur*; She ſuffers Injuries from the World, that is neither her Friend nor her Home.

She walks] This differs her from a ſinnie Patience: She is not ſtupid. She keeps her courſe.

And with her Self] The Soul meditates, diſcourſeth to her ſelf the wonderful goodneſſe of God in all his Bleſſings, and Benefits, and what he ſuffered for her Redemption; And ſince he ſuffered ſo much for her, how much is ſhe bound to undergo, even any thing whatſoever for ſo gracious a Lord. Beſides it is the way that leads to Happineſſe; She compares her Sufferings, and finds them ſmall in reſpect of the Greatneſſe of others.

And Heaven ſhe talks] By Ejaculations of Spirit, by Prayer, There is ſuch a Diſcourſe of the Mouth and Hand too by good Converſation.

From whence an Angel cometh down] The Holy Spirit deſcendeth into ſuch a Heart.

And ſhewes the picture of a Crown] Gives aſſurance of the Reward, according to the Promiſes by Faith.

A Violl gives of Cordial Smell] Of Comforts ſtill to cheer her up in all her Calamities, and to refreſh her in her Trouble.

Of Eſſence 'tis for her not well] The Contemplation of Gods Power, his Truth, his Goodneſſe, His Excellence, which changeth her Tribulations into Rejoycings.

At Scent whereof, &c.] In Such Contemplation, and beholding the Exnellencie of the Reward She is extaſi'd, and ſlighteth what this World can do unto her.

A Cot-Lamp ſkippeth by her Side] The Embleam of rejoycing Innocence. *Gaude de Innocentia! & exulta! Gaude inquam! Quia ubiq; illæſa es; ubiq; ſecura. Si tentaris, proficis; ſi humiliaris, eregeris; Si pugnas, vinceris; ſi occideris, coronaris. Tu in ſecuritate libera es; in periculo tuta;*

in

in cuſtodia lata; Tibi omnis reatus adjicitur; Tibi univerſa malitia ſubjugatur. Te potentes honorant; ſuſcipiunt principes; Magnates exquirunt; Et illi nonnunquam te deſiderant, qui impugnaverunt. Tibi boni parent, mali invident, zelant æmuli, inimici ſuccumbunt; Nec unquam poteris victrix non eſſe; etiam ſi inter homines judex juſtus defuerit. Rejoyce of thine Innocence! and praiſe the Lord! I ſay, rejoyce! For thou art every where ſhot-free! Thou art every where ſecure! If thou beeſt tempted, thou becomeſt the ſtronger; If thou beeſt humbled, thou art raiſed the higher; If thou fighteſt thou getteſt the Victory; If thou beeſt killed, thou receiveſt a Crown. In Servitude thou art free; In Danger thou art ſafe; In a Priſon thou art cheerful; All blame is thrown upon thee; But all Malice is ſubjugated under thee. Potentates do honour thee; Princes admit thee; Great men ſeek after thee; and they ſometimes deſire thee, that are moſt Enemies unto thee. Good men obey thee; Wicked men envie thee; Thy Friends are in love with thee; Even thine Enemies ſubmit unto thee: Nor canſt thou ever but prevail, let there be but a juſt Judge amongſt Men; ſo S. *Chryſoſtome*. By her Side is meant her Integrity of Heart, her Innocence of Conſcience.

Her Steps, &c.] Innocence with Patience is a beautifull and a pleaſant Example.

Oft Diſadvantages, &c.] She prevents inconveniences, and waves Injuries.

7. *Wilde Satyrs make their lewd Aſſaults*] Satyrs among the ancient Heathen were taken for Gods. Their form was in the upper parts like Man, in the lower like a Goat, with crooked Hands, and Horns upon their Heads, going erect, and are ſaid to have inhabited among the Eaſtern Mountains of *India*, *in ſubſolanis Indorum Montibus*. Wilde and ſalvage Monſters, accounted by ſome to be Devils, and mentioned as Companions of *Bacchus*. Theſe accuſtomed

ſtomed, and frequented the Woods. Theſe Emblematize Luſt and Pride, the Temptations of Satan. Their Hairineſſe is Impudence, Horns Arrogance, Hands Rapacity; rather Beaſts then Men. Such are Worldlings that abuſe the Religious, and deſpite the Vertuous.

They mock, they mow] Is their Contempt, and Deriſion.

Like dogs they bark] By Envie, Malice, and Slanders.

And She is robb'd by many a Shark] Moſt ſubject to Injurie.

But ſtill unmove'd ſhe mindes above, To that, &c.] Arguing the Conſtancie of her Faith, which regards the Place of her future Being.

All other Trifles ſhe does ſcorn] She deſpiſeth the Vanities of the World.

Her Noble Spirit's better born] She is regenerate, Heaven-born.

She ſmiles at what wu'd make forlorn] She bears her Affliction with Courage, and Cheerfulneſſe.

At home ſhe takes down Fortunes Wheel] Alluding to the Heathens figuring of Fortune with a Wheel as though ſhe turned all things, and that every thing were at her Diſpoſe. Here the Traveller condemns their ignorant Opinion of Fortune, aſcribing unto Divine Providence as properly due, the Governance of all things under the Sun; reading this Lecture of Patience unto the Pilgrim, That what Miſery ſoever doth befall us, it proceedeth by Divine Permiſſion, either to puniſh us for former Sins, or for a greater Trial, and manifeſtation of our Faith.

Patience ſpins the threed and reels] She ſubmits to Gods Will and pleaſure in all things.

Web from Loom of Steel] Patience laboureth through her Troubles with much Difficulty and Hardſhip.

8 *Before her Lodge a Column ſtands, &c.*] Chriſtian Patience has in the Eye of her Faith the Conſtancie of Hope that

that reacheth Heaven. A Column is the Embleam of Strength, which may be alſo applyed to her Courage. This Stanza deſcribing this Pillar, denoteth the common Affections of Patience, which are Sincerity, Conſtancy, Community and Singularity. Her Sinceritie makes her appear no other then ſhe is; Her Conſtancie ſhews her Perſeverance in what is honeſt; Her Community ſets her forth notable unto All, that behold her; and her Singularity denoteth the Eminence of her Excellence, and Heroick Raritie. So does ſhe deliver over unto Fame the glorious Memories of thoſe famous Perſons of all Ages, that have been Conquerors amidſt the moſt violent Perſecutions, and gained Crowns out of the Flames of Martyrdom. This Column is deſcribed alſo as ſet up by *Semiramis*, as a Work of her Hands, becauſe ſhe was a Perſon of ſuch vaſt undertakings, and particularly in Architecture, that *Beroſius lib.* 4. ſayes of this *Aſcalonica*, *Nemo unquam huic Fœminæ comparandus eſt virorum.* She had not her Peer amongſt Men. This was ſhe that built Babylon ſo vaſtly, and was fained at her Death to be turned into a Dove, as *Ovid* relateth. The Syrians both abſtained from the eating of Doves, and had wont to bear a Dove in their Babyloniſh Enſignes, as *Diodorus Siculus* hath it, which the Prophet *Jeremie* ſeemeth to inſinuate, when he exhorts the Inhabitants of Jeruſalem, that they ſhould flee from the Face of the anger of the Dove, which was from the Babylonians, who bare the Dove in their Banners.

9. *Upon the Columns Chapter's writ*] This Stanza is altogether emblematical. On the Head of the Column is the Motto of Conſtancie, diſcourſing the Nature of Noble Patience.

Aloft doth ſtand an Amazon] Denoting Courage.

A Snake her right Foot treads upon] Signifying as well the Victory over Temptations, as a performance of her Actions with Prudence; ſo *ſapiens ut ſerpens*, as ſhe is *ſimplex ut Columba*, wiſe, and innocent. *Her*

Her left Arm's lockt within Faith's Shield] Which is firmneſſe of Faith.

Which bears a Bloody Croſſe in Field] The Enſigne of a Chriſtian, the Memory of Baptiſm; under which he promiſed to fight the Lords Battels againſt the World, the Fleſh and the Devil.

Her right Hand up to Heaven is held) To demonſtrate her Hope and Confidence.

She boldly looketh towards Eaſt) With continual Expectation, and Aſſurance of the coming of Chriſt, the Sun of Righteouſneſſe, being Regardleſſe of Dangers, or Sufferings.

10 *Not far off hence there lyes a ſhore,&c.*) This Stanza has ſhadowed in it the Charity of Patience, diſcovering the Miſeries of Men under the Shipwrack of Marriners, as alſo the Way to cure in theſe Extremities is by Patience.

She to her Viol bade them ſmell] The Viol is the Word. Smelling to the Viol is the Hearing and Underſtanding of the Word, which with the Reading thereof is a Soveraign Cordial to afflicted Mindes.

Praiſe then they did begin to ſing) Uſe Thankſgiving when they were delivered out of Diſtreſſe.

She bade them take her Diet,&c.) Here ſhe gives Comfort and Counſel. Tribulation which is born with patience is rather a Comfort then Corroſive to the ſoul. *Conſilium eſt examinandarum, gubernandarumque cauſarum ſubtilis animi proſpectus.* Counſail is a quick conſideration by the mind of Cauſes to be examined, or diſpoſed, Saith *Cicero*.

11. *But 'mong the reſt One, cloſely bound &c.*) This Stanza intimats the Effects, and Sanity produc't by Patience of Griefs never ſo inveterate; or ſecret. It layes down her commiſeration, compaſſion, and fellow-feeling of others Sorrowes.

She fetcht a Balſame, whoſe rare power &c.) Submiſſion and

and Reſignation to God's will, and All-wiſe Diſpoſe, which hath an infallible Vertue.

And to reſtore Loſt Witts her way is ſure) She gives a remedy to all Diſtempers of mind, and all Diſtractions of Thought. To this purpoſe the Vertue of patience uſeth to be exerciſed Three ſeverall wayes. Some things we ſuffer from the Hand of God; Others from our Old Adverſary, and not a few from our Neighbours in this World. From our Neighbour endure we Perſecutions, Loſſes, Reproches; From Satan Temptations; And from God his gentle corrections and iuſt Puniſhments. On all theſe a Chriſtian Eye muſt be very watchfull, very circumſpect, leaſt retribution be not ſtudied, and revenge contrived for Neighbours Injuries; Leaſt the Conſent to Sin and the Delight in Iniquity carry us away priſoners fettered by Our Enemyes allurements; Or Leaſt our perverſe Frowardneſſe and ſtiff-necked Murmuring ſtriketh us againſt the powerfull Correction of ſo Great an Offended Maſter and Maker. For he that made All out of Nothing, can utterly deſtroy according to his Will and Pleaſure.

12. *Abroad She oft adventures much*) This is an Allegory taken from Merchants vent'ring abroad for Gain; And as their Endevours returne them Riches for their Hopes and Patience. Patience likewiſe hath it's Spirituall Reward in a manner here, and a certain Hope of Returne hereafter. This likewiſe expreſſeth the variety of Comforts that ſhe hath to refreſh her ſelf and cure her Patients. For as cooling Cordialls are excellent to cure the hot diſtempers of the Body, ſo theſe following Receits of patience do mittigate, and allay the Feavers of the Mind. The firſt is *Non incipere iniuſtitiam.* Not to begin or enterpriſe any thing, that is unjuſt. The Second; *Poſtquam incœptum eſt, æqualibus non vindicari.* After any Such thing be begun, not to repay the like Injury. The Third; *Non facere vexamina, quæ paſſus es,*

ſed

ſed quieſcere. Not onely Not to return to him that has wrongd'd thee ſuch things, as thou haſt ſuffer'd, but to ſit down quiet. The fourth is: *Tribuere ſeipſum in patiendo mala.* To ſubmit the Will to the ſuffering of evil things. The Fifth: *Amplius tribuere ille vult qui fecit.* He is much more to ſubmit himſelf that occaſioned thoſe things. The Sixth: *Non odio habere, qui operatur hæc.* Not to hate or think amiſs of him that doth theſe things. The Seventh: *Diligere*: To love one another. The Eight: *Benefacere*, To do good for one another. And the laſt, as conſummation of all, being that ſtrength which perfects the cure, gains the victory, *Deum pro ipſo deprecari*, To pray to God heartily in his behalf.

MORAL. IX.

WHo ſo intends to win a Chriſtian Field, muſt uſe his Shield more then his Sword. He that endureth moſt, gains the day. He muſt not play the man ſo much as the Chriſtian, if he means to conquer. This conqueſt muſt be over the leſſer World, Mans ſelf; and yet it is the greater Victory.

Fortior eſt, qui ſe, quam qui fortiſſima vincit
Mœnia.

Who does not graſp himſelf, though ſpan
The World, is Dwarff, unto the man.

'Tis naturally againſt Mans upward poſture to bear; Therefore the more difficult: He that undergoes but common

mon griefs, has many ſhoulders to eaſe his burthen. He's ſtrong indeed, that without help can *bear his own.*

So ſpeaks the *Chorus* in *Seneca's Troas.*

Dulce mærenti populus, dolentum;
Dulce lamentis reſonare gentes.
Lentiùs luctus, Lachrimæ quæ mordent
Turbas quas fletu ſimili frequentat.
Semper, ah ſemper dolor ipſe magnus
Gaudet in multos ſua fata mitti,
Seq; non ſolum patuiſſe pœnæ,
Ferre quam ſortem patiuntur omnes
Nemo recuſat.
Nemo ſe credit miſerum, licet ſit.
Tolle falices! Removeto multo
Divites auro! Removeto centum
Rura, qui ſcindunt, opulenta bobus!
Pauperi ſurgent animi jacentes.
Eſt miſer nemo, niſi comparatus.
Dulce in immenſis poſito ruinis;
Neminem latos habuiſſe vultus.
Ille deplorat, queriturq; fatum,
Qui ſecans fluctum rate ſingulari
Nudus in portus cecidit petitos.
Æquior caſum tulit & procellas,
Mille qui ponto pariter carinas
Obrui vidit, tabulàq; littus
Naufraga ſpargi, mare cum coactis
Fluctibus Corus prohibet reverti.

The ſad man's pleas'd, when groans go round.
Such muſicks ſweet, when Nations ſound.
Tears, and Mourning gentler gnaw,

When

When many ſuch ſad Buckets draw.
Ah ever! ever ſorrows, great,
In many's boſom woes do ſeat,
Chear'd not alone to ſpread their pain!
To bear the burthen, when all ſtrain,
None then refrain.
That he is wretched, who does hold?
From height ſnatch Wantons! Take from's Gold
On heaps the Rich! Remove's hard told
Fed Kine with's hundred grounds fat Feed!
Their equal's then the man in need.
But pair'd no man's a wretch indeed.
What's pleaſent in vaſt ruins place!
None then will ſhew a chearful face.
'Tis he does wail, and's fate complain,
Whoſe ſingle Boat does cut the main,
And nought but's look't for Port does gain.
Better to him were ſtorm and chance,
When's eye a thouſand Waves ſaw dance
And ſwallow Keels, the ſhore all ſpread
With Shipwracks Characters he read,
North-winds forc't ſeas back meaſures tread.

But Chriſtian Patience is not ſo much eaſed by others miſeries, as ſhe is the reliever of others in miſerie. She is not onely a good Pilot, but a fair Sea-mark.

PRO-

PROSPECT IX.

ALL ſcourg'd with whips; and pierc't with ſteel
Mild backs fierce pains, and torture feel;
Fell wrath does pleaſe it's itch of ſpite
To tear the Virtuous with delight.
Diogmus had ten heads before,
The Monſter muſt have one yet more,
With much more horrid face and look,
Then all the Vizards th'other took.
(When age a new Tooth up does ſhoot,
Tis bigger then the next unto't.
It ſeldom but a Grinder proves,
In pieces breaks what ſtomack loves.)
While quenchleſs Fury more does rage,
Each Martyr's Fires a ſhining ſtage.
In thoſe bright coals a Saint may ſee
The face of his Eternity.
Do! Load with Irons! Gawl to bones!
And caſt the Innocent on ſtones!
Impriſon th' Living 'mong the Dead
Ye Bracelets give, makes Bridal-bed.
Miſtake not your dark dungeon. He
Has light enough, that Heaven does ſee.
Invent! And heap us miſchiefe's ſtore!
To'th patient God gives ſtrength for more.
Abuſe Gods patience too! but men!
The Day comes! Who ſhall Judge be then?
O let not patience more incenſe!

Leaſt Triumph tramples Violence.
O ſtop wild force. For who ſo kicks,
Does wound himſelf againſt the Pricks.

CONSOLATORY ESSAY. 9.

OPinion deceives us more than things. So comes our Senſe to be more certain, than our Reaſon. Men differ more about Circumſtances, than matter. The Corruption of our Affections miſguides the Reſult of our Reaſon. We put a Fallacy by a falſe Argument upon our Vnderſtandings.

If the Vitioſity of Humor doth oft put a Cozenage upon the radiancy of ſight, ſo that it ſees through deceiving Eyes, the falſe Colours of things: Not as they are, but as they ſeem. (Peradventure Choler hath given a Percolation to the Chryſtalline humor of the Eye; or Phlegme hath made an uneven commixture or thickneſs in the Optick Organ, or the like, by which means all is repreſented yellow, or all ſeems black, or of the darker Dye, that the Sight returns to the common Senſe) why may not mens underſtandings be likewiſe ſo deceived? As ſure they are abuſed. For moſt men, yea many of the higher Form of Brain, being in love with their own Parts, or their Credit, commit firſt the Error, then undertake, make it a part of their Reſolution (rather, then to recede from miſapprehended, or delivered Untruths) to account it as a concernment of honour, and maintenace of affected reputation either to proceed to further Obliquity, or at leaſt to take up the ſtand with Obſtinacy.

By

By this Means have we not only loſt much of our Peace, but even the clear Evidence of Truth. How comes elſe ſuch a Gladiatory in the Schools (to omit the Pulpits) ſuch Challenges of the Pen, ſuch Animoſities in Diſcourſe, as if our Natures were leſſe inclinable to Converſation, than a Combat.

Nor have Things, Indifferent, been hereby made the onely occaſion of the Quarrel, of ſuch Diviſion; But overrun with Miſpriſion, and overcome by Pertinacy, they ſett ſail to the Anticyræ, goe beſides themſelves; not onely in falling from, but by putting the Queſtion upon the principles of Reaſon, and the very Fundamentalls of Religion. Wherby ſome unwiſely thinking to add to their ſtature, to become Gyants among Men, have fallen leſſe, then the leaſt of Beaſts, not retayning ſo much, as the Prudence of the Bee; yea coming ſhort of the providence of the Piſmire; Not arriving at the Knowledg of the Oxe: For he knowes his Maſter's Crib.

And from whence proceeds the Corruption of ſuch our Affections, but from the Evill of our own Hearts? No marvail then, though we ſee ſo double; as if our Brains were intoxicated; Or as looking through artificiall Glaſſes, multiply our miſtakes, or magnify our Errours; and diminiſh, yea undervalue matters of the greateſt moment. We ſett a Price upon Things by our own Clark of the Market. Holy Things muſt goe cheap; And Wordly Traſh, and Trifles at the onely Eſtimate. Covetouſneſſe puts us firſt into a petty Treaſon, minting much Falſs Coine, and then runing us into a Præmunire by aſſuming Authority without lawful Warrant, we will have it goe for Currant: Our Deſires too like their mettall are not Touch, are not Standart; Yet paſſe they muſt for the Impreſſe, though *Vulcan* and *Venus* be on the One Side, and *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* on the Other.

But what comes on't; The vanity of our Deſires makes them puniſh themſelves; putting *Sysyphus* to an unprofitable, and perpetual Labour, and *Tityus* to the Torture. We deſire without, and coutrary to a right underſtanding; Like ſilly, like froward Children we muſt have, what we have a mind to; Neither conſidering what is ſuitable to us, what is fitteſt for us; Nor taking notice of, or ſetting a true Value upon, the Nobleneſſe of our created Natures. The Soul is not to be filled, with what is finite, nor commixed with what is impure.

Away then with the Dirt, and Rubbage of the world! What has Mans ſublime Nature, little inferiour to the Angels, to do with the Traſh of the Earth? or the Bubbles of the Waters? Much leſſe to be ſo affected to them, as to ſorrow for them?

Sit thee down then neer me awhile, Diſtreſſed Man, or Woman, that weareſt Diſcontent on thy wrinckled Forehead, like a plaited Veſtment, and ſheweſt Grief, as it were ſown, in the furrows of thy Cheeks. Suſpend thy Paſſion for a time! Let us diſcourſe a little! Between our ſelves let us argue the Matter! Whether thou art not miſtaken in the Thing? Or thy Deſire? Peradventure in Both. I conjecture, and not without ſome Reaſon; Thou art ſick either from the Retarding, or from the Loſſe of thy Longing; Or thou complaineſt under ſome inſupportable, and unavoidable Burthen. Some Croſſe hath put thee into a Feaver; or ſome Calamity into a Conſumption. Thou rageſt, Thou languiſheſt, Thou falleſt away. What's the Matter? Haſt ſuffered any Loſſe? Why didſt not expect it? Sayeſt thou, My Beloved is Dead? Didſt not know, he was mortal? Sayeſt Thou, My Friend hath dealt unkindely? He lov'd Thee for Himſelf; Or Thou Him ſo. Thou expectedſt more of Him, than came to thy ſhare. There will riſe a Quarrel at the Diviſion of Intereſt. Intereſt it ſelf is a Divider.

Divider. Art thou Poor? Who is born Rich? Or who ſhall die ſo? Doeſt cry, I have loſt my Goods, I have loſt my Fortunes! They were thy Evils, they tempted thee; Or Evils thou madeſt them, by abuſing them. Knew'ſt not the Nature of thy Fortunes? Didſt not underſtand their Language? They told thee, they were unconſtant. Doeſt queſtion, Where is my Honour? In other mens Mouths. In the Air. Or doeſt enquire, Where is my Office in anothers Diſpoſe; not thine own. Didſt place thy Self there? Saiſt, Where's my Good Name? In thy Vertue; Not in Opinion. Where are the Hopes of my Labour? In the Vanity of thy Expectation. Doſt think any thing is faſtned to the Earth? Or that it is not changable. The Earth it ſelf is mutable; and in this Senſe moveable. Thou altereſt from thy Self. The World from Thee. And thou from the World. Thou doeſt foot the Hay. Thou muſt Sometimes hedge in, ſometimes winde out. Why underſtandeſt not the Dance? O! but my Husband is furious! A Blow! O! but my Wife is ever froward! A Noiſe! Why giveſt occaſion? Or allayeſt not the Diſtemper? Is a Fire quencht with Oyl? Thy Patience may cool her Heat, and allay his Violence. Multiply not Words! And ſtand not in the way of a Sword. Alaſſe for thy Conſcience! Doth that trouble Thee? Thou art miſtaken. It is Satan: not It. Vomit up the Filth in thy Stomack! Diſgorge thy Sins! Leſt there be Death in the Pot. Canſt thou Buckle, or art thou too opinionate. Spiritual Pride is a Torture. Think not to have Eaſe, while thou haſt It. Art thou afraid of Envie? Humility putteth out that Eye, which is left her. Art thou charged by Detraction? Mildneſſe keeps thee Shotfree. Haſt thou any Diſcontent, afflicts thee? Be quiet. There is, or will be an end of all Sorrowes. No Night without a Morning. Haſt thou any Trouble, that Shoulders thee? Thou wert aſleep in thine Enemie's Arms; Thank it for wakening Thee. Is all the

World thine Enemy? Thou art the honeſter Man. Be not ſo to thy Self. Haſt thou any Diſcontent that wu'd gnaw thee? Feed it not. If ſo many lay for thee, be not Alone. Haſt murdered like *Cain*? Or haſt thou betray'd, and murdered too, like *Judas*? Have thy Imprecations hung Vengeance ore thy Head, as the Sword over that of *Damocles*, that it holds but by a Thread, a Hair to thy thinking? Thou ever expecteſt, when it ſhou'd drop. Do thy Perjuries thunder within thee? Has thy Sacriledge brought Fire to thy Neſt? Art a Rebell all over againſt God? Hold thy Hand! Rebell not againſt Nature too! Why think'ſt, that thou art beyond a Pardon?

Tell me! O tell me! Is thy Sin, or God greater? Art a Chriſtian? Or a Turk? Or an Infidel? Or a Devil? Dareſt give the Almighty thy Lie? Could he create all the World out of Nothing? And can He not ſave Thee? At what time ſoever a Sinner doth repent him of his Sin from the Bottom of his Heart, I will put all his Wickedneſſe out of my Remembrance, ſaith the Lord. Did he ſend his Son to die for the Sins of the whole World? to be the Salvation of his People? and the Redemption of all them that believe in Him? And ſayes Satan, Thou art one of them, Do what thou liſt. Thou art none of them, Do what thou canſt. He is the Deceiver. It is his Name. Believe him not. Give ear to diſtreſſed *Davids* queſtion, again and again to himſelf, in the midſt of his conflict for his grievous Sins! Why art thou ſo full of Heavineſſe, O my Soul? And why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? Put thy truſt in God! For I will give him thanks for the Help of his Countenance. Why art thou ſo vexed, O my Soul? And why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? O put thy truſt in God. For I will yet thank him which is the help of my Countenance, and my God.

Away then with thy Diſcontents! Bear thy Croſſes!

Run

Run not mad at thy miſeries! Hang not thy head low with thy cares! And be not out of countenance at thy Calamities! Be patient.

Thy Tears do not become thee. Thou art a Man. What meaneth then this bleating of the ſheep in mine Ears? And the lowing of the Oxen which I hear ſaith *Samuel* to *Saul* in the caſe of *Agag*? What ayleth this ſighing? this groaning? the crying out? and roaring of thine afflictions? Be patient! thou art a Chriſtian.

Chear up! Thou haſt heaven before thee. Thy journey is not long. Bleſſed are they which mourn, for they ſhall be comforted. Bleſſed are they which are perſecuted for righteouſneſs ſake, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven. Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you, and perſecute you, and ſay all manner of evil againſt you falſly for my ſake. So preached Chriſt in the Mount. Rejoyce! and be exceeding glad! For great is your reward in Heaven. For ſo perſecuted they the Prophets, that were before you. In patience therefore poſſeſſe your ſouls, ſaith this Apoſtle S. *Paul*. Be patient!

Many are the troubles of the righteous, but the Lord delivers them out of all.

Canto. X.

The Ruins of Mortification.

1.

Between two Hills (as thoſe of Faith, and Hope)
Thou goeſt into a gloomy Glade,

Where Groves of Yew do caſt their ſhade,
Thou findeſt there a Pallace that had ſcope;
Balconies, Rooms of pleaſure, large, and long,
With Arras, and with Pictures hung,
With Aviarie's ſweets, where wanton voices ſung.

2.

All now dropt down within on Ruin's Tomb
Lay bur'd in a rubbiſh Graff,
As Corn within a heap of Chaff,
The Perſons, and the luſtre of each Room.
Where numbers dwelt before, now's deſolate;
And whiſpers tell the walls their ſtate,
The ruin'd place of Fleſh is ſad Necroſis Gate.

3.

The Gate-houſe onely ſtands. The other Walls
Do ſeem to ſhoulder friendleſs Ayre,
There melancholy Bats repair,
Each ſcreetching Owl to one another calls.
Aſide this Gate-houſe down ſome ſteps do turn
Into a Vault, where's many an Urn,
Which ſhe with Aſhes fills of Fleſh that late did burn.

4.

About this hollow room lye gaſping ſins,
That uſually before they dye,
Do give a groan, or make a cry;
Which nought from her of ſoft compaſſion wins.
She upward looketh with a pleaſed eye,
That dead their wickedneſs there lye,
While on a Tomb with Arm acroſs ſhe ſitteth by.

5.

Her Right hand underneath her breaſt is plac't;
Her Left upon a Yoke doth lean.
Her right foot Fear-waſh't very clean
Upon an Earthly Globe treads, that's defac't.

Her

Her bare Left's ſet upon the gelid Ground,
That ſheweth here and there a Wound,
Whoſe bleeding drops preſerve her body ever ſound.

6.

Upon her ſhoulders ſhe doth bear a Croſs,
Which makes her bend a little down.
Shee's very lovely, but ſhee's brown,
And liſtens not to oft-brought News of loſſe.
From off a ſtone a Lamp doth glimmer light,
As day were mixt with ſome of night,
And near the Wall Sculs Letters form words, Life does write.

7.

Such even compoſure of each mortal Head
Seems lively Truth in death to ſpeak,
Whoſe Language dot h not ſilence break:
Your life is hid with Chriſt in God. Y'are dead.
When Chriſt (that dy'd to make us living) here,
Who is Our Life, brings glory near;
In Glory then ſhall alſo ye with him appear.

8.

Without the Gate an aged Porter ſtands,
Moſt gravely caſting up his eye,
Neglecting who ſo paſſeth by,
On Croſier leaning both his claſped hands;
And to the curious does deny his Name.
He has a reaſon for the ſame.
He, he expecteth Glory for his ſcorned fame.

9.

Behold. purſu'd by many furious Hounds,
From ore the hills a deadly Chaſe!
In that ſpoyl'd Grove's his heavy Caſe.

The

The Stagge doth fall, and weepeth to his wounds,
While th'Huntſmen winde the death of this their prize,
A live Hart from dead Stagge doth riſe,
Starts up; they all purſue for Prey. Paſt reach he flies.

10.

A wanton woman ſee in this fair Grove,
Dreſt all with faſhions and with toys,
Diſcarding powdred Singing-boys,
Does change her Veſt, as ſhe does change her Love!
She bids them all, Be *gone! And leave her there!*
That ſhade admits no fierce heat near.
They gone; On firie breaſt oft drops a cooling tear.

11.

But ſee! a Hagge! that's filthy and obſcene,
Deſcends into a purging Spring.
How 'bout her water ſhe does fling!
Throw by her putrid clothes! And make her clean!
Sweet Youth, and Beauty then to her return.
Her ſcorn does former Garments ſpurn.
She hideth 'mong the trees, Deſires to Death doth mourn.

12.

There lyes, by wrath fell Angers Garment, torn;
From whom wild Fury rends his cloaths.
Away throws Blaſphemy his Oaths.
Her wrought long Gown layes Malice by, forlorn
Concupiſcence does naked run, and cry.
All follow her to th' Vault, that's nigh;
And falling there before Necroſis, howl, and dye.

Per-

Perspective X.

The Senſe and meaning of the Title of this Canto, is Obvious enough to learned Underſtandings: But Feminine mindes are of a weaker Apprehenſion; for whom ſince there hath been already ſo much pains taken as to tranſlate all the Latine Sentences, and Verſes related out of ſeveral Authors upon neceſſary occaſion, by the writer hereof. He thinketh it very convenient to ſet down his intention likewiſe herein.

Ruins are the Monuments of a former building; the carkaſs of ſome goodly body; the Yeſterday of ſtrength and beauty: The Reliques and deformity of Rage, and ſad ſpectacle of ſins diſorder. Ruins neſt is made by War in aſhes; Ruins Bed is made by peace in Duſt. Wrath throws down, and demoliſhes; Age brings to decay, and diſcompoſes what former Art, with many a laborious hand had made for uſe, and faſhion'd comely. Ruins are the fall of a late ſtanding building.

Mortification is a making dead, a Conſumption of life. Ruin is a deſtruction to a building; Mortification the Ruine to a Body. But this is not the ſenſe of Mortification here. Here it is derived *à morte*, from death too, but applyed to a greater purpoſe. *Totam hominis miſeriam Deus complectitur mortis vocabulo.* The breach of one word of Command introduc't it. Diſobedience againſt one Not undid, was the Ruine of All. For ſo we find it in the 17. of the Second of *Geneſis*: *But of the tree of knowledge of Good and Evil, thou ſhalt not eat of it*; **For in the day that thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt dye the death.**

To

To know Mortification the better, let us enquire into the divers ſorts or degrees of death: and thoſe are four: The firſt is, *Mors ſpiritualis*, a Spiritual death, which is the privation of the Spiritual life, whereby the whole man is Ruin'd and deſtroy'd; *Vivit tantùm peccato*, He lives to ſinne onely. And that kinde of Life is the worſt of Death.

Then there is *Mors affectionum*, a death of Affections, *Quæ eſt privatio primævæ fœlicitatis*, The privation of former Happineſſe: And that is *immiſſio omnis generis calamitatum*, The ſad inlet of that raging Tide of all ſorts of Calamities, and all kindes of evil.

The third is *Mors ſpiritualis, vel corporalis*, a death of the ſoul and body, (miſtake me not I pray) this we call a Natural death, which is a privation of this Animal life.

The laſt is, *Mors Æterna*, Everlaſting death, which in holy Scriptures is called a *Second death*.

Mortification here claims the neareſt kindred to the death of Affections. *Propter te mortificamur totâ die.* We are killed for thee all the day long, ſingeth the Pſalmiſt, *Quaſi Cycnus in cantu*, as the related Swan chaunteth his Epicedium. *Fœlicem illam animam, cui vivere eſt Chriſtus, et cum Chriſto mori lucrum.* Thrice happy is that ſoul, to whom Chriſt is the life; He needs not fear to dye with him, ſince he's the onely Gain. If Chriſt be in you, the body is dead, becauſe of ſin. But the Spirit is life for righteouſneſs ſake. But if the ſpirit of him that raiſed up Jeſus from the Dead, dwell in you; He that raiſed up Chriſt from the Dead, ſhall alſo quicken your mortal bodies, becauſe that his Spirit dwelleth in you. Therefore, Brethren, we are Debtors, not to the fleſh, to live after the fleſh; For if ye live after the fleſh, ye ſhall dye: but if ye mortifie the deeds of the body, by the Spirit, ye ſhall live, writes S. *Paul* to the *Romans*, 8. 10, 11, 12, 13. And to the *Philippians*, cap. 3. 7. The things

Things that were Vantage unto me, the ſame I counted Loſſe for Chriſts Sake. Yea, doubtleſſe I think all Things but Loſſe for the excellent Knowledge Sake of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord, for whom I have counted all things Loſſe, and do judge them to be Dung, that I might win Chriſt. And might be found in Him, that is not having mine own righteouſneſſe, which is of the Law, but that which is is through the Faith of Chriſt, even the righteouſneſſe which is of God through Faith. That I may know him, and the Vertue of his Reſurrerection, and the Fellowſhip of his afflictions, and be made conformable unto his Death. If by any means I might attain to the Reſurrection of the dead,&c. But our Converſation is in Heaven, from whence alſo we look for the Saviour, even the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; Who ſhall change our vile Bodie, that it may be faſhioned like unto his glorious Body, according to the working whereby he is able even to ſubdue all things unto Himſelf. And this is the Mortification in our Conſideration.

1. *Between two Hills, as thoſe of Faith, and Hope*] Between two Hills is the Introduction to Mortification, and the ſignification of her Strength, and Firmeneſſe. This *Simile* pointeth at the Mount of Faith, and Tenariffe of Hope, ſhewing that the Reaſon or Ground of true Mortification is the enjoyment of Chriſt, who is incomparably beyond all things, in the poſſeſſion of which ineſtimable Riches Chriſtians deſpiſe the World, and trample upon their Affections thereunto, knowing that in the Enjoyment of Him they poſſeſſe all things.

Thou goeſt into a gloomy Glade) Into what is ſcorned by the world's Eye, the excellency of which place is hidden for their ſight. Gloomy intimates compoſed, and retired in thoughts. Glades are places that indent between hills, wherin Fowlers ſett their Gins and Nets to take, and Kill Partridges, woodcocks and the like in the mornings and Evenings,

nings, when they accuſtom to fly thoſe wayes. The Glade here ſhews the taking notice of the Vanities and Follies of the world, and deſpiſing of them, which is introductive to Mortification.

Where Groves of Yew do caſt their Shade) A ſad, and mournful condition in this world does cloud, the vertuous in the Eye of opinion, and eſtimation. The godly are accounted as ſwallowed up by their Afflictions, are reckoned no better than loſt men by Children of this world, who ſcarce number any among the Living, that appear not in their Sunſhine.

The Yew Tree, as *Galen* reporteth, is of a venemous quality, and againſt man's nature; Theſe Yewes are Afflictions, that are over ſhadowers of the vertuous and are poiſoners of delight in vain pleaſures; being alſo very harſh to fleſh, and bloud, and contrary to Nature. *Diaſcorides*, and moſt of thoſe, that have heretofore dealt in Herbariſme ſet forth, though upon no very experimentall ground, that the Yew Tree is very venemous to be taken inwardly, and that if any do ſleep under the ſhadow thereof, it cauſeth many times death. Too much ſorrow taken inwardly, taken too much to heart, Killeth. There is no ſleeping in a ſtorme; no ſetting down ſtill in Trouble. We muſt beſtir us the right way, and uſe the means that they may be ſanctifi'd unto us, that the Yewes of our Miſeries may be ſeated in our mortified hearts, as they are uſed to be ſet in Churchyards, hallowed Places by their dedication, and cuſtomary imployment for Burialls. The Yew growes ſo planted near the Church: Affliction flowriſheth when it is placed near Devotion. It is further ſaid of the Fruit of the Yew, that the Eating of the ſame is not onely dangerous aud deadly unto Man, but if Birds do eat thereof, it cauſeth them to caſt their feathers, and many times to dye. Inordinate ſorrow for the things of this life bring rather *mortem*, *quam mortificationem*, lead us to de-

ſpair

ſpair, to the gates of death more than to mortification. The Birds are the Preferments of this world, Falſe Friends caſt their feathers, their favours; the world forſakes us, when trial coms, and leaves oftentimes men dead without help or comfort. *Theophraſtus* Sayes, that labouring Beaſts do die, if they eat of the Leaves; but ſuch Cattle, as Chew the Cud receive no hurt at al thereby. The Leaves are the hiding the covering of Afflictions, which is very dangerous. Affliction is death to unclean Beaſts. It makes the wicked mad. It is not hurtful to thoſe, that are Clean, that ruminate, that chew the Cud. To thoſe that meditate upon the Lawes, and Statutes of the Lord, and ſeek unto him continually by Prayer. The Leaves of the Yew are ſenſeleſneſſe, negligence, and unprofitableneſſe of Afflictions, when they are not made the right uſe of. Whereupon it may well be ſaid that Affliction leaves a man either much the wiſer man, or a greater Fool, than before it found him.

Thou findeſt there, a Pallace, that had Scope] Here the Traveller makes a looſe Deſcription of the Ruines of a ſtately Pallace, ſhadowing therein the World; whoſe Vanities and Pleaſures muſt be thrown off, and loſe their ſtation in our Affections before we can come to be mortified. What had Scope, had large room, has none now in our Hearts.

Balconies] Are the ſpecious glories, and glittering eminencies of the World, thoſe *ſplendida peccata*, thoſe ſhining Sins, that draw ſo many Eyes after them, and dazzle the weak Sight of the Beholders; that are in *conſpicuo poſita*, ſet out to catch the Fancies of Men.

Rooms of Pleaſure] Vanities of the World, wherewith forgetful Souls delight themſelves according to their ſeveral Choice and Opinion.

Large] As wide as the World.

Long] Being falſly apprehended, inſtead of everlaſting Happineſſe; long; as carrying Men ſtill on in them, and con-

continuing them in ſuch a deceiving Walk from turning.

With Arras and with Pictures hung] The Arras, the vain Stories of Ambition; The Pictures are the Luſtre of Coin, the golden Paintings of Wealth. With ſuch falſe Colours and looſe Habit is this *Jezabel* trimmed, and dreſſed.

With Aviarie's Sweets, where wanton Voices ſung] The Allurements of Temptations. Againſt ſuch Syrens muſt *Ulyſſes* ſtop his Ears; There is no coming to Mortification, before an Abnegation of ſuch Vanities, and a demoliſhing in our Hearts, or at leaſt an utter neglect of ſuch cozening, and deceitful Trifles This alludes to what is fabulouſly related of the Syrens, *ipſæ periculoſa hominibus monſtra propter cantus ſuavitatem*, thoſe ſame dangerous monſters to Men, with the inchantment of their Songs, thereby firſt lulling Paſſengers aſleep to devour them. Theſe had a Song for every Mans Humour, not to miſſe any Diſpoſition. Theſe Syrens and their Songs are Pleaſures and their Titillations. Theſe were feign'd to be Daughters to *Achelous*, and one of the Muſes. *Cum taurino patre, et ad voluptates propenſo natæ ſint*: of *Achelous* in the ſhape of a Bul, from inclination to delight, from Senſuality. Of a Muſe, *quæ ſit ſuavitas illa, quæ nos ad eas illicit*, from ſuch an apprehended Sweetneſs as is an allurement unto Pleaſure. Theſe lead us as in a Maze to deſtruction. Theſe put up their Heads, and ſhew in that part of the Minde, which the Philoſopher calls ἄλογον, *quæ caret ratione*, that wanteth Reaſon, that comes ſhort of Judgement. Theſe were half Virgin, half Fiſh. The Beſtial part kept under Water. Such Monſters are Men that are given over to their Luſts, and have relinquiſhed others ſound Counſel, and quitted the Evidence of their own Underſtandings.

2. *All now dropt down within own Ruine's Tombe*] *Fluit Voluptas, & prima quæque evolat.* Pleaſure tarries not. It does but ſhew, and vaniſhes: *Sæpiuſq; relinquit cauſas pœnitendi, quam recordandi:* It leaves us for the moſt part more

more cauſe of Regret, then Reaſon for Remembrance. And no marvel. For if we look upon the foul Nature of the thing. *Voluptas eſt cum quadam lubrica ſuavitate ad illicita fœdamentis inclinatio.* Pleaſure is an Inclination of a defiled Minde, with a ſlippery deſire and Itch to unlawful Things: So S. *Herom.* This Stanza deſcribes the Inconſtancie and Dirtineſſe of the Vanities of this World. Deſtruction, and Oblivion are the beſt Concluſion Pleaſure can hope for.

Lay buried in a Rubbiſh Graffe] The Walls drop into the Ditches, that lay under them, being in a manner the expecters of, as well as receptacles for their Downfals. Such Delights periſh in their own rottenneſſe, as dead Carkaſſes do putrifie, and conſume in the places of their foul, and dark Sepulture, in a Rubbiſh Graffe, the Sink of a vitious minde is the Reception of all ſorts of Muck, and ſinful Uncleanneſſe.

As Corn within a heap of Chaffe] Obſcuring all that is good within us, and making happy Endowments uſeleſſe.

The Perſons and the Luſtre of each Room] Here the main drift of this Stanza openeth to this effect, that in preparation to Mortification our Affections muſt be rectified, and our Deſires turned from the emptineſſe of Things, that are finite, which have not in them a poſſibility to give the Soul ſatisfaction. A Square cannot fill a Circle. When Proſperitie leaves us, and Adverſitie takes us by the Elbow we are taught by experience, that all is but Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit; we are then apter to the Inſpection into our ſelves, and upon examination finde what is neceſſary to be mortified in us.

Where Numbers dwelt before, now's deſolate) Vices are ejected, there is no habitation for them. Legion is thrown out of the Poſſeſſed; Or it may be taken for the general cuſtom of the world to ſtay no longer than the Sun ſhine; When a ſtorm comes, or a dark Winter's day of triall appears, they play leaſt in ſight.

And Whispers tell the Walls their state) Whispers are Fears and Suspitions; Or secret Censure. But here more properly they give us notice, when Sin has lost it's boldnesse, it discovers it's weaknesse.

The ruin'd Place of Flesh is sad Necrosis Gate) *Ego non sum ego* is the man, that comes to be mortified, He is not the same He. The Gatehouse only stands, and some ruines appear of the outward Man, but his Inside is turn'd all topsy turvy; he has repented, he has thrown out his former bad Guests, his Vices; he has thrown down his Concupiscences, and foolish Affections. They lay in their Graves, in the dust, in dissolution, in oblivion. Now welcome sad *Necrosis*, severe Mortification. Mourning now is more comfortable, and becomming, than the wonted mirth of the world, which is but madnesse, a meer Delirium, a ridiculous foolishnesse. The flesh is mastered, conquered. For the spirit hath gotten the Day. Happy is that Tribulation, that brings to Mortification.

3. *The Gatehouse onely stands*) The Remains of Pleasure, are onely the Repetition of what Repentance was for, and the Confession of former Errour. The Gate to the House is as the Mouth to the Stomack.

The other Walls Do seem to shoulder friendlesse Air) Denoting the tott'ring condition of worldly Vanities, that conceive themselves propped by the breath of men's mouthes, but are weakly buttrised by Opinion. It sets forth likewise that frequent mistake of those, which are in misery, applying themselves to, or seeking redresse from any mundane hand, or terrestrial Assistance, which neither regards the Complaint of the wretched, nor stayes to relieve those which are distressed, and call upon them; which pass like the Ayre, and are as trustlesse as the Wind, that rather throwes down, than strengtheneth a stooping structure, that overthrowes a leaning Building. Here is chiefly aymed at, that there is no place

place of Entertainment left for former Wickedneſs.

Where Melancholick Bats repair) The diſconſolation of Affliction; The uncomfortable remembrance of Sins paſt. Batts are *Veſpertiliones, quod ſe veſpertino tempore ad volatum proferant*, as *Pliny*. Becauſe they uſe their wings chiefly in the Evenings, and accuſtome to fly in the Night. Such are fears and Sorrowes, that take the places of former Delights. The Evening is the dusky remembrance of the day paſt, the melancholy thought of what has been done amiſs. The Night is the darkneſs of Sorrow, heavineſs of Heart, and dejection of ſpirit for commiſion of forepaſt Evill. Batts are *Lucifugæ* Creatures, that ſhun the Light. Night walkers, as if they were afraid of Arreſt, which imployes their Guilt, as being conſcious of Offending. In the Second of *Iſaiah*. v. 20. The Prophet denouncing the puniſhment of the rebellious, and obſtinate, Saith: At that day ſhall man caſt away his Silver Idols, and his golden Idols, (which they had made themſelves to worſhip them) to the Moles, and to the Batts; which denote ſecrecy, and Oblivion. Theſe like Sin hate the Light. A Bat is neither a Mouſe, nor A Bird, but *mediæ naturæ*, betwixt them both. The Soul after Sin is put to the queſtion, whether it belonges more to Senſe or Reaſon. If to Reaſon how came ſenſe to command; If to ſenſe, why ſhould not Reaſon obey. A Batt is rather to be ſaid to ſwim in the Aire with Finns, than to fly with wings. Such are the phantaſms of worldly delights, that take their turns in our Brains not being worthy of compariſon with pious and noble thoughts. *Ob hoc tenebrarum commercium, etſi alioquin tetricæ, et luridæ, non defuit tamen ſua, cui placeret, Dea Proſerpina, Scil. Inferni regis uxor.* From their commerce with the darke, though they be very unpleaſant in ſhape or colour, yet they have not wanted a Patroneſſe among the heathen Goddeſſes, even *Proſerpina* the wife of *Pluto*, The faigned Powers of Hell. *Proſerpina*

is Beauty, Worldly Fame, and the like, *Pluto* is Riches, and worldly wealth. Ye may know what manner of Things thoſe are by the Beaſt and Bird, that they patronize.

Each ſcreeching Owl to one another calls] One ſin gives the alarum to another in the Conſcience, till all be quieted by repentance. The Owl is *Avis luctiſona, & funebris*, A mournful, a Funeral bird. So here it ſignifies the Lamentation of a ſinner. The puniſhing himſelf with ſorrow, and mortifying himſelf with grief for his ſin committed. *Bubonem, cum apparuit, malo omini eſſe, aut bellum, aut famem, aut mortem portendere, vetus perſuaſio fuit, ad noſtrum uſque ſæculum derivatur.* It was an old Augurie, and remains as a continued vulgar opinion, a popular Ethnick tradition even in latter times, that the appearance of an Owl was either a ſign of ill luck, or War, or Famin, or Death. All pertinent to this ſenſe. For here under the Owls is mentioned, that ſin muſt leave his place; the fleſh is overthrown, as in the field, by the Spirit; ſin is like to have no more ſuſtenance. For Mortification is at hand.

Aſide this Gatehouſe down ſome ſteps do turn] Alluding to turning from former ways aſide from the world; the Diſcourſe of the Tongue is changed into a pious and ſober language; the Actions of the Hands are altered into Religious and Virtuous Deeds; the Steps are downward, to denote Humility; and they turn to ſhew Repentance.

Into a Vault where's many an Urn] Mortification dwels very low, and out of ſight. A Vault for Urns, is a repoſitory for the Dead, uſed by the Romans and other Nations heretofore. Such is man, the burial place of diſorderly affections, when he is quickened in Chriſt.

Which ſhe with Aſhes fills of fleſh, that late did burn] The overcoming of the Temptations of the fleſh, by the power of the ſpirit.

4. *About this hollow Room lye gaſping ſins*] This ſhews the loathneſs of ſin to leave us, and our cloſe League with it that we muſt dye at parting. This Room is the Conſcience.

That uſually before they dye, &c.] Before ſin leaves us our natures being poſſeſs't therewith, ſhew much reluctancie; and before it goes it will repreſent it ſelf in the ugliest ſhape, and make a horrid noiſe in the Conſcience to Tempt to Deſpair, or ſeek to move compaſſion in the Affections.

Which nought from her of ſoft compaſſion winnes] The Mortified Soul is reſolved of a New life, and regards not any temptations.

She upward looketh with a pleaſed eye] Heaven is her Comfort and delight. She is pleaſed in the deſtruction of Gods enemies.

That dead their wickedneſs there lye] She triumpheth in her conqueſt under Chriſts Banner.

While on a Tomb with arms acroſſe ſhe ſitteth by] The proper emblem of Mortification. The ſoul ſits in a ſad Poſture, upon a Funeral ſeat, a place for Tears, a place of Mortality.

5. *Her right hand underneath her breaſt is plac't*] Signifying her Reverence.

Her Left upon a Yoke, &c.] Her Patience. A yoke is the Emblem of Patience.

Her Right foot tear-waſh't very clean] Her repentance and amendment of Life.

Upon an earthly Globe treads, that's defac't] Her contempt of the World; which is a deformed object in her Eye.

Her bare lefts ſet upon the Gelid Ground] Her Humilitie.

That ſheweth here and there a wound] Her Charity and compaſſion.

Whoſe bleeding drops preſerve her, &c. She is ever dying to the world, and killing the fleſh.

6. *Upon her ſhoulders ſhe doth bear a Croſſe*] Her Obedience.

Which makes Her bend a little down] Her Patience.

She's very lovely, but ſhe's brown] Shee is accepted in the Eye of her Saviour, though nothing beautifull in the worlds opinion.

And liſtens not to oft brought news of loſs] Her Prudence and Reſolution.

From off a ſtone a Lamp doth glimmer light] Her Life is not ſpecious, but auſtere. It is a deſpiſed labouring through many tribulations, a ſtrugling through temptations. Or thus; Our Lamps, our Natures are ſubject to many imperfections; our corruptions like Oyl will fire therein, but mortification permits them not to flame forth, and ſhine out; they have but their Glimmerings. The Lamp is plac't upon ſtone, to ſhew, it is mortal. A ſtone is a thing without life, and uſed to cover the dead.

As day were mix't with ſome of night] This alludeth to the Painters artificial mixing of colours with his nimble pencil, touching thoſe brighter with ſome of the ſadder hue; which makes them ſhew much darker for the better draught of his piece to the Life, often cauſing ſhadows to ſet off the livelier colours. So the Traveller here makes one compoſure of day and night, to ſet forth that the life of mortification is a continual death. So is life reſembled unto day, and night mentioned as the privation of the ſame.

And near the walls Skul's Letters form words, Life does write] Here the Traveller ſtraineth his fancy to the reſemblance

blance of wiſe ſentences, heretofore accuſtomed to be writ-ten upon the walls within the rooms of wel diſpoſed perſons houſes, which offered to the ey of thoſe that came near them the Memory of ſomething that was worthy the obſervation. For ſuch a ſilent kind of inſtruction does he here build, or ſet skulls one upon another againſt the wall to faſhion words, and of ſuch words ſo formed, to compoſe ſentences. The Skulls are Men, men dead to the World; the Lettes are numbers of men; the Words are Nations of men: The Sentences are the worlds of men, or the ſucceſſive generations of the diſtinct Ages in the world; Life writes mortality upon all theſe both by precept and example, and publiſheth it as by a writing upon the Table of the Univerſal world, as the Skulls, thus ſuppoſed in their order here, are imagined to ſignifie upon this wall. But this is not all: For here it is meant concerning Regenerated men, who are dead to ſin, Mortifying the Luſts thereof in their earthly bodies. Chriſt is their life, who is the Word, charactereth in their ſoules the Comfort, and Aſſurance of happineſs, as it is expreſſed from the words of S. *Paul*, *Col.* 3. 3. in the next *Stanza* in thoſe lines, *Your life is hid with Chriſt in God*, &c. *Stanza* 7.

7. *Such even compoſure of each Mortal head*, &c.] This Stanza was unlocked in the former. The Door ſtands open.

8. *Without the Gate an aged Porter ſtands*] Contempt of the world he is ſaid aged for his experience, which conduceth to bring him to what he is; he is ſaid Porter, as ſhutting out, or warding againſt the ſame. And is properly Porter here, becauſe he letteth in to Mortification. He ſtands to watch, and to reſiſt. For ſuch is that Poſture of ſtanding ready.

Moſt gravely caſting up his eye] The Soul contemning the World, moſt devoutly looketh up to heaven, the

onely place of Hope, and Happineſſe. The Soul in that condition caſteth up his Eye, raiſeth his Faith to Chriſt, in whom he hopeth to enjoy the Comforts of a better being.

Neglecting who ſo paſſeth by) Setting at nought the enmity of Satan, the Rebellion of the fleſh, and the malice of the world.

On Croſier leaning both his claſped hands) laying hold by Faith faſt upon, and being aſſiſted by the Croſſe and Paſſion of Chriſt, of his Saviour, who is his ſtrength, and his ſupporter.

And to the curious does deny his name) The curious are Tempters and deriders. The worldling asks, what's the matter when any man forſakes the world. They account a mortified man, a thing fit for nought but a dull houſe, a Bedlam. S. *Paul* is accounted as a mad man, when he ſpeaks myſteries to *Feſtus* that he does not underſtand. The Mortified man glorieth not in Name nor Fame, but onely with S. *Paul*, in Chriſt Jeſus Crucified. And upon good ground too.

He has a reaſon for the ſame) He has Gods word for his authority, his commandments for his law, and his promiſes for his reward.

He, he expecteth glory for his ſcorned fame) He is iterated to make the man the more remarkable. He indeed is a rare Bird: he that forſakes the world, and mortifies his corrupt Affections, is worth the noting. But the world underſtands him not. But gives him ſcorn for fame, which he exchangeth for the hope of future glory.

9. *Behold purſu'd by many furious hounds*) This Stanza doth allegorize, and from under a cloud diſcover the condition of man before and after his Converſion, or the hard condition of the Virtuous and godly man in this world. Like *Actæon* is the unregenerate purſued by Hounds, Dogges of his

his own bringing up. None are hotter enemies, than his owne ſinnes. They purſue him over the hills; they call to remembrance all his fore-paſt evils. They drive him over the lofty places of height of pleaſure and ambition. They overthrow him in the ſpoyled Grove of his Idolatry and falſe Worſhip. It is ſuch a ſpoyl'd Grove, deſpoyl d of the Idols as *Joſiah cauſed to be cut down* in his Reformation of the Jews. Sin brings him here into the ſtate of death, which is his heavy caſe. The falling of the Stagge upon his knees, and weeping, is man's humiliation and repentance: To his wounds he weepeth; at the ſight of his ſins he is very much dejected. While he lies in this ſad condition, and Satan thinks him in deſpair, and his vices and enemies ſeem to vaunt over his deſtruction; by Faith he is regenerate, newborn, metamorphos'd, or rather turnd into a Hart, the Lord's, his Redeemer's, his Saviour's beloved, and hath thereby a vivification, and newneſs of Life, and eſcapeth from his ſpiritual and worldly enemies that are his violent purſuers. From ſuch Hounds S. *Paul* gives the Caveat, *Phil.* 3.2. *Beware of Dogges, beware of evil workers*, &c.

10. *A wanton woman ſee Within this Grove*, &c) This Stanza diſcourſeth under a wanton woman that throws off her Toyes, abandons her bad company, changes her Affections, &c. The courſe of a true Penitent, that muſt mortifie all evil deſires, as well as Actions. Here eſpecially by this wanton is meant Fornication, having relation to *Coloſ.* 3. If ye then be riſen with, ſeek thoſe things which are above, where Chriſt ſitteth at the right hand of God: Set your affections on things which are above, and not on things which are on the earth: For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Chriſt in God, &c. Mortifie therefore your Members, which are on the earth, Fornication, uncleanneſſe, the inordinate affection, evil concupiſcence, and covetouſneſs which is Idolatry. This and the following Stanza's are directed

rected by this Chapter of S. *Paul* for the mortification of ſin.

11. *But ſee a Hagge*, &c. This Stanza expreſſeth under this Hagge, Mortification of, and converſion from Uncleanneſs, which is the outward act of Fornication, which muſt be avoided. As alſo all manner of ſins of the Tongue; as cenſuring, Back-biting, Lying, Swearing, Foul ſpeaking, of the Heart, as Anger, Wrath, and Malice. Which are mentioned in the following Stanza.

12. *There lies by Wrath fell Angers garment torn*) One ſin quarrels with another; but ſins Garments are torn; in relation to that of putting off the old man. A mortified man muſt be rid of his ſins as of infected cloaths, *Col.* 3.8,9,10.

Moral. X.

The skilfull Chirurgeon, that would preſerve the Bodies health, doth ſcarrifie a part to ſtupifie it, and to let it blood; and in other caſes doth mortifie and cicatrize to prevent the miſchief of a Gangreen.

Enſe recidendum eſt, ne pars ſincera trahatur. Virtue and Vice cannot live together. We cannot at once ſerve two Maſters: We cannot ſerve God and Mammon. We muſt throw down, and trample upon Idols, if we mean to ſerve the Living God. There is but one Phœnix, and that hath a very ſweet Note, as *Lactantius Firmianus*, which continueth his race by the death of his Predeceſſor, who gathering rich ſpices to his compiled Neſt in the face of the Sun, fireth them, and therein conſumeth in his Age, and from his Aſhes ariſeth the living young. Who ſo dyeth to the world, liveth ſuch a Phœnix unto happineſs.

Pro-

Prospect. X.

The Richeſt ſpice that Merchants hand
Hath rapt for gain from Eaſtern Land,
When bruiſed moſt, doth ſweeteſt ſmell;
It's Fragancie's within, does tell.
The Artiſt's ſtroaks muſt break it's Gate
For rare Perfume to flie thereat;
With ſuch, and fam'd Arabian Gumms
Pollinctors dreſt the Gueſts of Tombs;
Who mauger death, that ſpoils his prey,
Made marbled fleſh, made Torch of Clay.
Preſerv'd the ſtill-kept Form entire,
Waſtleſſe by time, except By fire.
So th' Ancients did embalm the dead,
After their precious Unguents ſpread,
Thus lent a being after death;
And gave perfume inſtead of breath.
The ſoul to life doth greater riſe,
When ſhe the fleſh moſt mortifies.
The ſight is ſtrange; but bleſt the womb
That bears a child within a Tomb.

Consolatory Essay X.

For want of a right Apprehenſion of Things, as they are in themſelves, as in their own Natures, we are led too often, and carried too far out of the Way. We are many times cozen'd with Mock-ſhewes for real Things. Hence our Affections taking all at the *Volee*, wanting likewiſe Direction by true Knowledge to their proper Marks, do not ſo much miſſe their Aim, as altogether miſcarry. This is a viſible Diſcovery of want of Judgement too; Or, that it is ſo perverted, as it is become the Childe of a Harlot, and not of a lawful Mother, the Natural-born of Senſe, and not the Son of Reaſon.

How elſe can it come to paſſe that the Noble Soul of Man ſhould ſo baſely pleaſe it ſelf with as foul, as general a habit, and cuſtome of brutiſh hunting for the Back, and Belly; And to roul in the Mire with trivial Vanities, and ſordid Pleaſures; Yea, to run with Ambition after a Butter-flie, a painted light thing, a popular Name, a Breath, a Nothing; And to neglect the divine Contemplation, gallant Attempt, and moſt excellent Acquiſition of Heavenly matters!

How elſe comes it about that no pains is thought enough to fetch a little glittering Earth from the remoteſt parts of the World from the *Indies*. It is no more. Nor of the Dignitie of that which lies upon the Surface. Gold hath the lower place by Nature. No ſtorm muſt withſtand us. No length of Journey tire us. Nor Hazard diſcourage us. No, we muſt ha't; Though it brings *Pluto*'s Plagues with it; Covetouſneſſe, Contention, and a thouſand Evils. Yet is it neither Food, nor Raiment. *Midas* found in the Fable, that

that it was not edible. And *Licurgus* in the Conſtitution of his Laconian Common-wealth, and in the Inſtitution of his Lawes condemned it, as not neceſſary. He therefore ſhut it out of their Gates for a Wrangler; or more properly for the prevention of a Quarrel. It was againſt his Communitie, and Commutative Juſtice.

How elſe ariſeth it, that we are ſo hurried about with our Paſſions, as if we rode upon the Sphears with a rapid motion, for the obtaining of thoſe things, that are ſo far from being neceſſary, as they are not convenient; as for Pleaſures, in regard of Health, and reſt; for Honours, in reſpect of Contentment, and ſafe enjoyment.

Were any of theſe things either of Value or Certainty, there were ſome excuſe for Appetite. Let us go to *Solomon*, the wiſeſt of men, to him that had the Treaſury of Knowledge of all from the Cedar to the Shrub, that abounded with the means, and judgment in the variety of his Experiments. What ſayes he after his large Progreſſe? *Vanitie of vanities, ſaith the Preacher, vanitie of vanities, all is vanitie! What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the Sun?* That's his Beginning. And what ſayes he in the midſt of his Inquiſition? *Lo, this onely have I found, that God made man upright, but they have many inventions.* And what's his winding up in the cloſe of All? Take his own Words, and Gods Holy Spirit in them. *Let us hear the End of all. Fear God and keep his Commandments: For this is the whole dutie of Man. For God ſhall bring every work into judgement, with every ſecret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.* How Follie and Death are in a Conſpiracie together! The Vanities of the World are Sin, and the Wages of Sin is Death. It is time to look about us; ſince our enemies are at hand. But which way ſhall we eſcape them? Let us contemn the World! and we avoid its Folly. Let us mortifie our ſelves, and we have the better of Death.

Draw

Draw then near, thou ſad-fac't Soul! that haſt been overcome with the one, and art in Danger of the other! Me thinks I ſee Death in thy Face. Thou look'ſt as though he were in thy Head, if not in thy Heart. Thou art Miſerie all over, and die thou muſt. Thou muſt not loſe thy longing. Thou hideſt from the Day; and the Night is a Burden. Companie is grievous; and Solitude dangerous, yet thou lov'ſt it.

How ſtrangely thine Imaginations work! and as vainly. How thy Breaſt is upon the Rack! and thy thoughts upon the Tenters! How thy Wiſhes flie into the Winde! and thy Groans do anſwer one another by Ecchoes! What contrivances thou haſt in thy ſecret Paths! and how cunning thou art to ſeek out a Miſchief! Thou art now rich enough. For thou art reſolv'd, thy Poverty ſhall not ſtarve thee, thou may'ſt do that thy ſelf. Thou art now great enough; another ſhall not give thee a Fall. Wilt thou undo thy ſelf, that another may not undo thee? 'Tis not to be altered. Die thou wilt. Only the manner of Death is the queſtion.

Come hither, Backſliding Man! Here is thy neareſt way, and thy beſt Death. And ſince nothing would down with thee, but Death, thou ſhalt have enough of ſelf-killing. Here is a Death that is at hand, and full of ſafety. Thou may'ſt do it by good Authority. This Death is lawful. Thou ſhalt not need to travel among opinions; to ſearch among the learned for Arguments; to ſtrain the ſence of Mutilation; or to put the Fallacie upon *eadem eſt ratio totius, & partium*; Thou ſhalt not need to trie thy Wit to gather poyſon. Here is a Death to purpoſe; Thou muſt kill thy ſelf all over. The Dagger, or the like ſtrikes but at a Part; This ſtrikes at all. Mortifie the Fleſh! and the ſinful Members thereof! and thou offereſt a Sacrifice; and committeſt not a Murder. But Sacrifice not as thoſe to *Moloch*: For that is ſuch a Sacrifice as has Murder, and Abomination

joyn'd

joyn'd to it. Draw thine Affections off from the World! And thou haſt drawn a Dagger againſt Temptations. Faſt! and thou ſtarveſt thy worſer ſelf. Faſt! *ad mortificationem carnis, non uſque ad mortem corporis*, to the mortification of thy ſinful Fleſh, not to the deſtruction of thy human Body. Pray! and thy wicked purpoſes fall by a holy Sword. Mortify thy Luſts! and in that inſtant th'art a dead man. And thou ſhalt not need to fear thy dying; For thou riſeſt to a new life, and haſt given thee a better Being. Since thou wert ſo bloudy minded thou ſhalt have enough of Self-killing, even to wearineſſe. Thou muſt Kill by mortifying thy Self dayly; and thou ſhalt have Joy, and Life by it. Since thou wert ſo bloudy minded, take thy Saviour's Bloud, and may I ſay with reverence, *Sanguinem ſitiſti, ſanguinem bibe*; Did'ſt thou thirſt for Bloud? Drink that! not as there it was ſpoken a puniſhment or contempt to *Cyrus*, but as a Myſtery of Reconciliation of Chriſt to thy Soul; and as *Sanguis eſt rivus vitæ*, Bloud is the River of life, ſo ſhalt thou taſt *vitam in ſanguine* the fountain of everlaſting life by the ſtreame of that Bloud. *Ego ſum fons, ego ſum vita*, ſayes our Saviour. I am the Well, and I am the life. When *Sara* was old, and dead to worldly Affections, ſhe bare *Iſaac* the Child of Promiſe. If thou haſt not mortified in thee worldly Affections, thou ſhalt never arrive at the Joy of the Spirit. Therefore we faint not, ſaith Saint *Paul*, but though our outward man periſh, yet the inward man is renewed dayly. 2. Cor. 4. 16. Therefore if any man be in Chriſt, let him be a new creature. Old things are paſſed away. Behold all things are become new. verſe. 17.

Does thine Eye offend thee? Pluck it out. Prevent occaſion, that's the ſence of the Letter, according to the moſt Learned Expoſitors; and hath coherence with the other parts of holy Scripture. Art thou libidinous? Faſting is the beſt Caſtration. Throw thy Pride in the Fire! Drown

thy

thy luſt in thy Tears! Make away thy ſelf from the World to God-ward! Not by killing of thy ſelf in Body, but by Mortifying thy Concupiſcences, and Appetite in thy Members to evil. *Sic nec alter*; ſo not otherwiſe is Self-killing lawful.

Canto. XI.

The Farm of Self-Reſignation.

1.

BY Reconciliation's Tents
Thou travel'ſt now, where bending way indents,
Where with this Brother, and with that thou mendeſt rents.
What thou haſt borrow'd here thou needs muſt pay;
Or what thou canſt. From which make little ſtay.
Ill words, bad works Gangreen, not cur'd this way.
They gifts unto each other give, and ſend,
So former Foe they change to new-made Friend.
Gain Heaven too; and that ſafely guards them to their end.

2.

Moſt fair interpretation draws
'Twixt oft contending parties, wholeſom Laws;
What reaſon can't compoſe well, there Religion aws.
Here th'one to th'other Alms doth freely deal.
With much delight th'ones wound doth th'other heal.
To Laws, drawn thus, does pardon ſet her ſeal.
Which is ſent up to th'Empyrean Court,
Preſented thither in moſt humble ſort;

Accepted

Accepted, and confirm'd, down's ſent a pardon for't.

3.

With throbbing heart, and panting breath,
Wet eyes, and wounded feet; above, beneath,
Th'aſt gone through diſmal ways, by thouſand paths of death
Take reſt awhile! The wilderneſs is paſt;
As ſcaping ſtorm thou now mayſt Anchor caſt.
Bid ſowr and bitter things farewel! Sweets taſt!
See! Fertile Land enrich't by ploughmans pains!
Doe ſhew him plenty, plac't in ſeveral veins.
The Fields with fulneſs laugh, the Swain at pregnant gains.

4.

Tis pleaſant news the crowing Cock.
How he to comfort's Dawn's the chaunting clock!
How he does wild beaſts fright, when he his wings does (knock!
Here ſelf by ſelf does Reſignation dwell
Within a ſpacious Farm of doing well.
He pays himſelf for Rent; No coyn needs tell.
But every New-year ſends to's Lord a Heart,
A wreath of Laurel, and a winged Dart:
Such is his Tenure, which for All he pays in part.

5.

The Lord (ſay ſome, and thoſe ſay well)
Above the Empyrean hill aloft doth dwell.
The Glory of his ſeat can none that's mortal tell.
None like his Tenent, keeps a houſe ſo free.
At every Court yet muſt ſurrender be.
He then re-grants. None bountiful as he!
A Fence doth grow about th' encircled ground
A living wall of ſafety all doth Bound.
And every thing doth thrive, which that doth ſo ſurround.

6.

That River which in Poſt doth go,
Does diſembogued waters to Sea throw;

And ſea through Earth's cloſe bo.om his head ſpringeth to.
Whoſe gliding ſtreams, or falling ſhowrs of rain,
In pious thankfulneſs it ſends again
To the vaſt bounty of the ſearchleſs Main.
And in his Courſe ſee, how Meanders wind!
With clear, and joy'd embraces ſeeming kind!
But onward haſts away, and leaves the earth behind.

7.

About the houſe Trees growing high,
As Cedars ſpreading Tops, A wood ſtands by;
Whoſe branches ſeem to root within the lofty sky.
Tis cal d Mans Will, which, when the ſtorms do come;
Is beſt Protection for the Farmer's Room;
To which his cattel run for ſhelter home.
For on their Tops a Tree does ſtrangely grow,
E'en down from Heaven, that Mortalls here below
Cann't think what it ſhou ld be; fruits dropping partly ſhow.

8.

Within a fragrant Meadow near
Mild Conſolation gathers every where (dear.
Choice beauteous flowers for many a one that ſhe counts
With Chaplets ſome by her their head have dreſt.
With Noſegayes ſhe perfumes ſome others breaſt.
On beds of ſweets ſhe others lays to reſt.
While like an Angel Love Divine ſtands by.
Heart-headed ſhafts Love ſhoots from thoughts that flie
Feather'd with Zeal, their expectation cuts through sky.

9.

Their Contentations Cott behold!
How well tis plac't from too much heat, or cold!
Se'ſt not her pleaſant Lambs skip, driving to the Fold!
Shee's Reſignations Neighbour, and ſelf-friend;
Regarding nought, but what may chiefly tend
To Reſignations Heaven-deſired End.

There

There real Pleaſure dwels. 'Tis alwaies Spring.
There are renewing Quires, that ſtill do ſing. (ſting.
There nought breeds on that Ground, that venom has or

10.

Aloof, upon ſiniſter hand,
Thine eye a floating Iſle may now command
Within a troubled ſea. They call it wiſhes Land.
Where every one does ſeek, what th'other has,
And madly think to grinde at Mills of Glaſſe
Caught Atoms, which with wind away do paſſe.
Some bubbles blow into the laughing Air;
To which they fondly vent their fooliſh Prayer;
And when thoſe break, they cries do ſend to grim deſpair.
But turn unto the Right! Behold a ſight moſt fair!

11.

As Globes of Ivory, two Hills,
Embroder'd 'ore with Azure-veined Rills, (diſtils.
Have 'twixt them beauties Plain, through which each ſtream
Within this Plain a Virgine comely dreſt,
Sits with diſhevll'd Locks, in ſnowie veſt:
And with a Crimſon Croſs upon her breaſt.
She ſweetly ſings unto the flowing ſtreams,
The while the Sun diſpenceth ſmiling Beams.
Thus Conſcience ſits; and tunes her ſelf-inſtructing Theams.

12.

To Reſignation from above,
Deſcends an Angel from the height of Love,
That with Protections Scepter ore the Farm doth move.
See! Bleſſed are the ſtock, and thriving Kine;
Whoſe ſwelling Udders in white ſtreams do joyn,
In praiſe of him them feeds, ſhowr'd milk reſign.
And if at any time there come command,
For all the Stock, or any fruit o' th' Land.
It is preſented up with Free-will-offering hand.

13.

And when there's offer'd all that Store,
Still Reſignation cryes, *Lord wilt have more?*
Accept my Self! Alas! I give but thine before.
Here learn thine eaſie Leſſon! It is plain.
Thou ſhalt not need thy buſie Wits to ſtrain
Get it by heart! It will refreſh thy Brain.
Then Contentations Bliſſe thou ſhalt enjoy.
No noiſe the Song of Conſcience ſhall deſtroy.
For Reconciliation fills thy Soul with Joy.
But on! For Perſeverance leads a Heavenly Way.

PERSPECTIVE XI.

A Farme ſignifies with us Houſe, or Land, or Both, taken by Indenture of Leaſe, or Leaſe parol, which is a Leaſe by word of mouth, as it is vulgarly ſaid; *Firma* from the Latine word *Firmus*, for *locare ad firmum*, is as much as to ſet, or let to farm. The reaſon whereof may be in reſpect of the ſure hold, they have above Tenants at will. The author of the New Terms of Law deriveth this word from the Saxon feoſ m an, which ſignifieth to feed or yeild victuall. For in auncient time the reſervations were as well in victuals, as money. And ſo we take it here, but more largely, as a benefit beſtowed by the Lord of All, who is the free Giver of all good Gifts, reſerving all pure right, and property to himſelf, that all his Creatures may have their due, and fit dependency upon him, being to him tenants at Will.

Reſignation.] *Reſignatio* is uſed among the Civilians for the giving up of a Benefice into the hands of the Ordinary,

ry, otherwiſe called by the Canoniſts *Reunnciatio.* And though it ſignify all one in nature with the word, Surrender, yet it is by uſe more reſtrained to the yielding up of a ſpirituall Living, into the hands of the Ordinary, and Surrender to the giving up of temporall Lands into the hands of the Lord. And Reſignation had wont to be made into the hands of the King, as well as of the Dioceſan, becauſe he had *Supremam authoritatem Eccleſiaſticam*, as the Pope had in times paſt.

1. *By Reconcialition's Tents*] Tents a *tenendo*, from holding, and faſtning unto. But rather from *tendo* to ſtretch, and ſpread, to extend. Which is the nature of love both to lay, and cement together, and to inlarge all good offices for the piecing together, or continuing of Amity. Such is the part of Reconciliation betwixt man and man, which muſt firſt be done, before we can hope for the excellent ſtate of Reconciliation betwixt God, and man.

Thou travell'ſt now, where bending way indents] Which is the way of moderation; And that is the neareſt way, or outward means to mediate friendſhip between thoſe, that have been at ods, That is the beſt way for the working of an Atonement between parties at variance. Likewiſe in the way of Compremiſe, both parties, ſetting by Intereſt, do incline to amicable terms the one with the other.

Wherewith this Brother, and with that thou mendeſt rents] By the Means of Moderation, Reconciliation is obtained, Ruptures, and Breaches betwixt men are in one conjoyned, and confirmed in Amitie. *Seneca* hereupon ſayes very well, *Diſſentio ab aliis, à te reconciliatio incipiat. Cum ignoſcis ita beneficium tuum tempera, ut non ignoſcere videaris, ſed abſolvere. Quia graviſſimum pœnæ genus eſt, contumelioſa venia.* Let others begin Diſſention, but let none be before thee in Reconciliation. And when thou doſt pardon, ſo temper ſuch a Benefit, that thou doeſt not only ſeem to forgive,

but that thou doest absolve him, not only to free him of the fault, wherein he has offended, but even to blot out of Remembrance all such evil, as he then, and therein committed against him. Do not do it grudgingly,. For there cannot be a more grievous kinde of punishment, then a churlish Pardon.

What thou hast borrow'd here thou needs must pay; Or &c.] Thou must make Satisfaction for all injuries to the full, if thou can'st, if not, to thy power. Thou must be reconciled in time. According to that of Our most blessed Saviour; Matth: 5. 23. 24. If then thou bring thy gift to the Altar, and there remembrest that thy brother hath ought against thee, Leave there thine offering before the Altar, and go thy Way: first be reconciled to thy Brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Whereupon S. *Gregory*, *Dial. lib. 4. Sciendum quod ille recte delicti sui veniam postulat, qui prius hoc, quod in ipso delinquitur, relaxat.* We must hereby understand, hat he doth rightly ask pardon for his offence, that first forgives another what he has offended him. *Qua in re pensandum est, cùm omnis culpæ munere solvatur, quam gravis est discordia, quâ nec munus accipitur, nec proximus reconciliatur. Debemus itaq; ad proximum, quamvis longe positum, longe eq; disjunctum merito ire, eq; animum subjicere, humilitate, ac benevolentia placere.* Seeing that every other Trespasse may be satisfi'd by a gift, we are to consider how heavie a thing is that of Discord, whereby neither is thy gift received, nor thy Neighbour reconciled. Therefore ought we to make haste with a willing minde to finde out our Neighbour, though he be far from thee in place, and further distant by Disaffection, and to submit thy self unto him, with Humility and all fair means to appease, and gain him. Owe nothing to any man, but good Will.

Or what thou canst] *Si cogitatu offendisti, cogitatu reconciliare; si verbis, verbis; si factis, factis. Non enim quem factis*

factis læsisti, sine factis placaveris, saith S. *Chrysostome* upon the fifth of S. *Matthew*. If thou hast offended against thy Brother in thought, be in thought reconciled unto him; If by Words, let thy Tongue ask thy Pardon; If in Deeds, give him satisfaction by Deeds likewise. For whom thou hast injur'd in Action, thou canst not appease without a suitable Satisfaction. Yet do what thou canst herein, that thy good Will in Gods sight may be accepted for the Deed.

From which make little stay! Ill words, bad Works, &c.] *Mora facit periculum.* Delay is the Nurse of Danger. Agree with thine Adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; Lest thine Adversary deliver thee to the Judge, and the Judge deliver thee to the Sergeant, and thou beest cast into Prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence, till thou hast paid the utmost farthing. Matth. 5. 25, 26.

They gifts unto each other give, and send, &c.] In Signe of Benevolence. Greet one another with an holy kisse, as S. *Paul. Beneficium est benevola actio tribuens, captansq; gaudium, tribuendo id, quod agit.* A Benefit is a well-willing action, giving, and taking Delight in bestowing whatsoever it gives.

So former foe they change to new made Friend] *Officiorum assiduitate hostes conciliandi sunt.* Even Enemies are by many a good turn reconciled.

Gain Heaven to] Here is the Place taken for the Deitie. *Benefacere homini est, beneficium magnum apud Deum deponere.* Behold the infinite Goodness of the Lord, that he is pleased so far to condescend, that he accepteth what good deed soever is done to Man, to his little Ones, he accounteth it, as a Benefit done unto Himself. *Ante Dei oculos non est vacua manus à munere, si arca cordis plena est bona voluntate.* Our Saviour speaks in a fuller Sense. Whosoever giveth a Cup of Water in my Name, shall not go without a Reward.

And that ſafely guards him to his End] Divine Protection never forſakes thoſe, that do well unto others; He, that does delight in good deeds, is not wanting of many Bleſſings.

2. *Moſt fair Interpretation, drawes*) They that ſeek peace make a fair, and candid interpretation of All things. Obſtinacy endures not the cloſure of Hearts in one; And Suſpition permits not ſo good a thought, as that there is love from another. *Huic duplici morbo duplex charitas medetur; Illa ſcilicet, quæ non ſua quærit, et iterum illa, quæ omnia credit.* To theſe two ſick Patients a twofold Charity is the curing Phyſitian, giving the Pill unto the one, That ſhe ſeeks not her own; And the Cordiall to the other, That ſhe beleeves, and makes the beſt of all that ſhe hears.

Twixt oft-contending Parties Wholſome Lawes) This expreſſion is taken from the manner of arbitrement, that is made in way of agreement between ſuch as have contended at Law, in which both parties give, and ſeal Releaſes to one another after their Articles of Agreement.

What Reaſon can't compoſe well, there Religion awes] Arguments are to be uſed of all ſorts according to the ſeverall diſpoſitions, and tempers of men to promote peace, and to procure atonement. *Si quid Religionis oritur, quicunque reſiſtit, quicunq; repugnat plane cum Ægyptijs parvulos Iſraelitici germinis necare conatur, Imo cum Herode naſcentem perſequitur Salvatorem.* If any ſtrength of perſwation be taken from Religion, whoſo withſtands it, whoſoever reſiſteth it, doth declare himſelf a Conſpirator with the Egyptians to murder the Children of the people of Iſrael; Yea; more, he joynes with Herod in the perſecuſion of Our Saviour to murder him at his Birth. Though men may ſeem to put off Reaſon, while it is difficult to preſerve themſelves men, they cannot caſt off the dictate of their own Conſciences.

Here th'one to th'other Alms do freely deal] Reconciled Hearts

Hearts ſtrive to outvie one another in actions of love, the more to manifeſt their clear affections to the ſame. Alms are not onely charitable deeds unto the Poore, which is a neceſſary and excellent Chriſtian duty, but an obedience to that commandment of Chriſt, Love one another; with a ſtrong reaſon to back it. For if thou loveſt not thy Brother, whom thou haſt ſeen, how canſt thou love God, whom thou haſt not ſeen. Saint *Auguſtine* gives his ſence of dealing of Alms very appoſite to this purpoſe: *Qui vult ordinate dare eleemoſynam, a ſeipſo debet incipere, et eam ſibi primò dare.* He that would well order the Diſpoſe of his Alms, muſt begin at himſelf. He ſhould beſtow alms firſt upon himſelf. There is moſt need, according to the Proverb, Charity begins at home. *Eſt enim eleemoſyna opus miſericordiæ, veriſſimique dictum eſt, Miſerere animæ tuæ placens Deo.* For Alms-giving being a work of mercy, it is moſt truely ſaid if thou intend'ſt to pleaſe God, be mercyfull to thine own ſoul.

With much delight th' ones wounds doth th' other heal] As the *Unguentum armarium*, or weapon-ſalve is ſaid to heal by Sympathy. It is the property of Charity to nouriſh concord, to preſerve Love and Agreement, to conjoyn, and make up the breaches of thoſe that are divided, to direct thoſe that are out of the way, and to conſolidate, and fortifie all Virtues by the ſtrength of her own perfection; ſo that whoſoever obtaineth Charity to take root within him, *nec à veritate deficit*, neither faileth of the Truth, *nec à fructu inaneſcit*, nor can be without fruit. Experience of ſelf-miſery teacheth the Compaſſion of another.

To Laws drawn thus does Pardon ſet her Seal] In reconciliation of thoſe that have been ſeparated in their affections, there is not onely a Final agreement undertaken, and ſetled, but an abſolute acquittance of all injuries and obli-

teration

teration of the ſame is ſealed. S. *Auguſt. de verb. Domini*, ſpeaks pleaſantly upon the words of our Saviour, to invite to the forgiveneſs of our brother. *Audiſtis formam, ſi ſeptuagies ſepties. Chriſtus peccata tibi donavit: ſi huc uſq; ignovit, & ultrà negavit: Pone & tu limitem, & ulterius noli ignoſcere.* You have heard the manner of forgiveneſſes that Chriſt appointed; that thou ſhouldeſt forgive thy brother ſeventy times ſeven in a day, as he hath forgiven thee. If he hath pardon'd thee ſo far, but hath ſet a bound there, not to exceed. Go thou to that Pillar! and go no further! Thou ſhalt not need.

Which is ſent up to th' Empyrean Court] Our good deeds are Regiſtred in heaven, which is the *Cœlum Empyreum*, the Heaven of heavens, above the Fabrick of this world, the Throne of the Almighty.

Preſented thither in moſt humble ſort, accepted and confirmd, &c. The operation of our Alms by faith in Chriſt is effectual with the Father, and accepted as our Prayers. As that Petition eſpecially in that Prayer which our bleſſed Lord taught us. Forgive our Debts, our Treſpaſſes as we forgive them that are indebted to us, or Treſpaſſe againſt us. Here is forgiveneſſe for forgiveneſſe: forgive thy brother, and God forgives thee: the one Pardon doth not onely obtain the other, but in a manner it ſeals it. *O formidoſa ſententia* (cryes out S. *Hierom*) *ſi parva fratribus non dimittimus, magna nobis a Deo non dimittuntur.* O ſentence to be trembled at! If we will not forgive our Brethren ſmall offences, God will not forgive us our farre greater ſinnes.

The ſumme of theſe two preceding Stanza's is, that there muſt be Reconciliation with thy brother, before thy gift of Reſignation can be accepted by God.

3. *With throbbing heart*] With many a ſtroak of Conſcience, with the contrition of Repentance, in the fear of the Lord.

And

And panting breath] As when a man is almoſt out of winde with much labour, and ſore travel; having even ſpent his ſpirits, full of faintneſs and weakneſs.

Wet eyes] Flowing ſorrows; having undergone many doleful miſeries..

And wounded feet] Having endured a world of injuries, Afflictions, and perſecutions, the portion of a Chriſtian.

Above] The tryals of proſperity, which is called the height of fortune, having been ſubject to envy, malice, ſlander, and the Evils that accompany and haunt an eminent Being, being ſet up, as it were, a mark for all to ſhoot at.

Beneath] Having paſſed through the Calamities of adverſity, through ſcoffs, and ſcorns, the deriſion and contempt by the World, the uſual tramplers upon low conditions.

Th'aſt gone through diſmal wayes] Through diſconſolate difficulties, very diſpleaſing to fleſh and blood to endure; Wayes, the common and uſual paſſages of the world; diſmal wayes, full of frights, and fears; among the tempeſts and ſtorms of malice; many troubles, and diſadvantages; amidſt the darkneſſe of ignorance, and miſconſtruction; through myrie entanglements, plunging cares, and the dirt of calumny and evil cenſure.

By thouſand paths of death] By numberleſs perils, and moſt hazardous dangers, leading thee to gaping deſtruction, that was ready to ſwallow thee up. The beginning of this Stanza is a kind of review, or recapitulation of the hardſhip of their former travel. That they have eſcaped the foul den of idleneſſe: that they have gone by the mournful Grott of Repentance: that they have journeyed through the uncomfortable Wilderneſſe of Tribulation: that they have not omitted the fruitful vale of tears: that they have accoſted

ed the lowly Cell of humility: that they have refreſhed at the holy houſe of Prayer: that they have climbed the lofty Mount of Faith: that they have paſſed the ſtrong camp of Reſolution: that they have viſited the ſtorm-beaten Lodge of Patience: that they have touch't at the ſad Ruins of Mortification: that now they are come to the ſight of the contented Farm of ſelf-Reſignation. Therefore now pauſe; ſit thee down and reſt thee awhile after ſo much trouble and labour.

Take reſt awhile] Conſider all theſe things; the mercies and bleſſings of God, his wonderfull aſſiſtance, and moſt excellent preſervation amidſt, and out of all theſe miſeries and dangers.

The wilderneſs is paſt] Thou mayſt be comforted; for the World is gone over. Th'art paſt the ruggedneſs of the world. Th'aſt turn'd thy back on't. 'Tis behind thee. Now thou haſt pleaſant and ſmooth way. Th'art even within ſight of thy happineſs.

As 'ſcaping ſtorm, thou now mayſt Anchor caſt] Th'art come to much perfection in Chriſtianity, when thou attaineſt to Self-Reſignation, and the contempt of the world. Thou haſt eſcaped and got out of the jaws of a world of trouble: th'art in ſight of thy Port; heaven is in thine eye; the ſtorm is over. Thou haſt a calm in thy breaſt.

Bid ſowre and bitter things farewel! Sweets taſt!) Thou takeſt leave of pain and care. For comforts come not to thine eye only, but to thy enjoyment.

See fertil Land enrich't by ploughmans pains) This alludes to the Parable of the husbandman, or the ſower that went out to ſow ſeed, S. *Matth.* 13. 3. The Ploughman here, is that Husbandman, that Sower. The fertil Land is the hearts of the Faithful. The enriching of that Land by the Ploughmans pains, is the culture of the Miniſtry of the Word, that by ploughing up thoſe wild and overgrown hearts, breaking

in

in ſunder, and turning up their inordinate affections they are enriched and fitted to receive the ſown ſeed of the word, and to bring forth a full and plentiful Crop in due ſeaſon, according to the expreſſion in the next verſe.

Does ſhew him plenty plac't in ſeveral veins) That is Our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, from whom the Apoſtles in Primitive times received the Apoſtleſhip, as he had received it from his Father; and the Biſhops in that, and after Ages received and derived the ſame ſucceſſively from them, as alſo the Paſtors, and Miniſters of the holy word, who likewiſe receive their ſubadminiſtrations from thoſe ſuperiour hands; that Church Congregate, whereof Chriſt is the head, is that Ploughman meant in this Allegory, who behold the plenty of the Crop appearing, the Congregation of the faithfull in the Church Militant ariſing, and ſhewing, the Saints upon earth (being part of the number with thoſe in the Church Triumphant that were given to the Son by the Father to beſtow upon them eternal life, when all Power was given him over all fleſh, as it is in the 17. of S. *John*.) Making manifeſt his Doctrine in his holy Goſpel by their Chriſtian profeſſion, and Godly converſation, by their believing and ſtedfaſt faith, and their active Obedience to his commandments..

The fields with fulneſs laugh, the Swain at pregnant gains) The Lord delighteth to ſee his Vine fruitfull, and the Saints rejoyce in the ſtrength of his Salvation. As *Solomon* ſingeth, *Cant.* 8. 5. *Who is this that cometh up out of the Wilderneſſe, leaning upon her well-beloved?* Swain is a Paſtoral tearm for a Shepherd. The fields (by a Metonymie, that is *continens pro re contentâ*, that which contains is taken for that which is contained) are the ſheep that feed in the fields. *Who is ſhe that cometh up out of the wilderneſſe, like pillars of ſmoak perfumed with Myrrh, and Incenſe, and with all the ſpices of the Merchant?* Cant. 3. 6. *Thy teeth are like a fleck of ſheep in*

good

good order, which go up from the waſhing: which every one bring out twins, and none is barren among them. The Lord is my ſhepherd! I ſhall not want (ſings *David* alſo.) *He maketh me to reſt in green paſtures, and leadeth me by the ſtill waters*, Pſ. 23.

4. *Tis pleaſant news, the crowing Cock*) It is a ſign that they have paſt the Wilderneſſe, and are come near ſome habitation, which is no little comfort to the Pilgrim and traveller: Poor Chriſtians in this world, are glad when the wilderneſs, the world is behind them, when they are near their happy expectation; when they draw towards their journeys end. *Cupio diſſolvi, & eſſe cum Chriſto*, was Saint *Pauls* longing, he fain wu'd put off his mortality, that he might put on immortality. He was ſick of love: needs muſt he be with Chriſt. The crowing Cock, *Victoriæ Hieroglyphicum*, is the Hieroglyphick of victory. *Hinc Lacedæmonii*, as *Plutarch* relates, *cum hoſtem viribus profligaſſent, Gallum immolabant*, upon this account the Lacedæmonians when they had worſted and ſcattered their enemies, the crowing Cock *vigiliarum ſignum*, a ſign of watching, therefore dedicated to *Mercury*. *Alciate* is of the like opinion, making him the Emblem of vigilance.

Inſtantis quod ſigna canens dat Gallus Eöi,
Et revocet famula ad nova penſa manus,
Turribus in ſacris effingitur. Ærea mentem
Ad ſuperos pelvis quod revocet vigilem.

Rendred by the Author.

Becauſe the crowing Cock doth trumpet up the Sun,
Calls houſhold hands to vie with day begun.
On hallow'd Pinacles he's plac't, that's guilded head
To heaven the watchful thoughts of men may lead.

Alciate hereby intimating a twofold vigilance. One of the

the Body, the other of the Mind. *Corporis vigilantiam Gallus referat, qui homines ad labores ſolet excitare.* The Cock referreth to the former, becauſe his crowing awakeneth, and ſtirreth men up to labour. *Campana vero, quia mentem ad Deum excitat, Symbolum interioris vigilantiæ continet.* The Cock referreth to the latter, as a Bell, that raiſeth up the mind to God, and ſo doth ſignifie the Symbole of watchfulneſs unto the mind.

How he to comfort's dawns the chaunting clock) *Candoris animi ſignum.* The crowing Cock is a ſign of candour, and integrity of mind. For that Emblem of a Cock with the motto over his head of *Sic animus*, expreſſed the ſame to the Life, ſetting forth that he who demonſtrateth the clearneſſe of his mind, cannot be diſturbed, cannot be offended, *a quavis externâ injuriâ*, by any outward injury whatſoever. And as that lofty Wit *Scaliger* acutely mentions in his Riddle of a Hen, it may be ſaid of the Cock.

Cui lux ante diem, tenebræ ſunt ante tenebras.

'Fore day ſees Light.
'Fore dark ſees night.

He diſcovers comfort, and Emblematizeth Providence, and foreſight. Which ſenſe more particularly cloſeth with the Meaning of the Traveller here, though all the reſt are congruous to a Chriſtian, who though he meet with much offence in his journey, yet the vigour of his ſpirit to Godward, clearneſſe of his Conſcience towards Man, his foreknowledge of future happineſſe, and foreſight of approaching evils, makes him prudent in his walking, comforts him, preſerves him amidſt his troubles, and leads him wiſely on to Self-Reſignation, to the giving himſelf up to Gods diſpoſe, under which ſhelter is the only ſafety.

How

How he does wilde Beaſts fright when he his Wings does knock] The Cock for his Courage and Magnanimity is called *Martis pullus*, *Mars* his Bird, *quaſi ad bella pugnaſq; magnoperè propenſus*, being exceeding ready to the Battel, and very forward to the Combat. He is *animal ſolare*, for his regard of the Sun, and he hath a Majeſtie in his Eye. A Trumpet in his Throat, and the Shock of a Battel in his Breaſt: and the Stroak of the Day in his Wings, and Daggers in his Heels. If we may believe *Plinie*, *Solinus*, *Ælian*; *Proclus*, *Lucretius*, and others, it will appear, *Gallum à Leone timeri*, that the Lion is frighted by, and ſtands in awe of the Cock. *Angui quoque Gallus terrori eſt.* The Serpent cannot endure him. *Baſiliſcus ipſum horret.* The Baſilisk doth tremble at the ſight of this Champion *Hunc aiunt mirabile dictu, cùm Gallum videre ſorte contingit, animo tremere, et cum cucurientem audit, tanto terrore concuti, ut emoriatur.* It is ſcarce to be beleeved, what is ſaid of him that when the Baſilisk chanceth to ſee the Cock, he is ſtricken with a ſtrange terrour, but when he hears him, he is ſo wonderfully affrighted, that he dies upon the place. *Quam rem non ignorantes, qui per immenſas Cyrenenſium ſolitudines, quæ peſtem illam, et ſingulare in terris malum gignunt, iter faciunt, Gallum itineris comitem ſibi adjungunt, qui cantu ſuo truculentiſſimam illam beſtiam longè abigat*, reporteth *Ælian* lib. 3. c. 31. Whereof thoſe Travailers that paſſe the dangerous and vaſt Lybean Deſerts, which produce ſuch a miſchief, and, where onely, a Creature of that peſtilent nature is bred and brought forth, for ſafety ſake they make the Cock their companion in their Travell, who at the Clapping of his wings and the ſhrillneſs of his crowing, may drive away farr from them a Beaſt of that horrid countenance. There is much more furniture of this ſort, if the roome were not ſo ſmall, and this place ſo ſtraight. Some are of Opinion that Chriſt is meant by the Cock in holy Scripture, *dormientes excitans*

excitans et quaſi calcaribus comminationum, that I may uſe their words, *pungens & ſtimulans.* Waking thoſe, that laid aſleep in ſin, and ſecurity, and as it were pricking with the ſpurs of his threats, and ſtriking with the ſharp heel of his comminations. So *Vitriacus Cardinalis. Venerable Bede lib. 9.* Expos. Tob. c. 7. Interprets thus: *Gallum puto eſſe unumquemque Sanctorum, qui in nocte, & tenebris hujus mundi accipiunt per fidem intelligentiam, & virtutis conſtantiam clamandi ad Deum, ut aſpiceret jam dies permanent, et amoveantur umbræ vitæ præſentis, qui urgent item ſequenti clamore precum ſuorum, dicentes. Emitte Lucem tuam, et veritatem tuam. Quod de Prophetis intelligere poſſumus, qui certatim annunciaverunt Diei et Solis adventum.* I conceive the Cock to be every one of the Saints, that receive in the Night and Darkneſſe of this world underſtanding by Faith, and the conſtancy of the virtue of crying to God, that the ever living Day might behold them, and that the ſhadowes of this preſent life may be removed, ſtill enforcing their continued cryes and petitions, in theſe words: Let thy light and thy trueth break forth. Which we may likewiſe underſtand of the Prophets, who in a manner ſtrived to exceed one another in the annunciation of the comming of the Day and the Sun. But nearer our matter is their Verdict, that apply it to the Meſſengers of the Goſpel, *Gallus ſuccinctus lumbos, id eſt, prædicatores, inter hujus noctis tenebras verum manè nunciantes.* The Cock that hath his loins girt is the Preacher of the word who declares the Truth betimes in the morning amidſt the darkneſſe of this night. *Prædicator quiſque plus actibus, quam vocibus inſonet, et bene vivendo veſtigia ſequacibus imprimat, ut potius agendo, quam loquendo, quo gradiatur, oſtendat, quia et Gallus ipſe, cum jam edere cantus parat, prius alas excutit, et ſemetipſum feriens vigilantiorem reddit.* The Preacher muſt ſound by his life as well as his doctrine, and by living well, Leave to his follow-

ers the footſteps of a good example, that he may ſhew them their way, whither they are to goe rather by good deeds, than words, by the hand, and the foot, rather than the Tongue; Becauſe the very Cock when he prepares himſelf to crow, firſt ſmites his wings, and ſtriking himſelf, makes himſelf the more watchful. His Note is *Hora eſt jam nos de ſomno ſurgere.* It is time that we ſhould awake from ſleep! from ſin! *Evigilate juſti! Nolite peccare!* Awake unto righteouſneſſe! ſin not! The Cock then is the Preacher; The wild Beaſts are the World, the Fleſh and the Devill; The crowing of the Cock is the Publication of the Goſpel, which remembred *Peter*, when he denied his Maſter. The frighting of thoſe wild Beaſts is the repelling, and driving away Temptations. But *Simia odit Gallum*, the Ape, the world, doth hate, deſpiſeth his Voice, and with the deaf Adder ſtoppeth his eares, though the Charmer charmeth never ſo wiſely.

Here Self by Self does Reſignation dwell] In the Farm, in the Soul does Reſignation inhabite; In God's Promiſes, in the obedience to his will, and Commandements does Chriſtianity reſt; ſelf by ſelf, laying by, and caſting off all manner of ſelf confidence, or truſt in any worldly help or ſtrength onely ſubmitting unto Divine Pleaſure and God's Diſpoſe.

Within a ſpatious Farm of doing well] A godly Life, and Converſation.

He payes Himſelf for Rent, No coin needs tell] Here the Will is taken for the whole Man; ſo is the Will accepted at Gods Hands for the Deed. No Coin needs tell, God deighteth in Obedience rather than Sacrifice. Mans Self is the beſt payment to be tendred unto God, being enſtamped in his Creation with the Image of Himſelf, and being as it were new minted in his Redemption.

But every New Year ſends to's Lord a Heart] At his Regeneration

generation, and being renewed in the Spirit, he preſents, what his Lord reſerves, *Da mihi Cor*, Give me thy Heart, that belongeth unto God only, and is the beſt New Years Gift to the Maſter of All.

A Wreath of Laurel] Is Praiſe unto his Holy Name, and everliving acknowledgement for all his Bleſſings, eſpecially for that of our Salvation.

Or a winged Dart] Is Prayer that flies up to Heaven, that ſticketh, and remaineth there, which is for aſſiſting Grace, or for whatſoever the Soul ſtandeth in need of.

Such is his Tenure, which for all he payes in part] This is the Jew and Chriſtian commanded to do by the Commandments in the Law, and by the Love that is required in the Goſpel. He that loveth me, keepeth my Commandments, ſaith our bleſſed Lord and Saviour. Yet the moſt Righteous cannot be perfect in this World, he payeth but part for all his Dutie; and with an earneſt Will it is accepted too through Faith in Chriſt. All is the Lords, and he pleaſeth to accept our acknowledgement. He requireth only that we glorifie him for all his Benefits.

5. *The Lord (ſay ſome, and thoſe ſay well)* All acknowledge not the Lord, only his Elect know by Faith, who God is, and where he dwelleth.

Above th' Empyraan Hill aloft doth dwell] Heaven is his Throne.

The Glory of his Seat can none that's Mortal tell] It is ineffable. Neither Eye hath ſeen, nor Ear hath heard, nor can Heart conceive, nor can it enter into the Thought of Man the wonderful things that are prepared for thoſe which love the Lord, and expect his Appearing.

None like his tennant keeps a houſe ſo free] The Godly Man, the true Chriſtian is the happy Tennant unto the Lord of Lords. His Service is the only Liberty; It is a reaſonable Service ſaith S. *Paul*. His Tenure is in *Capite*; He

holds of the King, of the Lord of Lords. His Grant is in Fee Farm, he depends on the King, on the King of Kings. His is a Perpetuity, an Eternity of Bliſſe to Himſelf and his Heirs, to his Body and Soul for ever; He does no Homage, Fealtie, or other Service to any, other then ſuch as is eſpecially compriſed in his Feoffment, only ſuch as is contained in his Covenant, according to Sacred Scripture. He is a Free-holder that he may give his Lord his Voice, that he may magnifie his Maker, that he may praiſe his Holy Name; He keeps *Chriſtmas* continually by his Bounty and loving Entertainment of his Neighbour; and he is allow'd for't. He keeps open Houſe alwayes by his Charity, and compaſſionate relieving of the Needie, and ſhall be rewarded through Chriſt for it.

At every Court yet muſt ſurrender be] There muſt be obedience to his Commandments; a ready and dayly ſubmiſſion to his bleſſed pleaſure. His Court is a ſignification of his Will, and power. Surrender is *in manus Domini*, a yielding up into the Lords hands, what the Tennant holdeth of him. Tis *Curia Baronis*, He is Lord of the Mannor, even Lord of the whole earth; for he is Soveraign of all. In this Court his Suitors are Free-holders: Thoſe Free-holders Judges; ſuch are the Saints who are in deſign joyned to the great Lord, at the laſt grand Court, the final ſummons, the day of Judgement. Their Oath is their lawful Covenant exhibited by the Prieſt to the Conſcience, and ſealed with a kiſs of the Book by believing ſtedfaſtly in God according to his holy word. This is a Court Chriſtian likewiſe, wherein the great Biſhop of our ſouls is ſupreme Judge, and from whom there is no appeal. It is *Curia Requiſitionum*, a Court of Requeſts too, a Court of Equity, a Court of Mercy inſtituted to the like purpoſe as the Chancery. His Court is every day; for he is the Lord for ever.

He then regrants] The Lord is ready to be found by thoſe that

that ſeek him: *Job* muſt ſurrender his children, his eſtate, his good name, his friends, his health, his All, with *The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken*, with a *Bleſſed be the name of the Lord*; and then the Lord regrants, cauſeth his friends to ſubmit to him, and gives him twice ſo much as he had before, *Job* 42. 10, 11. Then came unto him all his Brethren, and all his Siſters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his houſe, and had compaſſion of him, and comforted him for all the evil that the Lord had brought upon him, and every man gave him a piece of money, and every one an earing of gold. This was the Lords doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

None bountiful as he] O wonderful Mercy! and unſpeakable bounty of him that is the free giver of all good gifts! O Lord, our God, how excellent is thy Name in all the world! which haſt ſet thy glory above the Heavens! Out of the mouth of Babes and Sucklings haſt thou ordained ſtrength, becauſe of thine enemies. that thou mighteſt ſtill the enemy, and the avenger. When I behold the Heavens, even the work of thy fingers, the Moon, and the Stars, which thou haſt ordained. What is man, ſay I, that thou art mindfull of him? and the ſon of man that thou viſiteſt him? For thou haſt made him a little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and worſhip. Thou haſt made him to have dominion in the works of thine hands: thou haſt put all things under his feet: All ſheep and Oxen, yea, and the beaſts of the field; the fouls of the air, and the fiſh of the Sea; and that which paſſeth through the paths of the Seas. O Lord, our Governour! how excellent is thy name in all the world! *Pſ.* 8.

A fence doth grow about th'encircled ground, &c.] His Vineyard is hedged in from the injury of the beaſts of the field. His Providence, and Protection is over all them that

truſt in him. All things thrive that are within his encloſure. He is their ſtrength and defence; he guardeth as with a ſhield.

6. *That river which in poaſt does go*, &c.] Here under the Allegory of a River, the Rain, and the Sea, is deſcribed the nature and manner of a Chriſtian Self-Reſignation. As the River pays its tribute unto the Ocean for what it hath received from its bounty, conveyed up through the earth to the head, and riſing fountain of the River. The Sea likewiſe that is in poſition above the earth, from its immenſe abundance returneth a continual ſupply for ſuch thankfulneſs, duty, return, and reſignation; and as the waters ſend up their vapours in clouds to heaven, Heaven poureth down his Bleſſings in ſhowres to refreſh the waters, and ſupply the Rivers, that in Love reſign themſelves unto the Sea again. God is reſembled by that botton leſſe ſea, that unſearchable Abyſſe, whoſe inſcrutable paths are paſt finding out. The ſea is a glaſs of the Deity, in which man may by the weakneſs of expreſſion to ſenſe in a manner behold, and have ſome conception in his mind, of the otherwiſe incomprehenſible Almighty. The River is man, that as it were flows from his Creation: His ſoul, as the River is the Repreſentation of the floud of the ſea, is in likeneſſe acccording to the image of God his Creator, from whom it hath its ſpirituality, and immortality; for the very damned ſhall live for ever, though tis an everlaſting death in ſuch a Life, by torment, and the privation of ſuch bliſſe as the bleſſed ſhall enjoy. The Clouds denote contentedneſs of reſignation in parting with its naturall Place, the element of Waters, the World. The people therein are a heap of Waters that Tide it to and fro in their ſeveral generations. The fury of a multitude is compared in Scriptures to the raging of waters.

The River and the Sea even in obedience to the ſun, ſend up their waters in vapours, as his beams id a manner pleaſe

to

to ſummon. For which reſignation are poured down again from the Firmament ſweet waters, like bleſſings, in ſhowres and rain, that raiſe the ſtreams of the River, fattening the neighbouring grounds with the abundance of heavens beſtowed bounty; and as it were dancing over their before confining banks for joy in the after ſmiling meadows, and poaſt it floud away unto the Sea, in earneſtneſs of deſire to carry news of what it's more than Channel could contain hath yet received, and to communicate with the waves of the Sea, their ſwelling felicity; yet in the Rivers Semicircling and Meandring courſes, it appeareth to embrace the earth with ſeeming expreſſion of Love and kindneſs, by its frequent windings, as in charity with the world; but leaves it yet with a careleſſe farewel, being earneſtly bent forward in its courſe without ſo much as looking back upon the Hills, or making the leaſt ſhew of any returning. Which ſtill more and more ſets forth that free Reſignation of the Chriſtian of himſelf, and whatſoever he hath received, unto the Lord that gave it, which procures from him bleſſings ſtill more and more to diſtill upon him, and obtains the pouring down upon him the ſweetneſs of ſpiritual rejoycings, and graces, which make fruitful in good works, and put into his heart ſuch a contempt of the Hills, of the greatneſs of the world, that with chearfulneſs he paſſeth away without any regret at parting, and haſteth onward to his home, to Heaven the Ocean of his happineſſe.

7. *About the houſe trees growing high, as Cedars ſpreading tops*, &c.] When the Acts or operations of the ſoul are to be made manifeſt by the deſcription of things belonging to ſenſe, which are ſo exceedingly diſproportionable unto ſpiritual matters, the Pen that undertakes runs into much hazard upon neceſſity, either on the one hand to fall very ſhort of the proper, requiſite, and full expreſſion that ſhould be made concerning the ſame, or without the excellency of a

far greater skill, then the Author can find in himſelf, or aſſume, will remain not a little obſcure. As this Stanza may give occaſion of inſtance, which to ſome may ſeem a Riddle. His adventure in this or the like of his undertaking may obtain excuſe, howſoever in regard of the Example of that famous Poet M. *Spencer*, who in the 22. Stanza of his 9. *Canto* in the ſecond Book of his *Fairie Queen*, putting *Alma* upon the deſcription of the Houſe of Temperance, therein deciphering the curious Fabrick of Man, hath put many Scholaſtick Wits, yea learned underſtandings to the plunge about the clearing of the meaning of the ſame, which to this day is not ſufficiently interpreted in every part thereof, as though he had carryed the Key with him of ſuch a Cabinet in his ſheet into another world. This is not mentioned, as though Affectation had begot Imitation, but the Authour hopeth, that his Example may ſtand, as a plea for priviledge.

Now for the untying of any knots herein the better, Firſt take the ſenſe of the words as here applyed, and then of the matter.

The Houſe) The Farm-houſe is the Chriſtian Man.

The Trees) And theſe are to be conſidered in their bodies, and in their Tops. The Bodies is the underſtanding, the Tops the Will. *Voluntas eſt actus intellectus*, the will is an act of the underſtanding.

As Cedars) Is the tallneſs and loftineſſe of the underſtanding.

The Wood) Signifies ſtrength and vigor, as well as ſhelter.

The branches ſeeming to root within the skie) Shews a faſtening to Gods will by Faith, & humility, whence it takes the lowly expreſſion of a root for ſo high a matter, as if a Chriſtian compared to ſuch a tree were turned with his root upward, and that he received all his Life from thence. Theſe

branches

branches ſo rooted in the ſky, are the Chriſtian Mans Will.

Which when ſtorms do come] The ſtorms are Perſecutions, Afflictions, and Temptations, that violently preſſe upon the Chriſtian.

The Farmers room) Is the Soul.

His Cattle) Are his Affections, and all outward things that are the objects thereof belonging to the outward man, as the relations to marriage, friendſhip, proſperity, eſtate, or all outward comforts whatſoever.

Run for ſhelter) Seek repoſe and preſervation.

Home) In the inward man.

The tree growing upon the tops, as down from Heaven) Is a a courſe ſhadowing of Gods will; which tree ſeems to grow tranſvers't, as with the root in heaven, with deſcending branches like Raies, which ſhoot into, entwine as tendrel of Vines encompaſs, and grow among the tops of mans will, whereby the wood, the underſtanding receiveth grace and protection for the Affections, to receive ſtedineſs, and to obtain ſafety, and all outward things, to be under a bleſſing.

Mortals here below can't think what it ſhould be) The world underſtands not the things of God; nor can the beſt of men find out the ſecrets of God, otherwiſe than he hath declared himſelf in his holy word.

Fruits dropping partly ſhow) and thoſe are external or internal. The external are thoſe acts that concern the outward man, which drop, fall, or proceed from Divine direction and guidance, or permiſſion and ſufferance. The internal are thoſe operations that deſcend from above into the ſoul, either to terrifie with the preſentation of his Juſtice, or to comfort with the offer of his mercy. Theſe diſcoverfully Gods will to the underſtanding of man by his revealed Word, and by his holy Spirit, that deſcendeth into the ſouls

of

of Chriſtian men; But men underſtand but in part what might be there diſcover'd.

The Sum is this: That whoſo reſigneth his will freely and earneſtly up to God's will in all things with *Thy will be done*, hath God for his beſt and onely Protector; whoſe Holy will ſeems joyned to that Chriſtian's, ſhewing him the works of his wiſdome by the active demonſtration of, or his permiſſion by his divine Diſpoſe, which is better, than he could ask or apprehend. This Fruit falling is not made manifeſt unto man but by Evidence of Action repreſented to the ſenſe or the Underſtanding.

All things are not onely under the wiſdome of God's Providence, but under the power, though many not within his Protection. His Protection is an act of his will, God's will may be ſaid to be joyned unto man's for his better protection, when man's will is ſubmitted and reſigne'd unto God's for his better Direction, which is not to be underſtood but by the fruit, which is the Excellency of his evidenced moſt wiſe Diſpoſe. So read we God's will directively in the beſt of our Actions, permiſſively in our failings, Trials & Afflictions.

8. *Within a fragrant Meadow near, Mild Conſolation &c.*] This Stanza is a deſcription of the ſeverall effects of ſelf reſignation, that the Holy Ghoſt beſtoweth thereupon many graces upon the Soul, many kinds of Conſolation, divers degrees of Comfort. The care-free'd Head is encircled as it were crowned with Reſt. The Breaſt is perfumed with prayſe, thankſgiving and rejoycing of ſpirit; The Conſcience hath Quiet, and Repoſe; and the inward man Contentment and Satisfaction. Aſſiſting Grace, from Divine mercy, is alwaies at hand to relieve againſt all Reencounters, ſtirring up Devotion, and quickening Zeale; inflaming the Chriſtian with Love to God, ſtrengthening his Faith, and giving vigour to his hope. By aſſurance from Gods Promiſes of the Reward, that is prepared for him hereafter.

9. *There Contentation's Cott behold*] The Humble Sedation of the mind.

How well 'tis plac't from too much heat, or cold] Then the Soul is neither troubled with Heat of Desire or chilled by the cold of Fear; It is strengthened against the violence of Passions.

Seest not her pleasant Lambes skip driving to the Fold!] In all employments, and proper buisinesse the mind has an innocent and rejoycing contentment, when the heart is so dispos'd, being folded in safety, according to that of the Psalmist, I will lay me down, and also sleep in peace: For thou Lord onely makest me dwell in Safety.

She's Resignation's Neighbour and Self Friend, Regarding nought, but &c.] The rest of this Stanza expresseth, that Contentation of mind allwaies accompanieth Self-resignation of will to God's Dispose; In whose Pleasure the Soul rejoyceth, alwaies without murmuring, waiting with Patience, and not repining, but cheerfully from his hand receiving, whatsoever commeth. So as nothing betideth such a Soul, crosse or obnoxious.

10. *Aloof upon siniſter Hand*] Vain Desires arise from the wrong side of the Soul. They are said to be aloof as described by the Travailer to the Pilgrim to be out of the way of a Christian's walk, to be at great distance from the way, wherein he ought to goe.

Thine Eye a floating Ile may now command, Within a troubled Sea &c.] This discovers the Folly of worldly Desire, and the vanity of corrupt Affections; As an Ile is divided from the Continent, they do not concern, and should not belong to the Christian man; They are extraneous, and extravagant; They float having nothing of firmnesse or steadinesse in them, intimating their Vanity. The floating Ile is a wandring Fancy; within a troubled Sea, in a distemper'd Brain. Or the floating Ile, inordinate Affections; within

within a troubled Sea, in a diſquiet Soul. This is the deſcription of too fond deſire, and earthly mindedneſſe.

Where every one does ſeeke, what t'other has] The breach of the Tenth Commandement. *Nullius ſua ſorte contentus.*

And madly think to grind at mills of Glaſſe, Caught atomes &c.] Shewing the unreaſonableneſſe and unfitneſſe as well as impoſſibility of obtaining of fooliſh Deſires, diſcovering the Vanity of carnall appetite, which occaſion Diſquiet, ſorrow, and Dejection of mind, Mills of Glaſſe are the Fancy, wherein the Imaginative Faculty is in labour with Apparitions. When unreaſonable Expectation is diſappointed, the heart is ready to faint with Deſpaire, and the Breaſt is ready to break with the loſſe of it's longing.

But turne &c.] Giving notice of a more worthy object *Averte oculos a vanitate mundi.* Turne away from the vain world! Contemn it.

11. *As Globes of Ivory, two Hills, Embroid'red o're &c.*] Joy and Innocence are to a good Conſcience as the fair Breaſts of a beautiful Virgin, very full of Ornament and Comlineſs. As the Church is mentioned in the 7. of the Canticles. v. 7. Thy two Breaſts are as two young Roes, that are Twins. Thy Neck is like a tower of Ivory &c.

Embroid'red ore with azure-veined Rills] Quickened and adorned with Integrity of Life, and continually refreſhed with the Comforts of the Spirit.

Have 'twixt them Beautie's Plain &c.] The cleare boſome of Trueth; a Plain that is fertile with well-doeing.

Within this Plaine A Virgin &c.] Here is mentioned the Excellence of a ſanctified Soul, and the Eminence of a good Conſcience. It is *Virgo intacta* a Virgin undefiled. Thou art fair, my Love! and there is no ſpot in thee.

Comely dreſt] All about it, is decent and in order.

Sits] It is unmoved.

With

With disheveld Locks] Without a Covering, without hypocrisie. *Veritas non quærit angulos.*

In Snowie Vest] purity cloatheth it all over. It is arrayed with Candour as with a garment.

And with a Crimson Crosse upon her Breast] The Badge of Religion and Devotion.

She Sweetly sings unto the flowing Streams] It provoketh praise to God for his continuall Benefits, and Graces powred upon it. He maketh me to rest in green pasture, and leadeth me by the still waters; He restoreth my Soul, and leadeth me into the paths of righteousnesse for his Name's sake. Psal: 23. 2. 3.

Self-instructing Theams &c.] *Conscientia sibi judex.* The Conscience is it's own Judg, and Counsellour. How beautifull are thy goeings with shooes, O Princes Daughter! The Joynts of thy Thighs are like Jewels; the work of the hand of a cunning workman. Thy navel is a round Cup, that wanteth not liquour; Thy Belly is as an heap of wheat compassed about with Lillies &c. Thine Eyes are like the Fish-pooles in Heshbon by the gate of *Beth-rabbim.* Thy Nose is as the Tower of *Lebanon*, that looketh toward *Damascus* &c. How faire art thou! and how pleasant art thou O my Love in pleasures! This thy stature is like a Palm tree, and thy Breasts like Clusters. Canticles. 7.

12. *To Reflexation from Above, Descends an Angel &c.*] God out of his infinite Love and Mercy sendeth his Angels down to guard those that trust in him. He is a Pillar of Defence to the Faithfull.

See! Blessed are the Stock and thriving Kine &c.] This pointeth at the Blessings in the 28. of Deuteronomy, to those that were obedient, and gave up themselves to performe the Commandements of the Lord. If thou shalt diligently obey the Voice of the Lord thy God, &c. Blessed shall be the fruit of thy Body and the Fruit of thy ground &c.

And

And if at any time, there come Command, For All &c.] Here is willing ſubmiſſion to Gods will, and ready render with a free Heart and a rejoycing minde, that he wil daign to call for any thing, that we beſt eſteem; and that he will pleaſe to accept it from us.

In this, and the beginning of the next following Stanza is ſet down the obedience of the ſoul, and the dutifull ſubmiſſion of a Chriſtian heart by ſelf-reſignation in all unto God.

Moral. XI.

An in jur'd generous Mind, is conquer'd by ſubmiſſion to it. *Poſſe & nolle nobile*, He that gives up all unto a noble heart, ſeiſeth upon all that is in the Poſſeſſion of it. Submiſſion, with reverence preſented unto God, is an humble argument of a Chriſtian repentance. Reſignation of the Will, a ready diſcovery of the Souls devotion; the firſt a fair preparer for pardon, the laſt a great prevailer for protection at the Throne of mercy. Submiſſion attracts Gods eye of mercy towards us. Reſignation opens the hand of his bleſſings upon us. Suhmiſſion makes the Will an Altar for the ſoul; Self-reſignation offers the whole man upon that Altar. Without Submiſſion there can be no Reconciliation. Without ſelf-Reſignation, no perfection of Faith in a Chriſtian.

Well ſaies *Iſidore* lib. 1. *de ſum. bon. Non erit caro ſubjecta animæ, nec vitia rationi, ſi animus non eſt ſubditus Creatori. Tunc autem rectè nobis ſubjiciuntur omnia, quæ ſub nobis ſunt, ſi ſubjiciuntur ei, à quo nobis illa ſubjecta ſunt.* The fleſh ſhall not be ſubject to the Spirit, nor vice be maſter'd,

ſter'd by Reaſon, ſo long as man ſtands out a Rebel againſt his Maker. For then are all things below us, are ſubjected unto us, when we become ſubjected unto him, by whom all thoſe things were made, and placed in ſubjection under us.

Prospect. XI.

Behold the earth, that does beguile
Vain man! 'Tis but the larger Iſle.
A fixt Leviathan to ſtay
By'ts Center Fgges in Seas to lay;
Which ſeem thoſe leſſer Iſles, as rent
From Earths vaſt bulk the Continent.
Chooſe out the ſtrongeſt of them all!
Let Deeps be Trenches! Ships a Wall!
Conceive in ſuch a place, each Port
Were but a Gate unto a Fort!
Suppoſe faign'd *Bacon's* Magick line
Did all its earth with braſs combine.
Were't peopled all with arms and wit
Had it wealth's nerves to ſinew it.
If Sacriledge that ſin of ſin,
And black Rebellion live within;
If Blaſphemy, that Belch of Hel,
And Perjury within do dwell;
If Murther there ſhews bloody hands,
And cruelty doth act commands;
If there Prophaneneſs makes a ſcorn
Of what is of Religion born;

If

If hot Ambition locks with Luſt,
And break-line Inceſt goes for juſt;
If foul Adultery ſtains the Bed,
From Poor, Extortion ſnatches bread;
If Luxury new minteth vice,
If all Ills root, ſharp Covetiſe
Shoots up by fraud, and grows by Lyes;
The place is fortifi'd in vain,
For tis but Sand that makes the chain.
Were walls to heaven, and theſe appear,
All's ope to Ruine every where.
Since no reſiſtance 'gainſt Gods will;
Beſt Pollicies his Heſts fullfil;
No ſafety but with him to joyn;
Repent! ſubmit! Self-wills reſign!

CONSOLATORY ESSAY XI.

THere is no action, but tendeth to its end. By that we judge whether it be Virtuous, or diſhoneſt; Worthy or baſe. Of Cauſes the finall is the Noble. For as the Efficient gives Motion, and the Formal gives Eſſence to the matter, So the Final gives the Judgement, and Appellation of all things: And this doth *Ariſtotle*, that *Princeps Philoſophorum*, that *Alexander* among the Philoſophers, in his firſt Book of his Ethicks make good: Πᾶσα τέχνη καὶ πᾶσα μέθοδος ὁμοίως δὲ πρᾶξις, ἡ προαίρεσις ἀγαθοῦ τινὸς ἐφίεσθαι δοκεῖ, All art, all learning, every action, no purpoſe, no deſigne whatſoever, but ſeems to bend towards, to ſeek for, and to aym at *Propoſitum aliquod bonum*, ſomething that we purpoſe to our ſelves to be very good. Towards that the affections drive

as

as their proper Home; For that the will does preſs as its beſt purchaſe: At that the Underſtanding ſhoots as its faireſt Mark.

That therefore ſeems to pleaſe men moſt, that may yield them joy and ſafety. Without joy, ſafety is no more than a ſtill miſery; without ſafety, joy is but a laughing danger. Joy without ſafety, has too great a Spirit for a weak Body; Safety without joy, has too ſtrong a Body for a diſtempered mind. But this is rather Suppoſititious than Real; A Chimæra in fancie, more than a thing in Nature. It is but the Picture of joy, that has not ſafety; And it is but an Apparition of ſafety, wherein there is no Joy.

Yet the world has form'd ſuch a Creature; and is in love with the Monſter. *Pygmalion's* Image makes a ſtone of the Carver. *Pygmalion* thinks he has given his Ivory Statue Senſe; the Statue by a kind of aſſimilation, as Ice makes water Ice, takes away *Pygmalions* reaſon.

Though Roman *Ovid* in his deathleſs Metamorphoſis, drew this forth for a Fable; yet the alluſion carries ſo much weight and ſubſtance in it, and is ſo lively a Picture of the miſtake of Apprehenſion, and ſo ſutable to diſcover the vanity of humane deſignes, that I cannot conceive it leſs ſutable to the gravity of our diſcourſe to relate it; than that cuſtome deſerved commendation as well as approbation of thoſe *Lacedæmonians*, that called forth their Children to ſhew them the Odiouſneſs of reeling Images of men in the ſtreets, to deter them from the like vice by their deformity; eſpecially the ſtory not being tedious, ſo appoſite to our purpoſe, and ſo happily and incomparably rendred by M. *George Sands* in his 10. Book.

Pygmalion ſeeing theſe to ſpend their times
So beaſt-like, frighted with the many crimes,
That rule in Woman, choſe a ſingle life,
And long before the pleaſure of a Wife.
Mean while in Ivory with happy Art,
A Statue carves, ſo ſhapeful in each part
As Woman never equal'd it. Who ſtands
Affected to the Fabrick of his hands.
It ſeem'd a Virgine, full of living flame,
That would have mov'd, if not with-held by ſhame;
So Art it ſelf conceal'd, His Art admires;
From th' Image draws imaginary Fires;
And often feels it with his hands, to try,
If 't were a Body, or cold Ivory.
Nor could reſolve. Who, kiſſing, thought it kiſt;
Oft Courts, Embraces, wrings it by the Wriſt.
The fleſh impreſſing (his conceit was ſuch)
And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her, now ſparkling ſtones preſents,
And Orient Pearl (Loves witching inſtruments)
Soft ſinging Birds, each ſeveral colour'd flower,
Firſt Lillies, painted Bulls, and tears that pour
From weeping Trees. Rich Robes her perſon deck;
Her fingers Rings; reflecting Chains her neck;
Pendents her ears; a glitt'ring Zone her breaſt.
In all ſhewd well, &c.
Now layes he her upon a Gorgeous Bed,
With Carpets of Sidonian Purple ſpread.
Now calls her Wife. Her head a Pillow preſt
Of Plumy down, as if with ſenſe poſſeſt.
Now came the day of *Venus* Feſtival
Through wealthy *Cyprus* ſolemniz'd by all.
White Heifers deck't with golden horns, by ſtrokes
Of Axe's fall; aſcending incenſe ſmoaks.

He

He with his gift before the Altar ſtands;
Ye Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
Give me the Wife, I wiſh! One like, he ſaid;
But durſt not ſay, give me my Ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus* preſent at her Feaſt,
Conceives his wiſh, and friendly ſigns expreſt;
The Air thrice blazing, ſparkling thrice on high,
He haſtes to his admired Imag'ry;
Couches beſides her, rais'd her with his arm,
Then kiſt her tempting lips, and found them warm, &c.
He *Cynaras* begot, who might be ſtil'd
A man moſt happy, had he had no Child.

Such a Glaſs of Deception is the world to humane eyes, cozening with falſe reſemblances the weak imaginations of erring men.

Why elſe ſeek we for joy in riches? or ſafety in ſtrength? Why do we lullaby our Fancies in the lap of Pleaſures? and think there is Security in Ambition? When Joy dwells in Heaven, and Peace is flown from off the Earth. Regret attends Delight; And Check of Conſcience treads upon the heels of ſinful Deſire. No Comfort; No Repoſe but in Piety: No Safety, but in Divine Protection. Why then plant we ſo many ſorts of a New-found Paradiſe? Why labour we ſo inceſſantly? and inconſiderately hope for a full Harveſt in vain? Why rage we, when we miſſe our Purpoſes, as though we might be Maſters of our own Actions? Why cry we out of Sickneſſe, as though it were a Phrenſie? Why hate we our brethren's Infirmitie? And increaſe our own by ſhunning another's weakneſſe, as if it were the Plague? Why are our Burthens intollerable, when we laid them upon our own ſhoulders? Why account we ſo irreverently? and are ſo ignorant of the Deitie, when

we profeſſe our ſelves Chriſtians? Why war we againſt Heaven with our perverſe Wills, and ſo add to the heap of our Sins, by our frowardneſſe ſtill more to provoke the Allmighty? when there is no Reſt to be found upon Earth, but in God? Nor any Safety but under the ſhadow of His Wings. What conceive we of His wonderful Wiſdom that prefer our own imaginations before It? Why raiſe we our Vain Deſire againſt His moſt Holy Pleaſure? and make the Rebellion of our Hearts to be as the Sin of Witchcraft? Why fondly haſt we to every Buſh for ſhelter? Or think we to avoid the ſtorme by the nimbleneſſe of our failing Feet?

Come then my ſad Companion in diſtreſſe! My other Self in Miſery! Sit thee down by me! Sit thee down, and reſt thee! Many ſay, who will ſhew us any good. But Lord, lift up thy countenance upon us. Thou haſt given me more joy of Heart, than they have had when their wheat, and their Wine did abound. I will lay me down; and alſo ſleep in peace. For Thou, *Lord*, onely makeſt me to dwell in Safety.

Hath the Lord humbled thee? and ſet thee down in the ſhadow? Hath he beſieged thee with many Troubles? Hath he beſet thee with a multitude of Afflictions? Is there no way to eſcape? Doe His Arrowes fly about thee. O conſider, what thou haſt deſerved! Remember, that His Patience is wonderfull! and His loving Kindneſſe above meaſure! His Corrections are gentle; and His Mercies never fail thoſe that truſt in him. His Straightnings are Life; and His Goodneſſe ſurpaſſeth underſtanding. Why holdeſt out? And giv'ſt not up the Place? Reſigne!

Hath *Abraham* but one Son? His Joy? His onely comfort? And muſt *Iſaac* be a Sacrifice? Were there not Cattel enough among all the Herds for one Offering? Nor a nearer place, than a ſtrange Countrey for an Altar? Muſt

he

he travaile to his Loſſe? the Loſſe of his onely Son? his beloved? And muſt that come by his own hand too? And was his obedience without grutching? with cheerfulneſſe? Without queſtion? O how great was his Faith! But what followed? The ſtroak was reſtrained, *Iſaac* ſaved; a Ram preſented, and in his ſtead offered; *Abraham* proved, and approved. For ſo calls the Angel of the Lord from heaven, *Abraham*! *Abraham*! Lay not thine hand upon the Child! Neither do any thing unto him! For now I know, that thou feareſt God; Seing for My ſake thou haſt not ſpared thine onely Son. O the infinite mercy of the Lord! He is tender, and full of compaſſion. Is He the onely ſtay, and Refuge? Withſtand him not! Submit! Reſigne!

Whither is *Jonas* run? from his Meſſage? from the Lord, that ſent him to Ninive? Can a ſhip hide him? Or the Sea promiſe him Safety? He runs from a Calm to a Storm; From the God of peace and power to the inconſtancie of the Creature. Is a Lot better, than a Portion? Or a Whal's Belly a more pleaſing Entertainment, than a City? Is the Deep more comfortable, than the brightneſſe of the Heavens? Or a dying habitation in the Living more to be eſteemed, than a lively Publication of God's warning to thoſe, that were otherwiſe appointed to dy? Let every *Jonas*, that is out of the way, turn againe! For the Lord is gracious; and His Mercy endureth for ever. Alas for thee! Murmur not! Keep not thy Will! Let it not be thine own! Reſigne!

Canto XII.

The Holy Hill of Contemplation.

The Downs of Cogitation.

1.

From Hill to Hill we go.
Now leav'ſt thou things below,
Sublimer Things to Know:
Here mighty Waves of terrene Seas,
As green as *Neptune's*, Sight may pleaſe;
His rowl in Storme; In Quiet theſe.
Theſe Downs are ſtil'd, all ſpred with ſilken Graſſe,
Thick, Short, and ſmooth, as ſlipp'ry Ice, or Glaſſe.
A Carpet made of Pluſh, it ſeems to thoſe, that Paſſe.

2.

All ore this Flowrie Place,
Bright Stars grow ſpace by ſpace,
And ſhew their Sweets and Grace.
Here Swallowes plumed Oares do plie;
With agile Pineons Swiftneſſe trye;
Who ſhall dart quickeſt as they flie.
From Poaſt to Poaſt here Courſers run amain;
And freely of Themſelves away doe ſtraine.
So courſe fleet Thoughts upon the beating Braine.

3. Out

3.

Out from *Thelema's* Cave
Comes driving like a Wave,
In Noble Habit Brave.
For DIANOIA in her Looke
Claſping in Hand an unbound Book,
And ſits as if ſhe freſh awoke.
Within a Wagon that doth nimblie glide,
Whoſe noiſeleſſe Wheels do whirle on either ſide.
By Dromedaries drawn; wherein Shee doth abide.

4.

Behinde her ſtands a Wight,
All clad in Snowie White,
That guides her Wagon right.
SANCTIFICATION ſome Her Name.
Heaven-born She is. For ſuch her Fame.
She ſhines as now from thence ſhe came.
Oft Oil ſhe pours upon the Damiels Head.
With Rod ſhe Flies, and Hornets ſtriketh Dead,
That buz about the Ears o'th' Dame where once they bred.

5.

Thus ore the Downs ſhe drives;
At PHRONTIS Height arrives;
Oft Holy Hill atchieves.
Where Contemplation ſits ſo high,
To whom We paſſe on by and by:
Let DIANOIA go and ſpie.
There let the Dame go, take a ſweet Repoſe,
So modeſt She's, She never doffs her Clothes,
And none but One, what's on her Breaſt, yet ever knowes.

The Promontory of Meditation.

6.

On Promontory there doth dwell
Wiſe *Phrontis* that old Deeds does tell;
And Future Happineſſe does ſpell.
A Holy One did build her dwelling place.
And did beſtow upon it pious Grace;
As if an Hermit, ſhe there ſpends her dayes.
Except ſhe take unſeen a Journey through the Ayre;
'Lights; Takes a walk i'th' Portico o'th' Houſe of Prayer,
And thence as oft unſeen doth Home again repaire.

7.

From out her Studie She doth eye
Both Land, & Sea, and all doth try,
That's worthy notice far or nigh:
She takes much pleaſing pains to get by Heart
The rareſt Skill in Meletetick Art;
So findes She Puritie of Minde is part.
So She perceives, what he muſt be, that Meditates,
Devout, and wiſely skill'd in any caſe, he ſtates,
And with prepar'd Affections, as the ſame relates.

8.

Her Object ſhe doth keep in ſight;
The manner of't perpends aright;
Dividing draws, ſo hits the white.
She has a Mint of Buſineſſe, and Lore.
She takes from Memorie, what was before,
And layes it up in Recordation's Store.
Three friendly Helps ſhe has, whens'ever ſhe growes weak.
When ſpeechleſſe Logicks Knowledge makes her ſpeak;
When Deaf, Attention cures. Her Stupour Praying breaks.

9. Her

9.

Her Librarie is large and fair.
In 3 Ranks plac't about her chair.
On thoſe ſhe reads in arbour'd air.
The firſt holds Natures Books, the Creatures all.
The next Redemptions works, that ſav'd from fall.
Sanctification's gave a growing tall.
A Sedentarie Quiet She does Love, and Chuſe;
And Temperance to viſit her doth often uſe.
For Solitude all Company She doth refuſe.

10.

She's beckned oft abroad by Love,
To take a Walk in ſhadie Grove;
As oft admireth Things above.
For Admiration gives to her a Law,
As doth the Loadſtone that doth Iron draw.
Her laughing ere, ſeld any Creature ſaw.
No dwelling's here. Our Souls do burn with high Deſire.
To Contemplations holy Hill their Flames aſpire.
Away! Let's mount! O let's not quench ſuch kindling Fire!

The Holy Hill of Contemplation.

11.

Aloft now raiſe
Thy Self with praiſe,
For high thy Way's.
It leads Thee up to Skie.
To Stars thou ſhalt be nigh
Where ſoaring Eagles flie.
Thou ſhalt paſs Clouds that ſwim in Air
Unto a Place that's clear, and fair.
No Fogs thy ſight ſhall there impair.

Now

Now Contemplations HOLY HILL aſcend
But Reverence bids at every Step to bend
For humble climbing gains this Journeyes End.
And, when th'aſt gain'd the towring Top, and look'ſt below,
All Things will then to Sight ſo pettie little ſhow,
As Thou ſcarce Them, or Mortals Thee will hardly know.

12.

Behold the Place
A Narrow Space!
Like up-caſt Face:
Or as ſome Perſpective
Through which Eyes Beams do drive
At th' Object far t' arrive.
As in an Aſtrolabe the Dame
Does pierce with ſight the heavenly Frame
To th' Onely One, I AM by Name.
She with weak Eyes does God in Eſſence ſee;
And by Reflex of's Word eyes in One Three.
Though Eyes too weak (alas!) for's Myſterie.
Firſt in His ESSENCE Him ſhe INFINITE does finde,
IMMORTAL Him, INCOMPREHENSIBLE by Minde.
Subſiſtences ſo Three to GOD by'Inbeeing joyn'd

13.

SUBSISTENCES
Amaze ſuch Eyes,
Wu'd be too Wiſe.
In their Inb'eeing may ſee,
How every One o'th' Three
Exceedes Capacitie.
IMCOMPREHENSIBLE th' are ſo,
INEFFABLE by all that know
From ſuch their In-beeing doth flow
The Perſons COESSENTIALITIE.
So does ſhe apprehend the TRINITIE;
And ſo does finde it in the UNITIE. Their

Their Emanation, or Proceſsion there is none
Can comprehend or utter. All Conceits out-gone.
So Coeternall, ſo Coequall Three in One.
Let Goſpel ſhow, Church read, ſuch Depth She lets alone.

14.

Her loftie Bower
Or living Tower,
Whoſe top doth flower,
Although it raiſe her high,
And helps her piercing Eye
To dart up through the skie,
And into Heaven to ayme aright,
Where Glorie is Eternall Light,
Her Eye's too weak yet for the Sight.
But there ſits mounte l, and her Garments are
Embroid'red o're with many a Gemmie Starre;
An Eagle pierched from her ſtandes not farre.
With conſtant Looke upon the Radiating Sunne,
As if he watcht his Steeds that 'bout the World do run,
Whoſe wings oft trye a Courſe before the Day be done.

15.

There thus alone,
With Love oregone,
Views Th'Only One.
Her Soul's a ſpirie Fire
Of Extaſi'd Deſire
And flames the more, the nigher.
So his Perfection does behold
As in his Attributes are told.
None but Himſelf can God unfold.
Amazement ſeizes on her Dazzled Sence,
At Sight of the Myſterious Excellence
O'th' TRINITIE. All Energies from thence.
What Pen can write? Or skill can read His Holy Name?

All tongues are Dumb; and each attempting hand is lame.
Had he not told Himſelf, how could ſhe know, *I am.*

16.

Her too weak Bow
*S*hoots not to know,
What's lockt from ſhow.
As in Himſelf God None
Does know, but God alone
Who's Infinite, and One.
*S*he ſtudies not their Braine to cure
Wu'd finde a Circles Quadrature,
Her Thoughts are hallow'd, ſober, pure.
Enough's for her His Back-Parts *S*he behold.
*S*he dares not further then's reveal'd, be bold;
Nor knows ſhe how to go, If not firſt told.
And what is ſo reveal'd enough to Good Life is.
*S*he ſees without bold prying into Myſteries.
No vein ſhe has to ſearch, for what vain ſearching 'tis.

17.

With humble bent,
With meek Aſcent,
With Minde intent,
From Gods *S*ufficience ſhee
Doth his Efficience ſee,
Her knowledge ſuch muſt be.
*S*uch are her Faith's attempting Wings,
By which ſhe climbes to holy Things,
And to Capacitie Them bringes.
Theſe unto Conſolation are the Prop,
And Pietie's Provokers to the Top;
And in purſuit of theſe ſhe makes no ſtop.
In Gods *S*ufficience all Fulneſſe ſees, more ſhall
In His Efficiencie, as in His Publick Hall
*S*he views, how wondrous in his Works, Gods All in All.

18. Him

18.

HIM abſolute,
None ought Diſpute
None can confute,
For in his Eſſence Shee
Beholds ETERNITIE.
'Fore world, or ought was He.
Thus does She raiſe a vig'rous Look,
'Fore Time, or ſtorm but by one Book,
That any Their Creation took.
As Relative tow'rds Him She Eye does place
Upon the firſt o'th Intellectual Race,
Reads Angels made. Some ſtood ſome loſt their place
To thoſe adher'd, and ſtood the great Creator gave
Their Confirmation, Everlaſting Bliſſe to have,
But thoſe that fell, were thruſt to Hell in chains of Slave.

19.

Then Tophet told,
Ordain'd of old,
Prepar'd to hold
Thoſe Fiends in quenchleſſe fire,
T' endure Th' Almighties Ire,
In Pains that ne'er expire.
Then Tophet was ordain'd to be
And then prepared by Decree,
Prepared onely Shee does ſee.
And for thoſe onely was that horrid Den,
For Reprobation abſolute Decreed then,
As their Predeſtination it had been
As Relative She GOD Creator doth perceive
O'th' World, call'd Viſible, Man ſecond Race doth give,
Man ſecond Race of Intellectuals then made did live.

20. By

20.

By Satans Spell
(Alas) Man fell,
Deſerving Hell.
Inward Adhæſion loſt,
Outward Obedience croſt,
Soul's, Bodie's curſe it coſt.
Forfeit was Nature, with drawn Grace
Glorie come ſhort of; from bleſt Place,
So fell both Man, and all his Race.
Th' Interpellation of th' Eternall Word
Did Mercie's Miracle for him afford,
And was firſt means for Man to be reſtor'd.
His ſtanding in the Gappe Did Execution ſtay
His Superceeding It was ſtop in Sentence Way.
His Sponſion gain'd Decree, that He the Debt ſhould pay.

21.

'Twas co-decreed,
For ſuch a Deed,
As Man did need,
The Word ſhould Fleſh become,
And ſatisfie God's Doome,
By Suff'ring in Mans Roome,
So ſanctified was Nature then,
Grace, Glorie was reſtor'd agen,
In that Decree to help fallen Men.
As co-decreed, coactuated were
Th' Apoſtles place, Mediators he ſhould bear,
Though both diſtinct, yet both on him t'appear.
Th' Apoſtleſhip by Unction of the Holy Ghoſt,
The Principle of Government for Church, ſo toſt.
And ſpeciall Ordinances Fount choice Men t' accoſt.

22. And

22.

And thoſe were given
From bounteous Heaven
In Portions even.
Yet were they ſeverall,
As to thoſe Patriarchs all,
As Moſes ſpeciall Call.
In Shadow Revelation was;
Redemption ſo in Type did paſſe;
So read firſt Times The future Caſe,
Adminiſtrations interlegal came
By th' Baptiſts Miniſtrie before that Lambe,
To whom the Angel gave the Holy Name.
But th' Evangelical deliver'd were to th' Jews,
And to the twelve Apoſtles whom Chriſts Self did chooſe;
And to All Nations that would not the ſame refuſe.

23.

Time did at full
The Curtain pull,
And types annul.
In Subſtance Revelation,
In Truth appear'd Salvation,
To Jew, to every Nation.
Then did break forth the ſhining Light
O'th' Goſpel to appear more bright
Is repreſented to her Sight
Of Jew was borne, unto the Jew Chriſt came,
And to them firſt He publiſhed his Name.
Then to the Gentiles did He do the ſame.
To ſeveral Ages were all Theſe Adminiſtrations,
In their reſpective times emergent Revelations,
Summ'd, and upon Record were Scripture Affirmations.

24. Medi-

24.

MEDIATORS Place
By, UNION was.
Of Natures, as!
Redemptions Principle,
Regenerations Well
Of Life to thoſe that fell.
So Nature ſanctifi'd new ſtood
Reſtor'd is Grace, Glory made good
In's Perſon. Brooks ſo fill by Floud.
Of Grace the Covenant call'd Derivative,
From whence Beleevers Title do derive,
His Mediatorſhip did erſt atchieve.
Parties, Conditions, and their Seals She does Behold,
Prerogatives by Faith She ſeeth manifold.
Such as Saint *John*, Saint *Paul* have ſo divinely told.

21.

Moſt humbly She
Looks up to ſee
Trines Myſterie.
Father the Creator is,
New Creatour Son (O Bliſſe!)
Holy Spirit's Seal to This.
In Earneſt of Redemption ſo
Regeneration does new flow
In ſuch a manner few do know.
The Church Regenerate the firſt-born may
Thoſe Spirits of Juſt men ſo made perfect, ſay
Nature divine partake thoſe with allay.
O'th' Righteouſneſſe o'th' Kingdom. For 'tis ſeal'd
To thoſe, and thoſe to It (with Reverence) anneal'd;
So One with Jeſus Chriſt Mediatour thus reveal'd.

26. As

26.

As Wondrous was
Gods free giv'n grace
To bring to paſſe
Redemption in Deſigne,
The TRINITIE did joyn
In Counſell moſt Divine;
Interpellation Covenant paſt
For all to be perform'd, and laſt,
For all were Providences caſt.
Adminiſtrations Author FATHER is,
SON Grand Adminiſtrator unto Theſe,
The Principle of ſpeciall Ordinances
The HOLY GHOST. Subminiſtrators from Sublime
Take Government, ſo ordination claim from Prime
Words, Sacraments Adminiſtration paſſe through Time.

27.

Means to ſave All
The Church then call
HIERARCHICALL,
And MINISTERIAL whence
Church congregate in Senſe
Kingdome of God from thence
By calling *Saints*, and with Chriſt One
As Hee Apoſtle was alone;
Without Whom Government is none.
As Rivers may divide from out a Lake,
That's ever full, of which their Streams partake;
Whoſe various Courſes that vaſt Floud does make.
So Government from One to Twelve came whence again
Thoſe ſubdivided into leſſer Brooks did vein;
So from Apoſtles, Biſhops influence obtain.

28.

Her down-caſt Eye
Sees Man muſt die,
Sin's Wages trie.
The Bubble of his Breath
Muſt needs be broke by Death,
His Bodie grav'd beneath:
Yet's Soul does flie to place of Reſt,
To Paradiſe, that keepes the Beſt;
But wicked Ones with Sin are preſt;
Until the Reſurrections Trump does blow;
When all the teeming Graves their Dead ſhall ſhow;
And every One Reward to Deeds ſhall know.
The glorious Judge, Juſt Jeſus comes to Sentence All.
The Righteous then to th' Right ſhall hear his Bleſſed Call;
When Go ye curſed, ſhall be Then the wicked's Fall.

29.

And now behold
Her Locks like gold
For us Shee's told.
By Angell from Above,
Whom Seraph wings do move,
Encircling round with Love
Chuſe Mortals! either here aloft to dwell
By Faith, by Love, by doing well:
Or, deſperate leap with Horrour into Hell.
Chuſe! Chuſe! Eternitie of Bliſſe! or Pain!
E'relaſting Loſſe! Or everlaſting Gaine!
Bath i'th' Lambs Blood! O waſh away your Stain!
Could ye conceive the Joyes that here are Infinite,
And glory ſuch as Tongues nor Pens could ere indite,
To gain this Place, All earthly Torments Smiles wu'd ſlight

30. Hearſt

30.

Hear'ſt this? Away!
Let's make no Stay!
But uſe our Day!
Down through the Wilderneſſe
Amidſt the Worlds Diſtreſſe,
Let Joyfull Courage Preſſe!
When w'are return'd unto our Place,
Let's Minde theſe Things in any Caſe.
Life's ſhort. Good Life a narrow Space.
Let's liſten ſtill to hear the ſilent Feet
Of Death, who'l bring home Bliſs wrapt in a ſheet.
The bleſſed Angels then with Joy will greet.
Then tune we Tongues to Steps with never-failing Praiſe!
Let pious Works our Hearts, our Souls to Heav'nward raiſe!
Let Hands! Let Thoughts! Let All God magnifie alwayes!

Perspective XII.

Downs are an open Place of intermixed Hills and Dals, commonly upon the Coaſt and many times in the Inland; Where ſomtimes they are a riſing Ridg of Hills and Valleys, whoſe free and pleaſant ſcope overtop and overlook the neighbouring inferiour Countrey. And from the declining and aſcending poſition of the Earth as the high and more ſwelling Waves in the deeper Seas are not unlikely to have derived their name from their ſeeming to carry their Paſſengers over them up and down. Theſe for their healthful Ayr, by their Loftineſſe, pleaſant proſpect, by their openneſſe, and ſmooth Turf for their Eveneſſe, do often invite in the delightfull ſeaſons of the Year Perſons of quality and

leiſure to take the Ayr upon them, and to ſpend ſome time in recreation. Horſmen chooſe ſuch places thereupon to make and run races with their ſwifteſt Courſers to try their courage, wind, and ſwiftneſſe of their Heels; Such are Newmarket Heath, or Bainſtead Downs. They are called the Downs of Cogitation. Becauſe Thoughts are full of motion and uncertainty, that have their erection and dejection upon the Mind; as the firſt Stanza mentions.

1. *From hill to hill we goe &c.*] Here is a Compariſon between the Downs and the Waves of the Sea; Both much agreeing in their reſemblances with one another; And both expreſſing the manner of Cogitation.

2 *All ore this flowry place &c.*] The pleaſure of Thoughts is compared in this Stanza to Flowers; their ſubtility and quickneſſe to the nimble flight of Swallowes. And here Swallowes ſeeme to be matched as Courſers to expreſſe in a poeticall manner both the pleaſure and ſwiftneſſe of Cogitation together.

3. *Out from Thelema's Cave &c.*] Here is firſt deſcribed the origination and purification of Cogitation. Θέλημα is *Voluntas*, the Will and Affection, from whence Thoughts as Waters out of the head of a Spring do take their riſe, and have their flux. As the Heart is, ſuch are the Thoughts, And that is *Thelema's* Cave in the ſide of the Downs, the Man; This being taken from that vulgar, though not true opinion according to Anatomiſts, that the Heart is placed in the left ſide of the Body. A Generous Heart dreſſeth or ſetteth forth the Thoughts in Gallantry, and Nobleneſſe. So appears *Dianoia*, Cogitation, fair and beautifull, when Devotion is in the Heart, and Charity in the Hand, which is an unbound Book, the obedience unto Holy Writ, ready to be diſpenſed according to active piety. Thoughts ſeem awaked, when drawn out of the ſleep of Sin, and darkneſſe of pollution. Sitting is a Poſture of ſteadineſſe and Recollection. Thoughts dwell in a Waggon as the old Scythians, that never

uſed Houſes, but ſuch Receptacles, as might more properly be call'd their Moveables than their Habitations. Silent wheels is the imperceptibility of Thought. Drawn with Dromedaries is their velocity, as alſo the tenacity by Cogitation of things firſt apprehended. For though a Dromedary be a kind of Cammell, it differs in *dorſo*; The Cammel has a Bunch on his Back, the Dromedary two Fins as I may call them, the one near his Wallis, the other more backward to the Chine, both upon the Ridg of his back, which fall down looſe upon his ſides without weight, and riſe and claſpe in an impoſed Burden. With an unperceived Pace Dromedaries move with great ſtrength and ſwiftneſſe. Whereupon *Livie* reciteth them, as very uſefull in Warlike expeditions. *His utebantur præcipuè In bellicis expeditionibus.* And *Curtius* in his 7. booke mentions that *Polydamus* was ſent by *Alexander* for the more ſpeed upon Dromedaries by the unfrequented paſſages of *media per occulta, et ſqualida teſqua* to diſpatch *Parmenio*. *Zenobia* fled upon a Dromedary after her defeat by *Aurelian*, as *Vopiſcus* tells the ſtory. *Cogitationes ſunt motus voluntatis, et cordis humani.* Thoughts are the motions of the will, and the ſpirituous ſtirrings of the Heart.

4. *Behind her ſtands a Wight &c.*] In this *S*tanza is *S*anctification deſcribed, that purifies the Heart, and rectifies the Thoughts. The Heart is allwaies moving like the driving of a Chariot. *Sanctificationis partes ſunt, averſio à malo; converſio ad bonum*; *S*anctification taken abſolutely in it's parts is a turning from evill, and a turning to good. Therefore here a fit directer of the Thoughts. The Cauſes of *S*anctification are; firſt the Efficient, which is the principall: and that is the Grace of God, which inſtrumentally is conveyed unto us by the means of Faith obtained by the hearing of Gods revealed Will, and underſtanding the ſame from the Preaching and reading of this written word. The matter is the hatred of ſin, and the ſtudy and love of righteouſ-

neſſe. The Forme is the renewing of our minds, our wills, and Affections; The End is the Glory of God, the confirmation of Election, converſion of others, and the rejoycing of Saints, Angels, and Men. The Effects of Sanctification are good works. The proper purpoſe therefore is Sanctification the beſt directer of the Thoughts. For from evill Thoughts proceed bad words, and worſe Actions. Powring of Oyle is a hallowing of the Mind. Her Rod is a hatred of Sin, which kills thoſe naturall Corruptions, which have been bred in us, and buz in our Fancies.

5. *Thus ore the Downs She drives &c.*] Cogitation, it comes to ſettled, and ſanctified comes to meditation, which is φρόντις in the Greek. And when it is elevated with ſublimity in Thought it mounteth up to Contemplation. Here is expreſſed alſo the ſecretneſs of the Thoughts of the Heart. *Deus ſolus* καρδιογνώστης, the very Angels know not the ſecrets of the heart, *ipſe intuetur in corda hominum, et illa ſcrutatur.* God onely is the knower of the Thoughts, God the onely ſearcher into the Heart of Man.

6. *On Promontorie there doth dwell, Wiſe Phrontis &c.*] Here Meditation dwels upon a Place, that is Mountainous and high and reaching from the Land into the Sea, ſhe views God's works upon Sea and Land. Meditation in this place is taken for a continued working of the thoughts in a pious conſideration *circa opera creationis, redemptionis, et ſanctificationis* of His works in the Creation of the world, and all therein, in his Redemption of fallen mankind, and in the ſanctification of His Elect, of thoſe that he hath called to the hope of Glory. This Promontory is Man; His Fleſh is the Earth, and His Bloud is the Sea, which ebbeth and floweth about his Fleſh, made and created by God, the Holy of Holies in Heaven, who endowed the Soul with moſt excellent Gifts, giving it at firſt Free will and the like Graces before the Fall. *Os homini ſublime dedit cœlumque tueri; videre*

ſome

some render it, sayes *Ovid*, a Heathen. God made Man's countenance erect, and to take the sense of *videre* more properly to this purpose, that he might the better meditate upon the wonderfull works of His maker. *Tueri* agrees better with Contemplation; both aim at the same End, the Glory of God. Meditation is devout, retired, and solitary like an Hermit; It is private, yet frequent intercourse with Prayer.

7. *From out her study she doth eye &c.*] This Stanza is an explanation of the former Stanza and an explication of the operation, and requisites to the performance thereof. Meletetick art is the Method of Meditating, and the discovery of circumstantials conducent to the same. Μελέτη τὸ πᾶν, the study, before and contrivance of all kind of business. *Ars meditandi est omnium studiorum, et negotiorum anima.* The art of meditation is as the Soul to all studies, and Imployments. *Sicut flamma motu excitatur, et lumen solis reflexione roboratur; Sic studia nostra frequenti mentis agitatione illuminantur, excoluntur, vitâ donantur*: As a Flame is quickened by motion, and the light of the Sun is the more brightened by reflection, the beams of greater Force by their rebounding; Our studies likewise by an accustom'd agitation, and frequent exercise of otherwise our too sedentary minds are no lesse enlightened, but improv'd, yea receive their animation.

8. *Her Object she doth keep in sight &c.*] Here Meditation showes her Judgment, as well as her Nature. She has a naturall Logick in her, as well as a sweet Inclination, and is a discreet orderer of all the affairs of the Soul, of matters of the greatest Concernment; very provident to lay up in the Trust of memory, what upon occasion she receives from the hands of memory by Recordation, that is Remembrance. She cannot doe amiss, having quickness of reason, judgment in inquisition, and true Devotion to assist her.

9. *Her Liberary is large and fair &c.*] In Her Library all the Creatures in the World are for her Bookes, *quælibet herba Deum*, every Creature has the Frontiſpeice of the Creator. Her Liberary is diſpoſed into three ranks, as before mentioned into thoughts of the Creation, Redemption and Sanctification. All ſtudies muſt have a method. Otherwiſe *multitudo librorum deſtruit animum*, a multitude of Bookes would rather aſtoniſh, than inſtruct the minde. In the reſt of this Stanza are the Conveniences expreſſed for Meditation.

10. *She's beck'ned oft abroad by Love &c.*] Meditation has divine affection, that invites to a mentall religious pleaſure in a ſolitary walke by repoſedneſs and the better ſelfenjoyment, in the ſhade, out of the eye, or thought of the world, and thereby enjoying in her mind the ſociety and comfort of holy things; which as a Loadſtone attracts the Soul. Upon which the Travailer takes occaſion to provoke the Pilgrim to the Holy Hill of contemplation.

11. it is call'd the Holy Hill of Contemplation in reſemblance of Sion recorded in Holy Scripture, which is ſtiled the Holy Hill of Sion. Heaven is the proper object of Contemplation. Divine things are onely fitt for higheſt Thoughts, whoſe lawfull Ambition may be induſtrious, but not curious A Hill is a loſty Place upon the Earth, and Contemplation is the *acumen*, and elevation of the mind.

A loft now raiſe Thy Self &c.] This Stanza is the excitation of the Chriſtian Soul to an elevation by Contemplation.

12. *Behold the Place &c.*] Here is in this Sanza firſt a poeticall Deſcription of the manner of contemplation, Then begins her Speculation; which, becauſe it is more dogmaticall, than poeticall, ſpareth the Authour much pains at the preſent for it's Expoſition. And being, in much of it, not the Authour's owne, but from the induſtry of a very Learned

Man

Man, and worthy Doctor in Divinity as to the Method and the matter, though not in the Verſe, and compoſure, He thinketh fit to ſet now down onely ſuch Animaduerſions as may render his Apprehenſions as the mater is agreeable to the doctrine of Holy Scriptures and the interpretation of ſuch divine things has been formerly rendred by the late unparalelled Church of England; Not but that he does highly honour the noble induſtry of ſo worthy a man for his indefatigable pains towards the inveſtigation of any latent Truth, as in a Scheam he hath demonſtrated.

13. *Subſiſtences &c.*] There is much criticiſme betwixt the words Emanation and Proceſſion; the difference of their ſenſe is left to the Learned. The Goſpell ſaith that the Son came forth from the Father, which is neareſt to Proceſſion as our diſtreſſed Mother the Church of England holdeth. In this Stanza and the former are ſet down Speculations concerning the Trinity.

14. *Her lofty Bower &c.*] This Stanza is a poeticall deſcription of the Soul's rapture by divine Contemplation, the Travailer bringing a comparative diſcourſe of the Eagle in his ſtation, poſture, and flight to illuſtrate the ſame.

15. *There thus alone &c.*] Here the Travailer proceeds in ſhewing to the Pilgrim that divine Contemplation is accompanied with Divine Love, reſembling it to the ſpicy Neaſt of the Phenix, as vulgarly related, that enfireth with the heat of the Beams of the Sun.

16. *Her too Weak Bow &c.*] Here he ſets forth the modeſty and humility in the Contemplation of divine Myſteries; as alſo diſcovering the Soul's imperfection, while it is in an earthly Body, that God can not be underſtood, but as he hath reveal'd himſelf in Sacred Scripture.

17. *With humble bent &c.*] The Travailer makes an humble progreſſion in his diſcovery of divine Contemplation concerning the All-Sufficiency and All-Efficiency of the Deity

18. Him

18. *Him Abſolute &c.*] Here is a Looke before the Creation of the Viſible World, upon the created Angels, and the Fall of Thoſe with Lucifer, which the Doctor ſtiles the firſt Race of Intellectualls.

19. *Then Tophet told &c.*] The Place ordained as a Priſon for the Damned; which the Doctor ſtateth to be here decreed, In this *S*tanza is mentioned the Creation of the Viſible World, and Man, whom he ſtileth the Second Race of Intellectualls.

20. *By Satan's Spell &c.*] In this Stanza is deſcribed the Manner of the Fall of Man, and his Loſſe thereby; As alſo the primary meanes of his Reſtauration.

21. *T'was co-decreed &c.*] Here is deſcribed the manner of man's Reſtauration in Deſigne; and that the Second Perſon in the Trinity ſhould take upon Him the Apoſtleſhip and Mediatorſhip for the performance of ſo great a Work.

22. *And Thoſe were given* &c.] Here are ſet down how, and to whom the Ordinances, and Adminiſtrations were delivered and conveyed in former Ages.

23. *Time did at Full* &c.] Here is related the Revelation of the Goſpell, and the manifeſtation of Jeſus Chriſt in the Fleſh; which alſo is further related in the 24. Stanza.

25. *Moſt humblie Shee* &c.] Here is the Eternall Trinity manifeſted ſo far as neceſſary to *S*alvation; The Creator of the World in the Old Bible is here The Father in the New Teſtament. The Word in that Old is the Son in the New. The Spirit in the Old is the Holy Ghoſt in the New; In which is revealed and clearly manifeſted the myſtery of the Trinity ſo far as is neceſſary for *S*alvation.

26. *As wondrous was* &c.] In this Stanza is deciphered the conveyance down to future times of the Ordinances, and Subadminiſtrations.

27. *Means to ſave All &c.*] Here is ſhewn the right Title

Title and true Claim of Epiſcopacy from the Apoſtleſhip; Primariely in Chriſt; Derivatively in the Apoſtles, Succeſſively in Epiſcopacy, or Biſhops.

28. *Her downcaſt Eye &c.*] This Stanza ſpeaks the State of Death, and the Reſurection.

29. *And now behold &c.*] This Stanza is a repreſentation of all the former Diſcourſe, as an arguing with all Chriſtian Souls after the manner that the Lord by his Prophets put the Caſe to His peculiar People, the Jewes, therby the more to convince, or to leave the obſtinate to puniſhment inexcuſably. So Our Chriſt in the Fleſh did manifeſt the Light, and declare what was darkneſs, as in the Goſpell, and afterwards by his Apoſtles.

30. *Hear'ſt This? Away! &c.*] Here is the Travailers Application to the Pilgrim, his Adviſe, and Invitation to doe thereafter, that they may attaine unto Salvation. Here is Exhortation and incouragement to betake themſelves to their Callings with Cheerfulneſs, to be in the World, not of the World, to labour dayly for a better Being, and to deſpiſe all the Miſeries of this Life in reſpect of the Reward, the Joy, the Happineſs, that is laid up for All thoſe that love The Lord, and expect His Appearing. And then concludeth as with the Magnificat. My Soul doth Magnifie The Lord; My Spirit rejoyceth in God my Saviour.

Gloria Patri, Filio, et Spiritui Sancto &c.
In ſecula ſeculorum

MORAL. XII.

COGITATION is fuller of Care, then it is of Buſineſſe, and if not reined in by Sanctification is as unruly

ruly as a wilde Beaſt. Meditation does no buſineſſe out of her ſtudie; and there ſhe muſt have a Fire; her Piety will cool elſe. *In meditatione mea exardeſcit ignis.* That Fire is the Love of God, which muſt be kindled in our Hearts, in our Wills, in our Affections. Without Grace Cogitation would make us mad; Without true Religion Meditation would lead us into a deſpairing Melancholie; And without modeſt bounds Contemplation may carry us, if not into dangerous Errours, into much Folly. All are excellent in their kindes, but not without their qualifications.

Meditation and Contemplation are much at one; yet herein there is ſome diſtinction between them. *Meditatio convenit iis, qui cum difficultate & labore de rebus divinis cogitant.* Meditation belongs to thoſe, that beſtow their Thoughts with no ſmall Pains, and no leſſe difficultie about divine matters. *Contemplatio convenit iis, qui ſunt exercitati in rebus divinis.* Contemplation is proper to thoſe that are exerciſed in holy Things. In Meditation and Contemplation conſiſt not Perfection, *ſed in amando Deum*, but in loving God.

Contemplation is a work of the underſtanding; The way, and the means to Perfection, not It. *In elevando voluntatem noſtram in Deum per Divinam Unionem, et amorem ſupremum conſiſtit Perfectio.* Perfection conſiſts in the Reſignation of our Wills, in the Elevation of our affections by divine Union, and tranſcendent Love to God. The Underſtanding findes not the Soul Meat, but makes it ready.

S. *Gregory* in his Morals delivers himſelf excellently, and in part to our Purpoſe.

Si à domo mentis ad monumentum ratio diſcedat: quaſi abſente dominâ cogitationum clamare velut garrula ancillarum turba multiplicat. Ut autem ratio ad mentem redierit; mox ſe confuſio tumultuoſa compeſcit; et quaſi ancillæ

ſe

ſe adjunctum opus tacitè reprimunt, dùm cogitationes protinus ſe cauſis propriis ad utilitatem ſubdunt.

Suppoſe that Reaſon went abroad a viſiting, and left the houſe of the minde to the Diſpoſe of her ſervants, the Thoughts. When the Miſtreſſe is thus out of the way, what a noiſe, what goſſiping there is among the Maids; But let Reaſon return unto the minde again, when the Miſtreſſe comes home; no ſooner her Foot at the Door, but all is huſh, all Diſorder vaniſhes, and as every Maid betakes her ſelf ſilently to her Work, the Thoughts in like manner become well ordered, and for much benefit to the Minde adjoyn themſelves, and ſet themſelves on Work in their proper Buſineſſe.

Let us look upon a Neoterick.

Ut figuli celerrimâ rotâ, & manus concitatione in diſſimiles, & propè infinitas, elegantes tamen imagines molliores argillæ maſſam tranſmutant: Simili ratione meditatio afficit, ut infinita rerum abſtruſarum genera, acriter ratiocinando aſſequamur, & paria paribus, contraria contrariis, præterita præſentibus comparemus.

As the Potter transforms the Maſſe of purer Clay with the ſwift Motion of his turning Hand, into many unlike, and in a manner numberleſſe Figures, yet curious ſhapes: After the ſame manner worketh Meditation, She brings it ſo to paſſe, that we may reach untold ſorts of ſecret things by a quick and inward reaſoning, comparing like to like, contrarie with contrary, and weighing with the preſent things what went before.

Let's hear what another ſayes.

Cùm bonum ſit objectum voluntatis noſtræ, adeo quòd nihil poſſit eſſe amatum, niſi bonum, aut ſub ſpecie boni; Cumq; intellectus concipiat infinitam bonitatis abyſſum in Deo, valdè frigida eſſet voluntas, quæ non inſtar alterius Phœnicis exardeſceret in amoris divini ignem contemplando luciditſimos

diſſimos ſolis juſtitiæ radios. Diſcute igitur alas tuas inſtar Phœnicis, et erige cor tuum inter meditandum, et invenies te convertendum in cinerem & vermes, dum agnoſcis tuam vtilitatem coram infinita, et immenſa illa bonitate Dei.

When, what is Good, is the object of our Wills, ſo nothing can be affected but That, or ſomething like it. Seeing then, that the Vnderſtanding may conceive the infinite Abyſſe of Goodneſſe, that is in God, the Will were Ice, if it ſhould not as another Phœnix flie all on fire with Divine Love by Contemplation, beholding thoſe moſt glorious Rayes of the Sun of Righteouſneſſe. Diſplay thy Wings then like the Phœnix, raiſe thy Heart, and mount thy Spirit between thy Meditations, and with *Job* thou ſhalt finde thy Self converted into Duſt, and Worms, while thou doeſt acknowledge thine own Vileneſs in the Preſence of that moſt Infinite, and moſt immenſe Goodneſſe of the Lord.

PROSPECT XII.

WHen wicked Policies doe raign,
They rowle their Trenches in the Brain;
And ſubtly winde falſe Works with Art
To Undermine the Nobleſt Heart:
While Cunning ſpendeth utmoſt Skill
To act, what's New invented Ill;
Makes Stratagems, walks untrod Wayes
Their hid Deſignes to height to raiſe;
Do make't their Buſineſſe to ſurprize
What Truth can't gain, they wu'd by Lies.
And all is but to make a Prey
O'th' Soul, which ſtill they wu'd betray.

What

What Vizards do they wear? For Ends
(O moſt unjuſt) each other rends.
None ſooner ruine brings them to,
Than Craft does Cunnings ſelf undo.
While Sin doth ſeek all wayes to thrive,
Religious Sails to Heavenward drive.
Sin falls with Plots, and th' Soul does gain
By Contemplation Hope to raign.

Consolatory Essay XII.

As Men hear they tell the News; But as they ſee they know, ſo 'tis in *Plautus* that old Comœdian. *Qui audiunt, audita dicunt; qui vident, planè ſciunt.* The Tongue and the Hand are very unruly Members, eſpecially when Honeſty and Reaſon are not their Maſters. The Tongue ſeemeth the more deſperate, but the Hand appeareth the more dangerous. What is ſpoken may be helped by Suppoſition of Miſtaking, or Diſagreement in the Reporters, or Death. For then Breath and Life vaniſh together; whereas that of the Hand appeareth to Poſterity, ſurviveth the Writer, and Reader, and remaineth as a Thouſand Witneſſes.

Illis eſt Theſaurus ſtultis in Linguâ ſitus,
Et queſtui habeant malè loqui melioribus.

Sayes the ſame *Plautus*.

Thoſe Fools think Treaſures placed in the Tongue,
That count belying Betters Gain, for Wrong.

Incautus fuerit, ſi propriâ manu tale aliquid comprehenderit, à quâ utiq; re, unicè cavere debes; quòd nihil ſit, quo tam facile convincaris. It is *Macrobius*. He may be accounted

counted indiſcreet that leaveth a looſe Action under his own Hand; which a man ought with ſpecial care to avoid, leſt it become a ſnare to take his want of foreſight. Wherefore as no Vice layes a more foul aſperſion upon Man, then that of Ingratitude; So no evidence is ſo ſtrong to taint him therewith, or convict him thereof, as his own Hand-writing in Deteſtation of that Vice, and his Actual Approbation of the Contrary.

How comes it then, that Chriſtians, that have ſo often ſet their Hands to ſo many Obligations to God, as have been ſo often iterated in, and ſince Baptiſme, ſhould fall away in ſuch a manner, as by the Wickedneſſe of their Hands, and the ungodlineſſe of their impudent Actions to teſtifie againſt themſelves their own Impiety, and to divulge abroad the Characters of their not leſſe great, than Abominable ingratitude; To unman themſelves by ingratitude to their Maker; to unchriſtian themſelves by unthankfulneſſe to their Redeemer; when the leaſt that can be done in ſuch a Caſe is, to render Obedience for Creation, Dutie for Protection, and to return Praiſe for Bleſſings.

Do the Dumb Beaſts give Thanks in their Looks, and caſt their Eyes unto the Hands that feed them? Shall condemn'd *Androgeo* finde Gratitude in a Den of Lions? And can any Chriſtian be at a Loſſe, when he Looks for it in his Boſom?

My Friend! and Brother Chriſtian! *Ubi animus, ibi oculus*; The Watch of thine Eye goeth, as the Spring of thine Affection directeth. Let's mark our Bleſſed Saviours advice: He preacht it in the Mount. Lay not up Treaſures for your ſelves upon the Earth, where the Moth and Canker corrupt, and where the Theeves dig through and ſteal: But lay up Treaſures for your Selves in Heaven, where neither the Moth, nor Canker corrupteth, and where the Theeves neither

ther dig through, nor steal. For, where your Treasure is, there will your Heart be also.

Hast thou had a dejected Look from a heavie Heart? as if th' adst lost thy Comfort, and couldst not finde thy Happinesse? Didst seek it in the Earth? that Treasure is not in Mines; nor in the Darknesse of so dull an Element. Look upward, Soul! Look upward! and be thankful! Look upward! and be mindful! Be mindful of all, that the Lord so wonderfully hath done for Thee, so mercifully hath done unto Thee, so bountifully hath bestowed upon Thee. Strive to turn thine Eyes towards him from Vanitie; And intreat His help to quicken thee in his Way.

Canst thou tell the number of his Mercies? Canst thou tell how many be the Rays of the Sun? And canst thou consider all his Blessings? Look up! and rejoyce at the excellent Goodnesse of the Lord! Look up with the Eyes of Faith through the Heavens! and behold the Brightnesse of His Glory that he hath prepared for the Saints! Meditate! and Look all about Thee! Contemplate! and cast up thine Eyes above Thee! Here is Comfort. There is Joy. Here Christ easeth thy Burden. There he gives Thee a reward.

Observe then his Testimonies! and obey his Statutes! Let thy Soul then magnifie his Name! Let thy Lips sing Praises to his Holinesse! Let thy Breast become a smoaking Altar! And let thy Soul be all a flame of holy Love! Let all thy Breath be as sweet smelling Incense up to Heaven! Fix there thy Faith! thy Hope! thy Heart! thy Soul! That's thy Place, thy dwelling. Hasten as directed thither! Only remember thou art Mortal! Deal thine Alms! Give thy Dole before thou goest!

Praise ye the Lord! For it is good to sing unto our God. For it is a pleasant Thing; and Praise is comely. The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, and gather together the dispers' of Israel. He healeth those that are broken in Heart, and

bindeth up their Sores. He counteth the number of the Stars, and calleth them all by their Names. Great is our Lord, and great is his Power, his Wisdom is infinite. The Lord relieiveth the meek, and abaseth the wicked to the Ground. Sing unto the Lord with Praise! Sing upon the Harp unto our God!

Praise the Lord.
For his Mercie endureth for ever.

FINIS.

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